

# JOAN OF ARC,

*Gal & Va*

A N

EPIC POEM,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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ΕΙΣ ΟΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΑΜΤΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΠΕΡΙ ΠΑΤΡΗΣ.

ΟΜΗΡΟΣ.

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# JOAN OF ARC,

## BOOK THE FIRST.

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### ARGUMENT.

*Dunois (the Bastard of Orleans) carried away by his wounded Steed, faints with loss of blood. JOAN discovers and heals him. They proceed to the King. Narrative of the Maid. She relates the Capture of Harfleur, and the expulsion of the inhabitants by Henry the 5th. Her education with Bizarro. The annunciation of her mission and subsequent life.*

WAR's varied horrors, and the train of ills  
That follow on Ambition's blood-stain'd path  
And fill the world with woe ; of France preserv'd  
By maiden hand, what time her chiefs subdued,  
Or slept in death, or lingered life in chains, 5  
I sing : nor wilt thou FREEDOM scorn the song.

Sunk was the sun : o'er all the expanse of air  
The mists of evening deepening as they rose  
Chill'd the still scene ; when thro' the forest gloom,  
Rapt on with lightning speed, in vain Dunois 10

Now check'd with weaker force the unheeded rein,  
 Now rais'd the unheeded voice. Swift as the storm  
 Tremendous urges o'er the dangerous cape  
 His sweeping pinions, rush'd the steed ; for deep  
 The heavy-hanging arrow's barbed point 15  
 Gor'd his red flank. Impatient of defeat  
 Shame and Revenge boil'd in the Bastard's breast.  
 Adown his batter'd arms the tide of life  
 Roll'd purpling ; soon its grasp the nerveless hand  
 Relax'd, and faint and fainter wax his limbs. 20  
 Dim rolls the shadowy eye—he droops—he falls.  
 Chill drop the dews of night. The new-born sun  
 Refulgent smiles around. From trance reviv'd  
 In dubious life Dunois unseals his eyes,  
 And views a form with mildly-melting gaze 25  
 Hang o'er his wounds : loose to the morning breeze  
 Waved her brown hair, and on her rubied cheek  
 Hung Pity's crystal gem. Fearful awhile  
 Lest wandering Fancy's unsubstantial shapes  
 Had mock'd the vagrant sense, silent he gaz'd, 30  
 And gazing wonder'd ; o'er his aching soul  
 Soon Memory rush'd and woke with ruthless hand  
 Each sleeping care.

“O France,” he cried, “my country !”  
 When soft as breeze that curls the summer clouds  
 At close of day, stole on his ear a voice 35  
 Seraphic. “Son of Orleans ! grieve no more.  
 His eye not slept, tho' long the All-Just endur'd  
 The woes of France ; at length his bar'd right arm

Volleys red thunder. From his veiling clouds  
 Rushes the storm, Ruin, and Fear, and Death. 40  
 Take Son of Orleans the relief of Heaven :  
 Nor thou the wintry hour of adverse fate  
 Deem useless : Tho' unbous'd thou roam awhile,  
 The keen and icy wind that shivers thee  
 Shall brace thine arm, and with stern discipline 45  
 Firm thy young heart for fearless enterprise.  
 As who, through many a summer night serene  
 Had hover'd round the fold with coward wish ;  
 Horrid with brumal ice, the fiercer wolf  
 From his bleak mountain and his den of snows 50  
 Leaps terrible, and mocks the shepherd's spear."

So spake the delegated Maid. Meantime  
 From many a potent herb the juice she press'd  
 Medicinal, and touch'd with lenient hand  
 Each gaping wound, where life as loath to fly 55  
 Sat trembling : not the plants Medea cull'd  
 On Colchis' plain, nor those ingredients dire  
 Erichtho mingled on Pharsalia's field,  
 Making the soul retenant its cold corse,  
 More potent ; thro' his frame with force divine 60  
 The subtle spirit ran, and every limb  
 Fill'd with unwonted vigor ; from the ground  
 On nimble feet he sprang, and knelt, and spake.

"O more than mortal ! thou whose powerful hand  
 Avails to check the rapid step of death, 65  
 Snatching his prey even from the open'd grave,  
 O Powerful ! O Benignant ! for myself



Thus saved, I thank thee ; for my country, more ;  
 Angel of Heaven ! for surely thou wilt aid  
 My country, and mine arm nerv'd with new life 70  
 Shall on these proud invaders pour the war  
 With tenfold fury." " Son of Orleans, cease ;"  
 With loveliest smile she said, " nor thus misgive  
 What Heaven alone can claim. To Heaven return  
 The grateful prayer ; to Heaven, whose bounteous  
 will 75

Me, most unworthy, delegates to wield  
 His thunder. Hear Dunois the tale of Her,  
 Offspring of frail Mortality, yet doom'd  
 To save her country. Lead me to the king,  
 And as we journey on, these lips shall tell 80  
 The wonderous work of Fate."

She paus'd ; meantime,  
 As down the steep descent with many a step  
 They urge their way, her eye with wistful gaze 85  
 Views the departing scene ; so his last glance  
 High from the deck the wretched exile sends  
 To all that life holds dear ; the glist'ning tear,  
 Soften'd her eye and all the Woman reign'd.  
 Soon the delusion dies ; in distance lost 90  
 Fades every spot belov'd ; the hillock's top,  
 The oak wide-branching, and the rising smoke  
 Slow o'er the copse that floated on the breeze  
 Melt in the morning clouds. She dried the tear,  
 Then thus ;

“Near Harfleur’s wall, where rolls the Seine 95  
Full to the sea his congregated waves,  
Dwelt Albert once,—Seat of my earliest years!  
Still busy Fancy loves with fairy touch  
To paint its faded scenes: even now mine eye  
Darts thro’ the past its retrospective glance, 100  
And calls to view each haunt of sportive youth,  
Each long-lost haunt I lov’d: the woodbin’d wall,  
The jasmine that around the straw-roof’d cot  
Its fragrant branches wreath’d, beneath whose shade  
I wont to sit and mark the setting sun 105  
And hear the redbreast’s lay. Nor far remote  
As o’er the subject landskip round I gaz’d,  
The tow’rs of Harfleur rose upon the view.  
A foreign master holds my father’s home!  
I, far away, remember the past years, 110  
And weep. The invader came. High o’er the waves  
Rides the proud armament in dreadful pomp  
That wasted slaughter; to the pebbled shore  
The anxious natives throng, and gaze upon  
The approaching ruin. On the fav’ring gale, 115  
The banner’d lion floats. Then might be heard,  
(That dreadful emblem of destruction seen,)  
The mother’s anguish’d shriek, the old man’s groan  
Of deep despondence. Desolate the cot;  
Silent the hamlet haunts of Innocence; 120  
For the poor villagers remembering all  
Their grandfires told of war, fled wing’d with fear  
To Harfleur’s shelter; thither me, yet young,

(For scarce four summers o'er my head had beam'd  
 Their radiance) bore my fire ; the well barr'd gate,  
 The massy wall, the turrets guarded strength,  
 Too fondly wish'd, too fondly deem'd secure.

“ Firm on the battlements the natives stand, <sup>3</sup>  
 Heedless of Death that rode the iron storm.  
 Fire-brands and darts and stones and javelins 130  
 (Vainly destructive) thinn'd the hostile host.  
 The intrepid foe rush onward. Fourteen years,  
 Young as I was, have not effaced the scene  
 From bleeding memory. The widow's cry,  
 The shrieks of anguish and the yell of war 135  
 And Death's deep groan, yet vibrate on my heart,  
 Yet wake the strings of grief ! 'Twere long to tell  
 The vast variety of woe that fill'd  
 Unhappy Harfleur. Long Estouteville strove,  
 Long Gaucour's forceful arm repell'd the foe. 140  
 In vain they strove, for weak were the wide walls  
 And few the gallant garrison, worn out  
 With days of ceaseless toil, and fearful nights  
 Of unseen peril. O'er the wasted town  
 The dreadful engines of destruction hurl'd 145  
 Their ponderous ruin : then my father died !  
 Spirit of Albert ! bend from yon high Heaven  
 Thy head ; look down---behold thine orphan child !  
 She goes to fill her destiny ; like thee,  
 Leaving domestic joys, in rugged arms. 150  
 To clasp her limbs ;---like thee to dare the war,  
 To die---yet not inglorious ! Wild with woe

O'er my poor father's shatter'd corse I lay,  
And kist his rigid cheek, and tore my vest  
To bind his mangled limbs ; nor, now bereft 155  
Of him the only parent of my youth,  
Fear'd I the horrors that prevail'd around.  
Suddenly all was still : anon burst forth  
The shout of conquest: from their long-lov'd homes<sup>4</sup>  
Thrust forth, the unhappy natives wander o'er 160  
The wasted plain, in want and wretchedness,  
Feebly I followed ; one who knew and lov'd  
My fallen father, sav'd his helpless child.  
Long time he journeyed on in hopes to gain  
Beyond old Arden, in his sister's home 165  
A safe asylum ; and we now had reach'd  
The wood, with many a painful day's hard toil,  
When by the rankling wound that prey'd upon him  
Worn out, he fell. My agonizing shrieks  
Pierced thro' the forest, and a holy man 170  
Drew near : he bore him to his rock-roof'd cell,  
And many a precious balm, and virtuous herb  
The aged leech applied ; his earthly cares  
Were fruitless, for worn nature sunk to rest.  
Yet of a Judge, all just, all merciful, 175  
A God of Love, inspir'd the hermit told,  
And solaced his departing soul with strains  
Of sweetest piety, and bade it rise  
On Faith's strong wings to Heaven. Thus, once again  
Bereav'd of friends, the sport of adverse fate, 180  
On his turf'd grave I pour'd the orphan tear.



“ Rude was Bizardo’s cell ; the beetling rock  
Frown’d o’er its ivied entrance ; the hewn stone  
Form’d his rough seat, and on a bed of leaves  
The aged hermit took his nightly rest. 185

A pure stream welling from the mossy rock  
Crept murmuring thro’ the wood, and many a flow’r  
Drank on its side the genial sap of life.

The rich soil wasted not in worthless weeds  
Its nurture ; for Bizardo’s patient hand 190

Cultur’d each healing and salubrious herb ;  
And every fruit that courts the summer sun  
Bloom’d for the holy hermit’s blameless food.

Oft would the sage exclaim, “ Ah why should man,  
Stern tyrant of the field, with blood pollute 195

His festive board ; Nature has spread around  
The unguilty food of life abundantly.

How frolic in the sun yon little fawn  
Strains his young limbs ; now browzes the sweet grass,  
Now o’er the plain leaps lightly ; that man’s heart  
Were hard and alien from humanity

Who could endure to gore his innocent side !

Sport on, poor forester ! sport on secure,

Fearless of one by hard misfortune school’d

To feel for others. Here my infant years 205

Roll’d on at length in peace ; he taught my knees

To bend in prayer to that all-gracious God

Whose parent power had call’d me into life ;

And who, from every perilous chance preserv’d,

Had to the friendless orphan given a friend. 210

Of every herb that blooms amid the grove,  
Or on the high cliff drinks a purer air  
He bade me know the virtue ; with the morn  
Up from the homely couch we rose to pour  
The soul-expanding prayer : his eyes would beam  
Seraphic rapture, as with eloquent tongue  
He told the works of Heaven to thankless man.  
How from the womb of darkness nature rose  
Refulgent : at the Godhead's high command  
How matter teem'd with life : the earth put forth 220  
Her various stores : the groves of Paradise  
Gave their mild echoes to the choral song  
Of new-born beings : and the last best work  
Form'd in God's image, reared the lordly face  
To Heaven. But when Bizardo told how man 225  
Fell from perfection, from angelic state,  
Plung'd deep in sin, and pluck'd the fruit of woe,  
And bow'd the knee to fiends, and mock'd at God,  
Till Christ expiring on the sacred cross  
Pour'd forth the atoning life ; the tears ran down  
His aged cheeks with woe-mixt gratitude.

“ Forgive the prolix tale ! Oh I could dwell  
Forever thus ; for weeks, and months, and years,  
Roll'd undistinguish'd down the stream of Time,  
Till fourteen summers smiling o'er my head 235  
Saw my young mind rich with the precious lore  
Of virtue, and the leeches healing art  
By him--the good man--taught.

" One morn it chanc'd,  
 As wandering thro' the wilds my steps stray'd on,  
 And from the high grafs brushed the morning dew,  
 The track of blood alarm'd me ; void of fear,  
 For the innocent fear little ; eagerly  
 I traced the stain, thinking some mangled fawn  
 Or lamb had from the savage wolf escap'd,  
 And I might haply heal its bleeding wounds. 245  
 It led me where outstretch'd on the red earth  
 There lay a youth wounded, and faint ; his hair  
 Clotted with gore ; fast from his side stream'd out  
 'The blood ; on his pale cheek the cold dew's stood,  
 And from his hand the blood-stain'd sword had fall'n.  
 Fearful to leave, yet impotent alone  
 To bear him to our cell--my echoing voice  
 Calls on Bizardo's aid ; he heard ; our hands  
 Enwove the osier car ; the cave receives  
 The senseless stranger. O'er his couch I bent 255  
 With pious vigilance and fearful hope,  
 Watching the wounded man till fugitive life  
 Dubious return'd. His eyes gazed wistful round  
 And ere again the heavy lids clos'd on them  
 Beam'd languid gratitude. Long time elapsed 260  
 Ere thro' his frame the temperate current roll'd  
 Of former strength : for deeply had he felt  
 The ruffian's sword, and distant many a league  
 Domremi lay the stranger's native home.

" Scarce eighteen years had nerv'd the stripling's  
 arm ;

Yet *Theodore* had view'd each deathful scene :  
And oft the tear from his averted eye  
He dried ; mindful of fertile fields laid waste,  
Dispeopled hamlets, the lorn widow's groan,  
And the pale orphan's feeble cry for bread. 270  
But when he told of those fierce sons of guilt  
That o'er this earth which God had fram'd so fair  
Spread desolation, and its wood-crown'd hills  
Make echo to the merciless war dog's howl ;  
And how himself from such foul savagery 275  
Had scarce escap'd with life, then his stretch'd arm  
Seem'd, as it wielded the resistless sword  
Of Vengeance : in his eager eye the soul  
Was eloquent ; warm glow'd his manly cheek ;  
And beat against his side the indignant heart. 280  
“ Meantime autumnal gales had swept the grove,  
And to the cold blast now the sullen oak  
Spread his unfoliag'd arms ; the cloud-clad sky  
Frown'd o'er the drear and melancholy scene.  
At length the snows fell fast, and drifting deep 285  
Choak'd up the road ; yet felt not *Theodore*  
One tedious hour of all the live-long day.  
Oh ! he would sit and mark the driving storm,  
Whilst o'er the high-heap'd hearth, of a bad world  
And of the woes that Man creates for Man 290  
He told. Then gazing round our peaceful cell,  
Here (he would cry) let *Theodore* remain,  
Till at the last his wasted lamp of life  
Gently go out.” Yet were not then the hours



Devoid of sorrow ; for our anxious eyes 295  
 Beheld Bizardo waining to the tomb.  
 In the full of years he sunk : his eyes grew dim,  
 And on the bed of leaves his feeble frame  
 Lay helpless. Patiently did he endure,  
 In faith anticipating blessedness, 300  
 Already more than Man in that dread hour  
 When Man is meanest. His were the best joys  
 The pious know, and his last prayer was praise.  
 I saw him die : I saw the dews of Death  
 Starting on his cold brow : I heard him then 305  
 Pour out a blessing on me.---Son of Orleans !  
 I would not wish to live to know that hour,  
 When I could think upon a dear friend dead,  
 And weep not. Aching at the heart we delv'd  
 The narrow house, and o'er the inearthed corse 310  
 Heapt we the grass-green sod. The spring came on ;  
 I felt a pang that may not be express'd  
 Leaving that little cell where many a year  
 Had past in peace. We journeyed on our way,  
 Seeking the distant home of Theodore ; 315  
 And at the last saw o'er the budding cypse  
 The curling smoke rise slow : onward he speeds  
 Elate of heart. The watch dog with hoarse bark  
 Announc'd the coming guest ; then, wild with joy  
 Soon as Remembrance spake his long-loved Lord,  
 Fawn'd on his feet and howl'd with ecstasy.  
 'Twas happiness indeed, one face of bliss  
 Shines thro' the house : the eager ploughman quits

The labouring team, for Theodore is come.  
Fast down his mother's cheek roll'd the warm tear  
Of transport, to her breast she claspt her child,  
Long wept as one no more ; nor me forgot,  
But welcomed me even with a mother's smile.  
Here past my unruffled days. Sometimes at morn  
With pleasing toil to drive the woolly flock 330  
To verdant mead or stream, sometimes to ease  
The lowing cattle of their milky load,  
My grateful task ; as with a parent's love  
Would *Eleanor* partake each peaceful hour.  
Hours of delight, ye are forever gone ! 335  
I shall no more with cheerful toil prepare  
The rural cates for high solemnity  
At holy hour ; no more amid the dance  
Move in brisk measures with the blameless train.  
The cot's calm quiet and the village sports 340  
These leave I willingly, these do I change  
For the camp's din, the clangor of the war,  
The pomp of slaughter : such the high command  
Of Duty ; that command I shall obey.  
" Dunois ! I dwelt in happiness, my soul 345  
Slumber'd ; and never feeling wretchedness  
I never dreamt of what the wretched feel.  
The night was comfortless ; the loud blasts howl'd,  
And as we sat around the social hearth  
We heard the rain beat hard : driven by the storm  
A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light. 350  
We heapt the fire : the friendly board was spread :

The bowl of hospitality went round.

"The storm beats hard," the stranger cried, "safe  
hous'd,

Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.

I too were well content to dwell in peace, 355

Resting my head upon the lap of Love,

But that my Country calls. When the winds roar,

Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers,

And think of Conrade." Theodore replied,

"Success go with thee. Something I have seen 360

Of war, and of its dreadful ravages.

My soul was sick at such ferocity ;

And I am well content to dwell in peace

Albeit inglorious, thanking that good God

Who made me to be happy." "Did that God,"

Cried Conrade, "form thy heart for happiness

When Desolation royally careers

Over thy wretched country ? did that God

Form thee for peace when Slaughter is abroad,

When her brooks run with blood, and Rape, and

Murder, 370

Stalk thro' her flaming towns ? live thou in peace,

Young man ! my heart is fleshly : I do feel

For what my brethren suffer." As he spake,

Such mingled passions characterized his face

Of fierce and terrible benevolence, 375

That I did tremble as I listened to him.

Then in mine heart tumultuous thoughts arose

Of high achievements, indistinct, and wild,

And vast, yet such they were that I did pant  
As tho' by some divinity possess'd. 380

"But is there not some duty due to those  
We love?" said Theodore; and as he spake  
His warm cheek crimson'd. "Is it not most right  
To cheer the evening of declining age,  
With filial tenderness repaying thus, 385  
Parental love?" "Hard is it," Conrade cried,  
"Aye, very hard, to part from those we love;  
And I have suffer'd that severest pang.  
My Agnes! I have left an aged mother;  
I have left one, on whom my fond heart doats 390  
With love unutterable. Should I live  
Till France shall see the blessed hour of Peace,  
I shall return. My heart will be content,  
My highest duties will be well discharg'd  
And I may dare be happy. There are those 395  
Who deem these thoughts wild fancies of a mind  
Strict beyond measure, and were well content  
If I should soften down my rigid nature  
Even to inglorious ease, to honor me.  
But pure of heart and high of self-esteem 400  
I must be honored by myself. All else,  
The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady wind  
Worthless." So saying from his belt he took  
The encumb'ring sword. I held it, list'ning to him,  
And wistless what I did, half from the sheath 405  
Drew the well-temper'd blade. I gaz'd upon it  
And shuddering, as I felt its edge, exclaim'd,



It is most horrible with the keen sword  
To gore the finely fibred human frame!  
I could not strike a lamb. He answer'd me, 410  
"Maiden, thou hast said well. I could not strike  
A lamb. But when the invader's savage fury  
Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant's shriek  
As he does writhe upon his cursed lance,  
And forces to his foul embrace, the wife 415  
Even on her murder'd husband's gasping corse!  
Almighty God! I should not be a man  
If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling  
Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down.  
"Think well of this, young Man," he cried and seiz'd  
The hand of Theodore; "think well of this  
As you are human, as you hope to live  
In peace, amid the dearest joys of home;  
Think well of this: you have a tender mother,  
As you do wish that she may die in peace, 425  
As you would even to madness agonize  
To hear this maiden call on you in vain  
For aid, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream  
In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful arms.  
Think that there are such horrors; that even now!  
Some city flames, and haply as in Rouen  
Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast  
Yet hangs for food. Oh God! I would not lose  
These horrible feelings, tho' they tear mine heart."  
"When we had all betaken us to rest, 435  
Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolv'd

The high-soul'd Warrior's speech. Then rose the  
thought

Of all the miseries that my early youth  
Had seen in that beleager'd city, where °  
Death never rested, and the morning sun 440  
Made steam the fearful havoc of the night ;  
Till at the break of day I slept ; nor then  
Repos'd my heated brain ; for to my view  
Arose strange forms, ~~sent~~ as I do believe  
From the Most High. I saw a town hemm'd in 445  
Like Harfleur, round with enemies begirt,  
Where Famine on a heap of carcases  
Half envious of the unutterable feast  
Mark'd the gorg'd raven clog his beak with gore.  
I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp, 450  
And there was revelry ; the loud lewd laugh  
Burst on mine ears, and I beheld the chiefs  
Even at their feast plan the device of Death.  
My soul grew sick within me : then methought  
From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of tempests,  
A giant arm burst forth, and dropt a sword  
That pierc'd like lightning thro' the midnight air.  
Then was there heard a voice, which in mine ear  
Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy  
When the pale foe shall wither in my rage. 460

"From that night I could feel my burthen'd soul  
Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.  
I sat in silence, musing on the days  
To come. Anon my raptur'd eye would glance

A wild prophetic meaning. I have heard 465  
 Strange voices in the evening wind. Strange forms  
 Dimly discovered throng'd the twilight air.  
 They wondered at me who had known me once  
 A cheerful, careless damsel. I have seen  
 Theodore gaze upon me wistfully 470  
 Till he did weep. I would have told him all  
 The mighty future labouring in my breast,  
 But that methought the hour was not yet come.

“ At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe  
 Wall'd in from human succour ; to the event 475  
 All look with fear, for there the fate of France  
 Hung in the balance. Now my troubl'd soul  
 Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,  
 I lov'd to wander where the forest shade  
 Frown'd deepest ; there on mightiest deeds to brood  
 Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart  
 Throb fast. Anon I paus'd, and in a state  
 Of half expectance listen'd to the wind.

“ Last evening lone in thought I wandered forth.  
 Down in the dingles depth there is a brook 485  
 That makes its way between the craggy stones  
 Murmuring hoarse murmurs. On an aged oak  
 Whose root upturn by tempests overhangs  
 The stream, I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds  
 Gather before the wind, whilst the rude dash 490  
 Of waters rock'd my senses, and the mists  
 Rose round : there as I gazed, a form dim-seen  
 Descended, like the dark and moving clouds

That in the moon-beam change their shadowy shapes.  
His voice was on the breeze ; he bade me hail 495  
The missioned Maid ! for lo ! the hour was come.

Then was the future present to my view,  
And strange events yet in the womb of Time  
To me made manifest. I sat entranc'd

In the beatitude of heavenly vision. 500

At length a wounded courser dropping blood  
Rush'd by me. I arose and fought the spot  
Where thou hadst fallen ; there the Most High  
vouchsaf'd

That aid miraculous which thou hast known.



## BOOK THE SECOND.

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### ARGUMENT.

*Preternatural agency. JOAN and Dunois rest at a cottage. Their host speaks of the battle of Azincour, and the massacre of the prisoners after that defeat. The siege of Rouen related and the miseries of the besieged. The useless inhabitants sent out of the town. Behaviour of Henry to them. Capture of Rouen and execution of Allain Blanchard, its gallant defender.*

NO more of Usurpation's doom'd defeat,  
Ere we the deep preluding strain have pour'd  
To the Great Father, Only Rightful King,  
Eternal Father! King Omnipotent!  
Beneath whose shadowy banners wide unfurl'd  
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling Hosts,  
Such Symphony requires best Instrument.  
Seize then, my Soul! from Freedom's trophied  
Dome  
The Harp which hanging high between the shields  
Of Brutus and Leonidas, oft gives  
A fitful music to the breezy touch

Of patriot Spirits that demand their fame.  
For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use  
Of all the Powers which God for use had given?  
But chiefly this, with holiest habitude 15  
Of constant Faith, him First, him Last to view  
Thro' meaner powers and secondary things  
Effulgent, as thro' clouds that veil his blaze.  
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem  
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet 20  
For infant minds; and we in this low world  
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,  
That we may learn with young unwounded ken  
Things from their shadows. Know thyself, my Soul!  
Confirm'd thy strength, thy pinions fledged for flight  
Bursting this shell and leaving next thy nest  
Soon upward soaring shalt thou fix intense  
Thine eaglet eye on Heaven's eternal Sun!  
But some there are who deem themselves most free,  
When they within this gross and visible sphere 30  
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent  
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat  
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,  
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,  
Self-working Tools, uncaus'd Effects, and all 35  
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,  
Untenanted Creation of its God.  
But Properties are God: the naked mass  
Acts only by its inactivity.  
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think 40

That as one body is the aggregate  
 Of atoms numberless, each organiz'd ;  
 So by a strange and dim similitude,  
 Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds  
 Form one all-conscious Spirit, who directs 45  
 With absolute ubiquity of thought  
 All his component monads, that yet seem  
 With various province and apt agency  
 Each to pursue its own self-centering end.  
 Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine ; 50  
 Some roll the genial juices thro' the oak ;  
 Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air ;  
 And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed  
 Yoke the red lightning to their vollying car.  
 Thus these pursue their never-varying course, 55  
 No eddy in their stream. Others more wild,  
 With complex interests weaving human fates,  
 Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,  
 Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms 60  
 Arrogate power ? yet these train up to God,  
 And on the rude eye unconfirm'd for day  
 Flash meteor lights better than total gloom.  
 As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head  
 The Laplander beholds the far off sun 65  
 Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,  
 While yet the stern and solitary Night  
 Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn  
 With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam

Guiding his course, or by Niemi's lake 70  
 Or Balda-Zhiok, or the mossy stone <sup>2</sup>  
 Of Solfar-Kapper, while the snowy blast <sup>3</sup>  
 Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge  
 Making the poor babe at its mother's back  
 Scream in its scanty cradle : he the while 75  
 Wins gentle solace as with upward eye  
 He marks the streamy banners of the North,  
 Thinking, himself those happy spirits shall join  
 Who there in floating robes of rosy light  
 Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power 80  
 That first unsensualizes the dark mind  
 Giving it new delights ; and bids it swell  
 With wild activity ; and peopling air,  
 By obscure fears of Beings invisible  
 Emancipates it from the grosser thrall 85  
 Of the present impulse, teaching self control  
 Till Superstition with unconscious hand  
 Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,  
 Nor yet without permitted power impress'd,  
 I deem those legends terrible, with which 90  
 The polar Ancient thrills his uncouth throng :  
 Whether of pitying spirits that make their moan  
 O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird  
 VUOKHO, of whose rushing wings the noise  
 Is Tempest, when the unutterable Shape 95  
 Speeds from the Mother of Death his destin'd way <sup>4</sup>  
 To snatch the murderer from his secret cell !  
 Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance



Pierces the untravell'd realms of ocean's bed  
 (Where live the innocent, as far from cares 100  
 As from the storms and overwhelming waves  
 Dark-tumbling on the surface of the deep) 's  
 Over the abyss even to that uttermost cave  
 By mishap'd Prodigies beleager'd, such  
 As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.  
 There dwells the fury Form, whose unheard name  
 With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath  
 Unsleeping SILENCE guards, worn out with fear  
 Lest haply escaping on some treacherous blast  
 The fatal Sound let slip the Elements 110  
 And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,  
 Arm'd with Torngarfuck's power, the Spirit of  
 good,

Forces to unchain the foodful progeny  
 Of the Ocean stream. Wild phantasies! yet wise,  
 On the victorious goodness of high God 115  
 Teaching Reliance and medicinal Hope,  
 Till, from Bethabrah northward, heavenly Truth  
 With gradual steps winning her difficult way  
 Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man, 120  
 I deem no nobler province they possess  
 Than by disposal of apt circumstance  
 To rear some realm with patient discipline,  
 Aye bidding PAIN, dark ERROR's uncouth child,  
 Blameless Parenticide! his snakey scourge 125  
 Lift fierce against his Mother! Thus they make

Of transient Evil ever-during Good  
Themselves probationary, and denied  
Confess'd to view by preternatural deed  
To o'erwhelm the will, save on some fated day 130  
Headstrong, or with petition'd might from God.

And such perhaps the guardian Power whose ken  
Still dwelt on France. He from the Invisible World  
Burst on the MAIDEN's eye, impregning Air  
With Voices and strange Shapes, illusions apt, 135  
Shadowy of Truth. And first a landscape rose  
More wild and waste and desolate, than where  
The white bear drifting on a field of ice  
Howls to her sunder'd cubs with piteous rage  
And savage agony. Mid the drear scene 140  
A craggy mass uprear'd its misty brow,  
Untouch'd by breath of Spring, unwont to know  
Red Summer's influence, or the cheerful face  
Of Autumn; yet its fragments many and huge  
Aftounded ocean with the dreadful dance 145  
Of whirlpools numberless, absorbing oft  
The blameless fisher at his perilous toil.  
Upon the topmost height the MAIDEN saw  
A meteor-lighted dome: to every blast  
Shook the wide fabric, tottering as to fall, 150  
Forever tottering; round the tempests yell'd  
Tremendous, music hoarse! yet to the ear  
Of him who there had rule, the Dynast stern,  
Not undelightful. His perturbed flight  
Anxious and gloomy, speeding hitherwards, 155

She saw the dark-wing'd Shape : with all its towers  
 The palace nods : such was AMBITION's voice  
 Obedient first, fierce servant of fierce Lord,  
 Cowl'd SUPERSTITION comes, her loosen'd robes  
 Float on the breeze and half expos'd to view 160  
 The rusted dagger. By her side crept on  
 Mitred HYPOCRISY, with meekest mien  
 And step demure, and cross, which to his heart  
 He prest, and seem'd with heaven-ward eye to pour  
 The pious prayer ; yet never prayer he pour'd 165  
 Save when with secret glance he view'd the crowd  
 Admiring near. REVENGE unwilling quits  
 The mangled corse ; and prodigal of death  
 Next SLAUGHTER strode ; his falchion yet unsheath'd  
 Reeks from the wound, loose flow his long black  
 locks, 170

The wide roll of his eye is terrible,  
 And each limb quivers. CRUELTY comes next,  
 With savage smile grasping a widowed dove.  
 And FURY next beating her own swollen breast  
 Rush'd at the call ; and ENVY hideous form 175  
 Gnawing her flesh, and tearing from her head  
 The viper turn'd to bite : and HORROR wild  
 With creeping flesh. DESPAIR, his sullen aims  
 Folded ; aye-muttering dark and half-form'd words  
 Of dreadful import. Aged AVARICE next 180  
 Hugg'd to his heart his bags, and cast around  
 (Unwilling tho' to lose the golden sight,)  
 The fearful look. And fitful JEALOUSY

Anxious for misery came : and feverish Lust  
 Hot from the convent. Pallid FEAR fled on, 185  
 And ever as he fled his ghastly eye  
 Reverts. Then stalk'd along the giant form  
 Of proud OPPRESSION, on his crowned brow  
 Sate Desolation, and his pityless frown  
 Dispeopled countries : him behind a train 190  
 Loathly and horrible, of nameless fiends  
 Outnumbering locusts. Last, as fill'd with fear,  
 SUSPICION ever-watchful clos'd the train :  
 Pale-meagre spectre, ribb'd with iron plates,  
 Sleepless, and fearful of the friendly meal, 195  
 Worn out with anxious vigilance of life.

These at the palace meet, there, porter fit,  
 REMORSE forever his sad vigils kept,  
 His heart the viper's feast : worn down his face,  
 If face it were when scarce the shrivell'd skin 200  
 Wrap'd o'er the bone, proclaim'd the gnawing pang :  
 Inly he groan'd, or starting wildly, shriek'd,  
 Aye as the fabric tottering from its base  
 Threaten'd destruction, tho' oft announc'd withheld,  
 Tho' still withheld, expected. These the maid 205  
 Mark'd as they steer'd their dusky flight along ;  
 And lo ! she was amidst them. Paved with bones  
 The floor breath'd pestilence : the emblazon'd walls  
 With ensigns and with blood-stain'd arms were hung,  
 The trophies of AMBITION. On his throne 210  
 That Form portentous rear'd his giant bulk,  
 More huge than he, who with his hundred arms



Scatter'd confusion o'er the host of Gods  
 Briareus : or the monster brethren twain,  
 Whose stature swelling ev'ry hour gave hopes 215  
 Of equalling highest Heaven : nor larger he  
 Illusive, 'gainst whose head the thunderer Thor  
 Sped frustrate his full force. A sable helm  
 Shades his brown face, where glow'd thro' each  
 dark tint

The fire of anger ; in his hand he grasp'd 220  
 The desolating spear : his broad black brow  
 In thought contracted spake his brooding soul,  
 Sullenly silent. " Maid beloved of Heaven !  
 (To her the tutelary Power exclaim'd)  
 Of CHAOS the adventurous progeny 225  
 Thou seest ; foul missionaries of foul fire,  
 Fierce to regain the losses of that hour  
 When LOVE rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings  
 Over the abyss flutter'd with such glad noise,  
 As what time after long and pestful Calms 230  
 With slimy shapes and miscreated life  
 Pois'ning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze  
 Wakens the merchant sail, uprising. NIGHT  
 An heavy unimaginable moan  
 Sent forth, when she the PROTOPLAST beheld 235  
 Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.  
 Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound  
 That leads with downward windings to the Cave  
 Of darkness palpable, desert of Death,  
 Sunk deep beneath GEHENNA's massy roots. 240

There many a dateless age the Beldame lurk'd  
And trembled : till engender'd by fierce HATE,  
Fierce HATE and gloomy HOPE, a DREAM arose  
Shap'd like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of fire.  
It rous'd the Hell-hag ; she the dew-damps wip'd  
From off her brow, and thro' the uncouth maze  
Retraced her steps ; but ere she reach'd the mouth  
Of that drear labyrinth, shudd'ring she paus'd  
Nor dar'd re-enter the diminish'd Gulph.

As thro' the dark vaults of some moulder'd tower  
(Which fearful to approach, the evening hind  
Circles at distance in his homeward way)  
The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining  
groan

Of prison'd spirits ; with such fearful voice  
NIGHT murmur'd, and the sound thro' Chaos went,  
Leapt at the call her hideous-fronted brood !  
A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth,  
Since that sad hour in camps and courts adored  
Rebels from God and Monarchs o'er Mankind !  
These are the fiends that o'er thy native land 260  
Spread Guilt and Horror. Maid belov'd of Heaven!  
Dar'st thou inspir'd by the holy flame of Love  
Encounter such fell shapes, nor fear to meet  
Their wrath, their wiles ? O Maiden, dar'st thou die ?  
"FATHER OF HEAVEN ! I will not fear," she said,  
"My arm is weak, but mighty is thy sword."

She spake, and as she spake the trump was heard  
That echo'd ominous o'er the streets of Rome,

When the first Cesar totter'd o'er the grave  
 By FREEDOM delv'd : the trump whose chilling blast  
 On Marathon and on Platæa's plain  
 Scatter'd the Persian. From his obscure haunt  
 Shriek'd FEAR, the ghastliest of AMBITION's throng,  
 Fér'rilli, yet freezing, eager-pac'd, yet slow ;  
 As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds 275  
 AGUE, the biform Hag ! when early Spring  
 Beams on the marsh-bred vapours. "Lo ! she goes !  
 To Orleans lo ! she goes---the Mission'd Maid !  
 The Victor Hosts wither beneath her arm !  
 And what are Crecy, Poitiers, Azincour 280  
 But noisy echoes in the ear of Pride ?"  
 AMBITION heard and started on his throne ;  
 But straight a smile of savage joy illum'd  
 His grisly features, like the sheety Burst  
 Of Lightning o'er the awaken'd midnight clouds 285  
 Wide-flash'd. For lo ! a flaming pile reflects  
 Its red light fierce and gloomy on the face  
 Of SUPERSTITION and her goblin Son,  
 Loud-laughing CRUELTY, who to the stake  
 A female fix'd, of bold and beauteous mien, 290  
 Her snow-white limbs by iron fetters bruis'd,  
 Her breast expos'd. JOAN saw, she saw and knew  
 Her perfect image. Nature thro' her frame  
 One pang shot shiv'ring ; but, that frail pang soon  
 Dismiss'd, "Even so (the exulting Maiden said) 295  
 The fainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,  
 And thus they witness'd God ! But now the Clouds

Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar  
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing  
Loud Songs of Triumph! O ye Spirits of God, 300  
Hover around my mortal agonies!"

She spake: and instantly faint melody  
Melts on her ear, soothing, and sad, and flow,  
Such measures as at calmy midnight heard  
By aged Hermit in his holy dream 305

Foretel and solace death: and now they rise  
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice  
The white-rob'd multitude of slaughter'd Saints  
At Heaven's wide open'd portals gratulant  
Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony 310<sup>8</sup>

Entranc'd the maid, till each suspended sense  
Brief slumber seiz'd and confus'd/ecstasy.

At length awak'ning slow she gaz'd around;  
But lo! no more was seen the ice-pil'd mount  
And meteor-lighted dome. An Isle appear'd, 315  
Its high, o'erhanging, rough, broad-breasted cliffs  
Glaz'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain

Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon  
The Ploughman following sad his meagre team  
Turn'd up fresh skulls unstartled, and the bones 320  
Of fierce, hate-breathing Combatants, who there  
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,  
Death's gloomy reconciliation! O'er the fields  
Stepp'd a fair Form repairing all she might,  
Her temples olive-wreath'd; and where she trod,  
Fresh flowerets rose and many a foodful herb,



But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,  
 And *anxious* pleasure beam'd in her faint eye.  
 As she had newly left a couch of pain,  
 Pale Convalescent! (Yet some time to rule 330  
 With power exclusive o'er the willing world,  
 That blest prophetic Mandate then fulfill'd,  
 PEACE be on earth!) An happy while but brief  
 She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet,  
 And heal'd the recent harm of chill or blight, 335  
 And nurs'd each plant that fair and virtuous grew.  
 But soon a deep precursive sound moan'd hollow:  
 Black rose the clouds, and now, (as in a dream)  
 Their redd'ning shapes transform'd to warrior hosts,  
 Cours'd o'er the sky, and battled in mid air. 340  
 The Sea meantime his billows darkest roll'd,  
 And each stain'd wave dash'd on the shore a corse.  
 Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven  
 Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,  
 His hideous features blended with the mist, 345  
 The long black locks of SLAUGHTER. PEACE beheld,  
 And o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye  
 Fled, till a place of tombs she reach'd, and there  
 Within a ruin'd sepulchre obscure  
 Found hiding-place. The delegated Maid 350  
 Gaz'd thro' her tears, then in sad tones exclaim'd,  
 "Thou mild-ey'd Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore  
 fled?

The name of JUSTICE written on thy brow  
 Resplendent shone; but all they, who unblam'd

Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee HAPPINESS. 355

Ah! why uninjur'd and unprofited

Should multitudes against their brethren rush?

Why sow they guilt, still reaping misery!

Lenient of care, thy songs, O PEACE! are sweet,

As after showers the perfum'd gale of Eve, 360

That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples;

And gay thy grassy altar pil'd with fruits.

But boasts the shrine of Demon WAR one charm?

Save that with many an orgie strange and foul

Dancing around with interwoven arms 365

The Maniac SUICIDE and Giant MURDER

Exult in their fierce union! I am sad

And know not why the simple Peasants crowd

Beneath the Chieftain's standard!" Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit reply'd, 370

"When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores

No more can rouse the appetites of KINGS;

When the low flattery of their reptile Lords

Falls flat and heavy on the accustomed ear;

When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoon'ry make, 375

And Dancers writhe their harlot limbs in vain:

Then War and all its dread vicissitudes

Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts,

Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,

Insipid Royalty's keen Condiment. 380

Therefore, uninjur'd and unprofited

(Victims at once and executioners)

The congregated husbandmen lay waste

The vineyard and the harvest : as along  
 The Bothnic Coast or southward of the Line 385  
 Tho' hush'd the winds, and cloudless the high noon,  
 Yet if LEVIATHAN, weary of ease,  
 In sports unwieldy tofs his island bulk,  
 Ocean behind him billows, and, before,  
 A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand. 390  
 And hence for times and seasons bloody and dark  
 Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,  
 And War, his strained sinews knit anew,  
 Still violate th' unfinished Works of Peace.  
 But yonder look---for more demands thy view." 395

He said ; and straightway from the opposite Isle  
 A Vapor rose, pierc'd by the MAIDEN's eye.  
 Guiding its course OPPRESSION sat within,  
 With terror pale and rage, yet laugh'd at times  
 Musing on Vengeance : trembled in his hand 400  
 A Sceptre fiercely-grasp'd. O'er ocean westward  
 The Vapor sail'd, as when a Cloud exhal'd  
 From Egypt's fields, that steam hot Pestilence,  
 Travels the sky for many a trackless league,  
 Till o'er some death-doom'd Land distant in vain  
 It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain  
 Facing the Isle, a brighter Cloud arose  
 And steer'd its course which way the Vapor went.  
 ENVY sat guiding---ENVY, hag abhorr'd !  
 Like JUSTICE mask'd, and doom'd to aid the fight  
 Victorious 'gainst OPPRESSION. Hush'd awhile  
 The Maiden paus'd, musing what this might mean ;

But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter Cloud  
 Return'd more bright : along the Plain it swept ;  
 And soon from forth its bursting sides emerg'd 415  
 A dazzling Form, broad-bosom'd, bold of Eye,  
 And wild her hair save where by Laurels bound.  
 Not more majestic stood the healing God  
 When from his Bow the arrow sped, that flew  
 Huge Python. Shriek'd AMBITION's ghastly throng,  
 And with them those, the locust Fiends that crawl'd  
 And glitter'd in CORRUPTION's slimy track.  
 Great was their wrath, for short they knew their  
 reign.

And such Commotion made they and Uproar  
 As when the mad Tornado bellows thro' 425  
 The guilty Islands of the western main,  
 What time departing for their native shores,  
 Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of Palms, 9  
 The infuriate Spirits of the Murder'd make  
 Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.  
 Warm'd with new Influence the unwholesome Plain  
 Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn :  
 The Sun, that rose on FREEDOM, rose in blood !

“MAIDEN beloved, and Delegate of Heaven !  
 (To her the tutelary Spirit said) 435

“Soon shall the Morning struggle into Day,  
 The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon.  
 Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand---  
 But this be thy best Omen, SAVE THY COUNTRY !”  
 Thus saying, from the answering MAID he pass'd,



And with him disappear'd the goodly Vision.

“Glory to thee, FATHER of Earth and Heaven!

All-conscious PRESENCE of the Universe!

Nature's vast ever-acting ENERGY!

In will, in deed, IMPULSE of All to all; 445

Whether thy LAW with unrefracted Ray

Beam on the PROPHET's purged Eye, or if

Diseasing Realms the ENTHUSIAST wild of thought

Scatter new frenzies on the infected Throng,

THOU Both inspiring, and predooming Both, 450

Fit INSTRUMENTS and best of perfect END.

Glory to thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!”

Return, adven'trous Song! to where Dunois

With eager ear heard from the MAID her tale

Of early youth and Mission from on high. 455

And now beneath the Horizon west'ring slow

Had sunk the orb of Day: a milder Light

Softened the scene, fading thro' every hue

Till twilight's deep'ning mists o'ershadow'd all.

The travellers wend, beguiling the long way 460

With converse, till the dewy Damps of Night

Rose round. Far off a glimm'ring taper's ray

Gleam'd thro' the embowered gloom: to that they

turn.

An aged man came forth; his scant grey locks

Waved on the night breeze. Time had written deep

On his shrunk face the characters of age,

Them louting low with rustic courtesy

He welcom'd in, on the white-ember'd hearth

Then heapt fresh fuel, and with friendly care  
Spread out the homely board : fatigued they eat 470  
The country cakes and quaff the nut-brown bowl.

“ Strangers, your fare is homely,” said their Host,

“ But such as we poor men earn with hard toil :

In faith ye are welcome to it. I do love

A soldier, my old heart seems young again. 475

Poor and decrepit as I am, my arm

Once grasp’d the sword full firmly, and my limbs

Were strong as thine, Sir Warrior ! God be with

thee,

And send thee better fortune than old BERTRAM !

I would that I were young again to meet 480

These haughty English in the field of fight.

Such as I was when on the fatal plain

Of Azincour I met them.” “ Wert thou then

A sharer in that dreadful day’s defeat ?”

Exclaim’d the Bastard, “ didst thou know the chief

Of Orleans ?” “ Know him !” the old veteran cried,

“ I saw him ere the bloody fight began

Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,

The long lance quivering in his mighty grasp.

Full was his eye and fierce, yet beaming still 490

On all his countrymen cheerful and mild,

Winning all hearts. Looking at thee, Sir Knight,

Methinks I see him now, such was his eye

So mild in peace, such was his manly brow.

Beshrew me but I weep at the remembrance.” 495

"Full was his eye," exclaim'd the Bastard Son  
Of Orleans, "yet it beam'd benevolence.

I never yet saw love so dignified !

There lived not one his vassal but adored

The good, the gallant Chief. Amid his halls 500

High blazed the hospitable hearth, the pilgrim

Of other countries seeing his high towers 10

Rejoiced, for he had often heard of Orleans :

He lives, my brother ! bound in the hard chain

He lives most wretched." The big tear roll'd down

The Warrior's cheeks. " But he shall live, Dunois,"

Exclaim'd the Mission'd Maid, "but he shall live

To hear good tidings ; hear of Liberty,

Of his own liberty by his brother's arm

Achiev'd in hard-fought battle. He shall live 510

Happy. The memory of his prison'd years

Shall heighten all his joys, and his grey hairs

Go to the grave in peace." " I would fain live

To see that day," replied their aged host,

" How would my heart leap once more to behold

The gallant generous chieftain ! I fought by him

When all the hopes of victory were lost,

And down his batter'd arms the blood stream'd fast

From many a wound. Like wolves they hemm'd

us in

Fierce in unhop'd for conquest : all around 520

Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd.

Yet still he strove, I wonder'd at his valor !

Was not a man that on that fatal day

Fought bravelier." "Fatal was that day to France,"  
 Exclaim'd the Bastard, "there Alencon died 525  
 Valiant in vain; and he the haughty chief  
 D'Albert, who rashly arrogant of strength  
 Impetuous rush'd to ruin. Brabant fell,  
 Vandemont and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenbergh,  
 Her noblest warriors: daring in despair 530  
 Fought the fierce foe---ranks fell on ranks before  
 them:

The prisoners of that shameful day out-summ'd  
 Their victors!" 11

"There are those," old Bertram cried,  
 "Who for his deeds will honor Henry's name.  
 That honor that a conqueror may deserve 535  
 He merits, for right valiantly he fought  
 On that disastrous day; but when the field  
 Was won, and those who had escap'd the carnage  
 Had yielded up their arms, it was most foul  
 On his defenceless prisoners to glut 12 540  
 The blunted sword of conquest. Girt around  
 I to their mercy had surrendered me,  
 When lo! I heard the dreadful groan of death---  
 Not as amid the fray, when man met man  
 And in fair combat gave the mortal blow; 545  
 Here the poor captives, weaponless and bound,  
 Saw their stern victors draw again the sword,  
 And groan'd and strove in vain to free their hands  
 And bade them think upon their plighted faith,  
 And pray'd for mercy in the name of God 550



In vain : Their King had bade them massacre,  
 And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts  
 They drove the sword. Then I expected death,  
 And at that moment death was terrible ;  
 For the heat of flight was over ; of my home 555  
 I thought, and of my wife and little ones  
 In bitterness of heart. The gallant man,  
 Whose by the chance of war I had become,  
 Had pity, and he loos'd my hands and said,  
 " Frenchman ! I would have killed thee in the battle,  
 But my arm shrinks at murder---get thee hence."  
 " It was the will of Heaven that I should live  
 Childless and old to think upon the past  
 And wish that I had perish'd !" The old man  
 Wept as he spake. " Ye may perhaps have heard  
 Of the hard siege so long by Rouen endur'd,  
 I dwelt there strangers, I had then a wife  
 And I had children tenderly beloved,  
 Who I did hope should cheer me in old age  
 And close mine eyes. The tale of Misery 570  
 Mayhap were tedious, or I could relate  
 Much of that dreadful siege." The Maid replied  
 Anxious of that devoted town to learn.  
 Thus then the veteran---" From that field of shame  
 To France so fatal, Azincour escap'd ; 575  
 I speeded homewards and abode in peace.  
 Henry as wise as brave had back to England  
 Led his victorious army ; well aware  
 That France was mighty, that her warrior sons,

Impatient of a foreign victor's sway, 580  
Might rise impetuous, and with multitudes  
Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd,  
For the proud Barons in their private broils  
Wasted the strength of France. I dwelt at home  
Peaceful though lowly, with my little store 585  
Content. I lov'd around the cheerful hearth  
To tell of all the perils I had known :  
My children they would sit and listen eager,  
And bless the all-good Father who preserv'd me.

“ Ah me---when war the masters of mankind, 590  
Woe to the poor man ! If he sow the field,  
He shall not reap the harvest : if he see  
His blooming children rise around, his heart  
Aches at the thought that they are multiplied  
To the sword ! Again from England the fierce foe  
Rush'd on our ravag'd coasts. In battle bold,  
Savage in conquest, their victorious King  
Swept like the desolating tempest round,  
Dambiere's submits---on Caen's subjected walls  
Proudly in conquest wav'd the English flag. 600  
Bulwark of Normandy, Rouen still remain'd ;  
Nor unresisted round our massy walls  
Fix'd they their camp. I need not tell Sir Knight  
How oft and boldly on th' invading host  
We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth ; 605  
For many were the warrior sons of Rouen. 14  
O'er all that gallant Citizen was fam'd  
For virtuous hardihood pre-eminent

Blanchard. He gathering his compatriots round,  
 With his own courage kindling every breast, 610  
 Had bade them vow before Almighty God  
 Never to yield them to the usurping foe 15  
 While yet their arms could lift the spear; while yet  
 Life was to think of every pledge that man  
 Most values. To the God of Hosts we vow'd; 615  
 And we had baffled the besieging power,  
 But our cold-hearted Foeman drew around  
 His strong entrenchments. From the watch-tower's  
 top

In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine  
 We strain'd the eye, and every distant wave 620  
 That in the sun-beam glitter'd, fondly thought  
 The white sail of supply. Ah me! no more  
 Rose on our aching sight the food-fraught bark;  
 For guarded was the Seine, and our stern foe  
 Had made a league with Famine. How my heart 16  
 Sunk in me when at night I carried home  
 The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal!  
 You know not, strangers! what it is to see  
 The asking eye of hunger! Still we strove  
 Expecting aid, till sickening Expectation 630  
 Felt never hope, and yet most keen the pang  
 Of disappointment. Tho' with christian zeal  
 Ursino would have pour'd the balm of peace 17  
 Into our wounds, ambitious ear best pleas'd  
 With the War's clamor and the groan of Death,  
 Was deaf to prayer. Day after day fled on;

We heard no voice of comfort ; never aid  
Arriv'd. And now the loathliest food was sought  
And now the wretched ones lay in our streets  
Crying for food, and dying as they cry'd--- 646  
Oh God it was a dreadful sight to see !  
Yet still we struggled nobly. Blanchard still  
Spoke of the savage fury of the foe,  
Of captives massacred at Azincour,  
Of ravaged Caen, and of her gallant sons 645  
In cold blood murder'd. Then his scanty food<sup>18</sup>  
Sharing with the most wretched, he would bid us  
Bear with our miseries cheerly. Thus distress'd  
Left all should perish thus, our chieftains doom'd  
The helpless ones---dreadful alternative,  
To seek their fates. I never shall forget  
The horrors of that hour ! Oh God forbid  
That my worst foe should ever feel such pangs.  
Then as our widow wives clung round our necks,  
And the deep sob of anguish interrupted 655  
The prayer of parting---even the pious priest  
As he implor'd his God to strengthen us,  
And told us we should meet again in Heaven,  
He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart<sup>19</sup>  
That merciless man---The wretched crowd pass'd on:  
My wife---my children---thro' the gates they pass'd---  
Then the gates clos'd---Would I were in my grave  
That I might lose remembrance. What is man  
That he can hear the groan of wretchedness  
And feel no fleshly pang ! Why did the All-Good



Create these warrior scourges of mankind,  
 These who delight in slaughter? I did think  
 There was not on this earth a heart so hard  
 Could hear a famish'd woman cry for bread,  
 And know no pity. As the outcast train 670  
 Drew near, the English Monarch bade his troops  
 Force back the miserable multitude. 20  
 They drove them to the walls—it was the depth  
 Of Winter—we had no relief to grant.  
 The aged ones groan'd to our foe in vain, 675  
 The mother pleaded for her dying child  
 And they felt no remorse!" The Mission'd Maid  
 Starts from her seat—"The old and the infirm  
 The mother and her babes—and yet no lightning  
 Blasted this man!" "Aye Lady," BERTRAM cried,  
 "And when we sent the herald to implore"  
 His mercy on the helpless, he relax'd  
 His stern face into savage merriment,  
 Scoffing their agonies. On the high wall  
 I stood and mark'd the miserable outcasts, 685  
 And every moment thought that Henry's heart,  
 Hard as it was, must feel. All night I stood—  
 Their deep groans sounded on the midnight gale.  
 Fainter they grew, for the cold wintry wind  
 Blew bleak; fainter they grew, and at the last 690  
 All was still, save that ever and anon  
 Some mother shriek'd o'er her expiring child  
 The shriek of frenzying anguish. From that hour  
 On all the busy turmoil of the world

I gaz'd with strange indifference ; bearing want 695  
With the sick patience of a mind worn out.

Nor when the Traitor yielded up our town <sup>22</sup>

Ought heeded I as through our ruin'd streets,

Thro' putrid heaps of famish'd carcasses

Pass'd the long pomp of triumph. One keen pang

I felt, when by that bloody King's command

The gallant Blanchard died. Calmly he died, <sup>23</sup>

And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God

That he had done his duty. I survive,

A solitary, friendless, wretched one, 705

Knowing no joy save in the faith I feel

That I shall soon be gather'd to my fires,

And soon repose there where the wicked cease

From troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"And happy," cried the delegated Maid, 710

"And happy they who in that holy faith

Bow meekly to the rod ! a little while

Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,

The hard wrongs of the great. A little while

Tho' shelterless they feel the wintry wind, 715

The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,

And all beneath be peace. But woe to those,

Woe to the Mighty Ones who send abroad

Their train'd assassins, and who give to Fury

The flaming firebrand ; these indeed shall live 720

The heroes of the wand'ring minstrel's song,

But they have their reward : the innocent blood  
Steams up to Heaven against them. God shall hear  
The widow's groan." So spake she and arose,  
And they betook them to their homely rest.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

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### ARGUMENT.

*DUNOIS and the Maid arrive at Chinon. DUNOIS announces the Mission of JOAN. Despondency and incredulity of the King. He attempts to deceive her. She discovers and addresses him. CHARLES still incredulous convenes the Doctors of Theology. They assemble and examine the Maid. Event of that Examination.*

THE early sun beams on the latticed cot ;  
Up spring the travellers, and along their way  
Holding high converse speed. So as they pass,  
Fast by a spring that welling at his feet  
With many a winding crept along the mead, 5  
A Knight they saw. He at his plain repast  
Felt the West wind play round his ungirt brow.  
Him, drawing near the Bastard recogniz'd,  
The gallant friend of Orleans, the brave chief  
Du Chastel ; and the mutual greeting pass'd, 10  
They on the streamlet's mossy brink reclin'd,  
Paus'd on their way, the frugal fare partook,



And drank the running waters. "Art thou bound  
For the court, Dunois?" exclaim'd the aged Knight,  
"I deem'd thee far away, coop'd in the walls 15  
Of Orleans; a hard siege her valiant sons  
Right loyally endure." "I left the town,"  
Dunois reply'd, "thinking that my prompt speed  
Might seize the hostile stores, and with fresh force  
Re-enter. Fastolffe's better fate prevail'd, 20  
And from the field of shame my maddening horse  
Bore me, for the barb'd arrow gor'd his flank.  
Fatigued and faint with that day's dangerous toil,  
My deep wounds bleeding, vainly with weak hand  
Check'd I the powerless rein. Now thus reviv'd  
By Heaven's high aid, I seek the Court, and thence  
To that beleager'd town shall lead such force  
That the proud English in their fields of blood  
Shall perish." "I too," Tannegui reply'd, 30  
"May haply in the battle once again  
Serve him my Royal Master; in his cause  
My youth adventur'd much, nor can my age  
Find better close than in the clang of arms  
To die for him whom I have liv'd to serve.  
Thou art for the Court; Son of the Chief I lov'd!  
Be wise by my experience. Look not thou  
For happiness in that polluted scene.  
Thou seest me here, Dunois, a banish'd man,  
A not unwilling exile, to appease  
The proud and powerful Richemont, who long time  
Most sternly jealous of the royal ear

With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire,  
Rolls the black carcass of his strangled foe.  
Now confident of strength at the King's feet  
He stabs the King's best friends, and then demands,<sup>1</sup>  
As with a conqueror's imperious tone,  
The post of honor. Son of that lov'd Chief  
Whose death my arm avenged, may thy days  
Be happy ; serve thy country in the field,  
And in the hour of peace amid thy friends 50  
Dwell thou without ambition." So he spake.  
But when the Bastard told the wond'rous tale,  
How interposing Heaven had its high aid  
Vouchsaf'd to France, the old man's eyes flash'd fire,  
And rising from the bank, the stately steed 55  
That graz'd beside he mounts. " Farewell, Dunois,  
Thou too the Delegate of Heaven, farewell !  
I go to raise the standard—we shall meet  
At Orleans." O'er the plain he spurr'd his steed.  
They journey on their way till Chinon's towers 60  
Rose to the distant view ; imperial seat  
Of Charles, for Paris with her servile sons  
A headstrong, mutable, ferocious race,  
Bow'd to the invader's yoke, since that sad hour  
When Faction o'er her streets with giant stride 65  
Strode terrible, and Murder and Revenge,  
As by the midnight torch's lurid light <sup>4</sup>  
They mark'd their mangled victims writhe convuls'd,  
Listen'd the deep death groan. Ill-fated scene !

Thro' many a dark age drench'd with innocent  
blood, 70

And one day doom'd to know the damning guilt  
Of BRISSET murder'd, and the blameless wife  
Of ROLAND! Martyr'd patriots---spirits pure,  
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives  
Sow'd by your toil and by your blood manur'd 75

Th' imperishable seed, soon to become  
That Tree, beneath whose vast and mighty shade  
The sons of men shall pitch their tents in peace,  
And in the unity of truth preserve

The bond of love. For by the eye of God 80

Hath Virtue sworn, that never one good act  
Was work'd in vain. In Paris triumph'd now

Th' Invader. On a cradled infant's head  
Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,  
And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee 85

In homage to their King, their Sovereign Lord,  
Their baby Mighty One. "Belov'd of Heav'n,"  
So spake the Son of Orleans as they pass'd,

"Lo these the walls of Chinon, this the abbde  
Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry 90

He of his armies vanquish'd, his fair towns  
Subdu'd, hears careless and prolongs the dance.

And little marvel I that to the cares  
Of empire still he turns the unwilling ear,

For loss on loss, defeat upon defeat, 95

His strong holds taken, and his bravest Chiefs  
Or'dead or captur'd, and the hopes of youth

All blasted, have subdu'd the royal mind  
 Undisciplin'd in Fortitude's stern school.  
 So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtues!" 100  
 The mission'd Maid reply'd, "Go thou, Dunois,  
 Announce my mission to the royal ear.  
 I on the river's winding banks the while  
 Would roam, collecting for high enterprize  
 My thoughts, troubled tho' firm. He who essays 105  
 Achievements of vast import, will perforce  
 Feel his heart heave; and in my breast I feel  
 Such perturbation." On the banks of Vienne  
 Devious the Damsel turn'd. Thro' Chinon's gates  
 The Son of Orleans press'd with rapid step 110  
 Seeking the King. Him from the public view  
 He found secluded with his blameless Queen,  
 And her partaker of the unlawful bed,  
 The lofty-minded Agnes. "Son of Orleans!" 5  
 So as he enter'd cried the haughty fair, 115  
 "Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,  
 The weak, unmanly, mean despondency  
 Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat  
 To distant Dauphine, and fly the war!  
 Go, then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat 120  
 To distant Dauphine, and fly the war,  
 Recreant from Battle! I will not partake  
 A fugitive's fate, but to my home returning  
 In bitterness of memory curse the hour  
 When to a coward basely I resign'd 125  
 My virgin worth." "Nay Agnes," Charles replied,



"Add not the anguish of thy keen reproach!  
 I have enough of sorrow. Look around,  
 See this fair country ravag'd by the foe,  
 My strong holds taken, and my bravest Chiefs 130  
 Fall'n in the field, or captives far away.  
 Dead is the Douglas---cold thy warrior frame,  
 Illustrious Buchan; ye from Scotland's hills,  
 Not mindless of your old ally distress'd,  
 Rush'd to his succour: in his cause ye fought, 135  
 Ye perish'd. Gallant, rash, ill-destin'd Narbonne!  
 Thy mangled corse waves to the winds of Heaven.  
 Cold, Graville, is thy finewy arm in death.  
 Fall'n is Ventadour. Silent in the grave  
 Rambouillet sleeps. Bretagne's unfaithful chief 140  
 Leagues with my foes, and Richemont or in arms  
 Defies my weak control, or from my side,  
 (A friend more dreaded than the enemy)  
 Drives my best servants with the assassin sword.  
 Soon must the towers of Orleans fall. But now 145  
 These sad thoughts boot not, Welcome to our court,  
 Dunois! We yet can give the friendly feast,  
 And from the heavy cares of empire win  
 One hospitable day of merriment."

The Chief reply'd, "So may thy future years  
 Pass from misfortune free, as all these ills  
 Shall vanish like a vision of the night!  
 To thee, to France I come the messenger  
 Of aid from Heaven. The delegated Maid  
 With me, whom Providence all-wise decrees 155

The favour of the realm. Me, gash'd with wounds,  
And in mine own blood senseless on the plain,  
This more than mortal, with celestial touch,  
Woke to new life." Astonish'd by his speech  
Stood Charles. "At one of meaner estimation 160  
I should have smil'd, Dunois. Thy well-known  
The loyalty of all thy noble house, [worth,  
Compel me even to this a most strange tale  
To lend a serious ear. A woman sent  
From Heaven, the Saviour of this wasted realm, 165  
Whose magic touch awoke thee to new life  
When gash'd with wounds and senseless! Son of  
Orleans,

Ill now beseems ought hazardous. My state  
Totters upon destruction. Is my person  
Known to this woman?" "She has liv'd retir'd,"  
The Bastard answer'd, "ignorant of courts,  
And little heeding, till the Spirit of God  
Rous'd her to this great work." To him the King,  
"She knows not then my person. Thou, Dunois,  
Lead here the Maiden. On the throne meantime,  
I the while mingling with the menial throng,  
Some courtier shall be seated. If this Maid  
Be by the holy spirit of God inspir'd,  
That holy spirit will gift her with the power  
To pierce deception. But if strange of mind 180  
Enthusiast fancy fire her wilder'd brain,  
Thus prov'd, she to obscurity again  
May guiltlessly retire. Our English foes  
Might well exult to see the sons of France

Led by a frenzied female." So he said; 185  
 And confident in faith the son of Orleans  
 Sought on the banks of Vienne the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court conven'd; the jewell'd crown  
 Shines on a menial's head. Amid the throng  
 The Monarch stands, and anxious for the event, 190  
 His heart beats high. She comes—the inspir'd Maid!  
 And as the Bastard led her to the throne,  
 Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty,  
 Fix'd full her eye on Charles. "Thou art the King.  
 I come the avenging Delegate of Heaven, 195  
 Wielding the wrathful weapon, from whose death,  
 Their stern hearts palsied by the arm of God,  
 Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves  
 Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France!  
 Spread the good tidings through thy ravag'd realm.  
 The Maid is come---the mission'd Maid---whose hand  
 Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims  
 Place on thy head the crown." In wonder mute  
 The courtiers heard. The astonish'd King exclaim'd,  
 "This is indeed the agency of Heaven! 205  
 Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he cried,  
 "Did I not now with full and confirm'd faith  
 Thee the redeemer of this ravag'd realm  
 Believe. Not doubting therefore the strange will  
 Of the All-Wise, nor those high miracles 210  
 Vouch'd by the Son of Orleans, do I now  
 Delay to marshal the brave sons of France

Beneath thy banners ; but to satisfy  
Those who at distance from this most clear proof  
May hear and disbelieve, or yield at best 215  
A cold assent. These fully to confirm  
And more to manifest thy holy power,  
Forthwith with all due speed I shall convene  
The Doctors of Theology, wise men  
And skilful in the mysteries of Heaven. 220  
By these thy mission studied and approv'd  
As needs it must be ; of these holy men  
The sanction to the dubious minds of all  
Shall bring conviction, and the firm belief  
Lead on thy favor'd troops to mightiest deeds, 225  
Surpassing human credibility."

Well pleas'd the Maiden heard, Her the King  
leads

From the disbanding throng, meantime to dwell  
With Mary. Watchful for her Lord's return  
She sat with Agnes. Agnes proud of heart, 230  
Majestically fair, whose large full eye  
Or flashing anger, or with scornful frown  
Deform'd her beauteous features. Yet with her  
The lawless idol of the Monarch's heart,  
Mary, obedient to her husband's will, 235  
Dwelt peaceful, from the proudly generous mind  
Of Agnes winning friendship. Soon the Maid  
Lov'd the mild Queen, and sojourning with her,  
Expects the solemn summons. Thro' the realm  
Meantime the King's convoking voice was heard,



And from their palaces and monasteries  
 Swarm'd forth the Doctors, men acute and deep,  
 Grown grey in study ; Priests and Bishops haste  
 To Chinon.—Teachers wise and with high names,  
 Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable, 245  
 By their admiring pupils dignified.

NOR SUPERSTITION to embrace the hour  
 Neglects. She hastens from the English court,  
 Where mad Ferocity led the holy war,  
 Arm'd with the mitred helmet. By her side 250  
 Inanely learn'd, came reverend IGNORANCE,  
 His grey eye large and rayless ; o'er his beads  
 Aye wont to mutter forth the drowsy prayer.  
 And meet companion came with these the form  
 Of CRUELTY, like monk Dominican 255  
 His garb. One hand Tertullian's volume grasp'd,  
 Volume beloved ! and high the other rear'd  
 The thirsty sword, whose impious hilt display'd  
 The cross. These join'd the theologic train.

The Doctors met—from cloister gloom recluse 260  
 Or from the haunts luxurious of the abode,  
 Episcopal they met, and sought the place  
 Of judgment. Very ancient was the dome,  
 The floor with many a monumental stone  
 O'erspread, and brass-ensculptur'd effigy 265  
 Of holy abbots honor'd in their day,  
 Now to the grave gone down. The branching arms  
 Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft,  
 Wreath'd on the roof emboss'd. The windows gleam'd

Awful and dim their many-colour'd light  
Thro' the rich robes of Eremites and Saints,  
Trees, mountains, castles, ships, sun, moon, and stars,  
Splendid confusion ! the pure wave beneath  
Reflects and trembles in the purpling beam.  
On the altar burns that mystic lamp whose flame 275  
May not be quench'd. Circling round the vase  
They bow the knee, uttering the half-heard prayer ;  
Mysterious power communicating thus  
To the hallowed water, deem'd a mightier spell  
O'er the fierce fiends of Satan's fallen crew, 280  
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Thessaly,  
Or they who sitting on the rifled grave,  
Seen by th' exhalations lurid light,  
Partake the Vampire's banquet. This perform'd,  
The Maid is summon'd. Round the holy vase 285  
Mark'd with the mystic tonsure and enrob'd  
In sacred vests, a venerable train  
They stand. The delegated Maid obeys  
Their summons. As she came a loveliest blush  
O'er her fair cheek suffus'd, such as became 290  
One mindful still of maiden modesty,  
Tho' of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle  
The cold wind moaning as it pass'd along  
Wav'd her dark flowing locks. Before the train  
In reverend silence waiting their sage will, 295  
With half averted eye she stood compos'd.  
So have I seen the simple snow-drop rise  
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth

In early spring, so seen its gentle bend  
 Of modest loveliness amid the waste 300  
 Of desolation. By the maiden's side  
 Proud in conviction stood the warrior Son  
 Of Orleans, to avow his deep wounds heal'd  
 By power miraculous vouchsaf'd from Heaven  
 To her the inspir'd damsel. As he stood, 305  
 Viewing with steady eye the magic rites  
 Of preparation, thus the arch Priest spake  
 Severe. "Woman, if any fiend of hell  
 Lurk in thy bosom so to prompt the vaunt  
 Of inspiration, and to mock the power 310  
 Of God and holy church, thus by the virtue  
 Of water hallow'd by the name of God  
 That damned spirit adjure I to depart  
 From his possessed prey. Detected thus  
 Thy impious wiles, to th' ecclesiastic arm 315  
 Thou must deliver'd purge in flames the crime  
 Atrocious." Thus he spake, and dash'd the wave  
 With hand unsparing on the virgin's face :  
 The water shone upon her glowing cheek  
 Like morning dew-drops on the opening rose. 320  
 Indignant at th' unworthy charge the Maid  
 Felt her cheek flush, but soon the transient glow  
 Fading, she answer'd meek. "Most holy Sires,  
 Ye reverend Fathers of the Christian church  
 Most catholic! before your view I stand 325  
 A poor weak woman. Of the grace vouchsaf'd,  
 How far unworthy conscious : yet tho' mean,

Guiltless of ill, and chosen by highest Heaven  
The minister of aid. Strange voices heard,  
The dark and shadowing visions of the night, 330  
And that miraculous power that thro' the frame,  
Then gor'd with wounds and senseless, of Dunois,  
Pour'd rapid the full tide of life and health,  
These portents make me conscious of the God  
Within me---he who gifted my purg'd eye 335  
To know the Monarch 'mid the menial throng,  
Unseen before. Thus much it boots to say,  
The life of simple virgin ill deserves  
To call your minds from studies wise and deep,  
Not to be fathom'd by the weaker sense 340  
Of man profane." Blushing the Maiden spake.  
Thus then the Father: "Brethren, ye have heard  
The woman's tale. Beseems us now to ask  
Whether of holy church a duteous child  
Before our court appears, so not unlike 345  
Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle:  
Or silly heretic whose erring thoughts  
Monstrous and vain perchance might stray beyond  
All reason, and conceit strange dreams and signs  
Impossible? Say, woman, from thy youth 350  
Hast thou (as rightly mother church demands)  
To holy Priest confess'd each secret sin,  
So purg'd by grace to him vouchsaf'd from Heaven,  
Of absolution?" "Father," she replied,  
"In forest shade my infant years train'd up 355  
Knew not devotion's forms. The chaunted mass,



The silver altar and religious robe,  
 The mystic wafer and the hallowed cup,  
 God's priest-created, are to me unknown.  
 Beneath no high arch'd roof I bow'd in prayer, 360  
 No solemn light by storied pane disguis'd,  
 No trophied pillars, and no imag'd cross  
 Wak'd my young mind to artificial awe,  
 To fear the God I only learnt to love.  
 I saw the eternal energy pervade 365  
 The boundless range of nature, with the Sun  
 Pour life and radiance from his flaming path,  
 And on the lowliest flowret in the field  
 The kindly dew-drops shed. All nature's voice  
 Proclaim'd the all-good Parent; nor myself 370  
 Deem'd I by him neglected. This good Power  
 My more than Father taught my youth to know,  
 Knowing to love, and loving to adore.  
 At earliest morn to him my grateful heart  
 Pour'd forth the unstudied prayer, that spake my  
                   thanks 375  
 For mercies oft vouchsaf'd, and humbly ask'd  
 Protection yet to come. Each flower, that bloom'd  
 Expanding in the new-born spring, call'd forth  
 The soul of full devotion. Every morn  
 My soaring spirit glorified the God 380  
 Of light, and every evening thank'd the Power  
 Preserving thro' the day. For sins confess  
 To holy Priest and absolution given  
 I knew them not; for ignorant of sin

Why should I seek forgiveness ? Of the points 385  
 Abstruse of nice religion, and the bounds  
 Subtile and narrow which confine the path  
 Of orthodox belief, my artless creed  
 Knew nought. 'Twas nature taught my early  
 youth

Religion—Nature bade me see the God 390  
 Confest in all that lives, and moves, and is."

She spake energetic. The full force of truth  
 Breath'd from her lips. Appall'd the Doctors stood  
 In vacant wonder, listening to the sounds  
 Unwonted ; till at last a Priest replied : 395

"Woman, of holy church thou seem'st to scorn  
 Profane the mighty power ; nay more, thy lips  
 Confess that Nature taught thee thy religion.  
 This is heretical, and thou thyself  
 Hast proved it impious ; for thou hast declared 400  
 Masses and absolution, and the use  
 Of mystic wafer are to thee unknown.  
 How then could nature teach thee true religion,  
 Depriv'd of these ? Nature can teach to sin,  
 But 'tis the Priest alone can teach remorse, 405  
 Can bid St. Peter ope the gates of Heaven,  
 And from the penal fires of purgatory  
 Absolve the soul. Could nature teach thee this ?  
 Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,  
 And that his successors' unbounded power 410  
 Extends o'er either world ? Altho' thy life  
 Of sin were free, if of this holy truth

Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue  
Transgression." Thus he spake, the applauding look  
Went round. Nor dubious to reply the Maid 415  
Was silent. "Fathers of the holy church,  
If on these points abstruse a simple maid  
Like me, should err, impute not you the crime  
To self-will'd wisdom, vaunting its own strength  
Above Omnipotence. 'Tis true my youth, 420  
Conceal'd in forest gloom, knew not the sound  
Of mass high chaunted, nor with trembling lips  
I touch'd the mystic wafer: yet the Bird  
That to the matin ray prelusive pour'd  
His joyous song, methought did warble forth 425  
Sweeter thanksgiving to Religion's ear  
In his wild melody of happiness,  
Than ever rung along the high-arch'd roofs  
Of man. Yet never from the bending vine  
Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly, 430  
Of that good God unmindful who bestow'd  
The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me, Sires,  
That nature only teaches man to sin!  
If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,  
To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears,  
This is what Nature taught! No, REVERENDS! no,  
It is not Nature that can teach to sin:  
Nature is all Benevolence--all Love,  
All Beauty! In the greenwood's simple shade  
There is no vice that to the indignant cheek 440  
Bids the red current rush. No misery there--

No wretched mother, that with pallid face  
 And famine-fall'n, hangs o'er her hungry babes,  
 With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,  
 As shall one day, with damping eloquence, 445  
 Against the mighty plead ! Nature teach sin !  
 O blasphemy against the Holy One,  
 Who made us in the image of himself,  
 Who made us all for Happiness and Love,  
 Infinite happiness—infinite love, 450  
 Partakers of his own eternity.

Solemn and slow the reverend Priest replied,  
 " Much, woman, do I doubt that all-wise Heaven  
 Would thus vouchsafe its gracious miracles  
 On one fore-doom'd to misery ; for so doom'd 455  
 Is that deluded one, who, of the mass  
 Unheeding, and the Church's saving power,  
 Deems nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well,  
 Brethren, I would propose this woman try  
 The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and stript, 460  
 (Left haply in her clothes should be conceal'd  
 Some holy relic so profan'd) be cast  
 In the deep pond ; there if she float, no doubt  
 Some fiend upholds, but if she instant sink  
 O'erwhelm'd, sure sign that Providence displays 465  
 Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk  
 Blinded and bare o'er ploughshares heated red,  
 And o'er these past, her naked arm plunge deep  
 In scalding water. If from these she pass  
 Unhurt, to holy father of the church



Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause  
 For judgment : and this Chief, the Son of Orleans,  
 Heal'd, as he says, even at the point of death,  
 By her miraculous touch, shall pass with her  
 The sacred trial." "Grace of God!" exclaim'd  
 The astonish'd Bastard; "Plunge me in the pool,  
 O'er red-hot ploughshares make me dance to please  
 Your dotard fancies! Fathers of the church,  
 Where is your gravity? what elder-like  
 This fairer than Sufannah would you eye? 480  
 Ye call for ordeals—and I too demand  
 The noblest ordeal, on the English host  
 To prove in victory the mission sent  
 From favoring Heaven. To the Pope refer  
 For judgment! Know ye not that France even now  
 Stands tottering on destruction!" Starting wild,  
 With a strange look, the mission'd Maid exclaim'd,  
 "The sword of God is here! the grave shall speak  
 To manifest me!" Even as she spake,  
 A pale blue flame rose from the trophied tomb 490  
 Besides her. A deep silence thro' the dome  
 Dwelt awful. Sudden from that house of death  
 The clash of arms was heard, as tho' within  
 The shrouded warrior shook his mailed limbs.

"Hear ye," the Damsel cried; "these are the arms  
 That shall flash terror o'er the hostile host.  
 These, in the presence of our Lord the King,  
 And the assembled people, I shall take  
 From this the sepulchre, where many an age

Incorruptible they have lain conceal'd, 500  
Destin'd for me, the Delegate of Heaven."  
Recovering from amaze, the Priest replied :  
"Thou art indeed the Delegate of Heaven !  
What thou hast said surely thou shalt perform !  
We ratify thy mission. Go in peace."

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

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### ARGUMENT,

*A Messenger arrives from Orleans, representing the Distress of that city, and requesting immediate succours. JOAN, in the presence of the King and assembled people, takes the armour of Orlando from his tomb in the church of St. Catharine of Fierbois. Strange conduct of the Messenger. The Maid recognizes him, She meets with Theodore. Returns despondently to the palace, and after expressing her disgust at the licentiousness of the court, announces her intention of marching on the morrow to relieve Orleans.*

THE feast was spread—the sparkling bowl went round,

And to the assembled court the minstrel harp'd  
The song of other days. Sudden they heard  
The horn's loud blast. "This is no time for cares,  
Feast ye the messenger without," cried Charles, 5  
Enough is given of the wearying day  
To the public weal." Obedient to the King  
The guard invites the traveller to his fare.  
"Nay, I shall see the monarch," he replied,

“And he shall hear my tidings, duty-urg’d: 10  
For many a long league have I hasten’d on,  
Not now to be repell’d.” Then with strong arm  
Removing him who barr’d his onward way,  
The hall he enters. “King of France! I come  
From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid 15  
Demanding for her gallant garrison,  
Faithful to thee, tho’ thinn’d in many a fight,  
And wither’d now by want. Thee it beseems  
Forever anxious for thy people’s weal,  
To succour these brave men whose honest breasts 20  
Bulwark thy throne.” He said, and from the hall  
With upright step departing, in amaze  
At his so bold deportment left the court.  
The King exclaim’d, “But little need to send  
Quick succour to this gallant garrison,  
If to the English half so firm a front  
They bear in battle!” “In the field, my liege,”  
Dunois replied, “that man has serv’d thee well.  
Him have I seen the foremost of the fight,  
Wielding so fearfully his blood-red sword, 30  
His eye so fury-fired, that the pale foe  
Let fall their palsied arms with powerless stroke,  
Desperate of safety. I do marvel much  
That he is here, Orleans must be hard press’d  
When one the bravest of her garrison 35  
Is thus commission’d.” Swift the Maid exclaim’d,  
“I tell thee, Chief, that there the English wolves  
Shall never pour their yells of victory.



The will of God defends those fated walls,  
 And resting in full faith on that high will 40  
 I mock their efforts. But the night draws on;  
 Retire we to repose. To-morrow's sun  
 Breaking the darkness of the sepulchre,  
 Shall on that armor gleam, thro' many an age  
 Kept holy and inviolate by time," 45  
 She said, and rising from the board, retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaim'd  
 Coming solemnity: and far and wide  
 Spread the strange tidings. Every labour ceas'd;  
 The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastes;  
 The armorer's anvil beats no more the din  
 Of future slaughter. Thro' the thronging streets  
 The buz of asking wonder hums along.

On to St. Catherine's sacred fane they go;  
 The holy fathers with the imag'd cross 55  
 Leading the long procession. Next, as one  
 Suppliant for mercy to the King of kings,  
 And grateful for the benefits of Heaven,  
 The Monarch pass'd; and by his side the Maid;  
 Her lovely limbs rob'd in a snow-white vest: 60  
 Wistless that every eye dwelt on her form,  
 With stately step she paced; her labouring soul  
 To high thoughts elevate; and gazing round  
 With the wild eye, that of the circling throng  
 And of the visible world unseeing, saw 65  
 The shapes of holy phantasy. By her  
 The warrior Son of Orleans strode along

Preeminent. He, nerving his young limbs  
With manly exercise, had scaled the cliff,  
And dashing in the torrent's foaming flood, 70  
Stemm'd with broad breast its fury : so his form,  
Sinewy and firm, and fit for loftiest deeds,  
Tower'd high amid the throng effeminate ;  
His armor bore of hostile steel the marks,  
Many and deep. His pictur'd shield display'd 75  
A Lion vainly struggling in the toils,  
Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage,  
His young mane floating to the desert air,  
Rends the fall'n huntsman. Tremouille him behind,  
The worthless favourite of the slothful Prince, 80  
Stalk'd arrogant, in shining armor clasp'd  
With gold and gems of richest hues emboss'd,  
Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade  
Defaced, and rusted by no hostile blood ;  
Trimly-accoutred court habiliment, 85  
Gay, lady-dazzling armor, fit to adorn,  
In dangerless manœuvres some review,  
The mockery of murder ! followed him  
The train of courtiers, summer-flies that sport  
In the sun-beam of favor, insects sprung 90  
From the court dunghill, greedy blood-suckers,  
The foul corruption-gender'd swarm of state.  
As o'er some flowery field the busy bees  
Pour their deep music, pleasant melody  
To the tired traveller, under some old oak 95  
Stretch'd in the chequer'd shade ; or as the sound

Of far-off waters down the craggy steep  
 Dash'd with loud uproar, rose the murmur round  
 Of admiration. Every gazing eye  
 Dwelt on the mission'd Maid. Of all besides, 100  
 The long procession and the gorgeous train,  
 Tho' glittering they with gold and sparkling gems,  
 And their rich plumes high waving to the air,  
 Heedless. The consecrated dome they reach,  
 Rear'd to St. Catherine's holy memory. 105  
 Her death the altar told, what time expos'd  
 A virgin victim to the despot's rage,  
 'The agonizing rack outstretch'd her limbs,  
 Till the strain'd muscles crack'd, and from their  
                   sockets

Started the blood-red eyes. Before her stood 110  
 Glutting his iron sight, the giant form  
 Of Maximin, on whose rais'd lip Revenge  
 Kindled a savage smile ; whilst even the face  
 Of the hard executioner relax'd,  
 And sternly soften'd to a maiden tear. 115

Her eye averting from the storied woe,  
 The delegated damsel knelt and pour'd  
 To Heaven the prayer of praise. A trophied tomb  
 Close to the altar rear'd its antique bulk,  
 Two pointless javelins and a broken sword, 120  
 Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior  
                   slept

The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone  
 And rude-ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid

The sepulchre, Above stood VICTORY,  
 With lifted arm and trump as she would blow 125  
 The blast of Fame, but on her outstretch'd arm  
 DEATH laid his ebon rod. The Maid approach'd--  
 DEATH dropt his ebon rod---the lifted trump  
 Pour'd forth a blast whose sound miraculous  
 Burst the rude tomb. Within the arms appear'd  
 The crested helm, the massy bauldrick's strength,  
 The oval shield, the magic-temper'd blade.  
 A sound of awe-repress'd astonishment  
 Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid  
 O'er her white robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,  
 Self-fitted to her form. On her helm'd head  
 The white plumes nod, majestically flow.  
 She lifts the buckler and the magic sword,  
 Gleaming portentous light. The amazed crowd  
 Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven,"  
 The Maid exclaim'd, "Father all merciful!  
 Devoted to whose holy will, I wield  
 The sword of Vengeance, go before our hosts!  
 All-just avenger of the innocent,  
 Be thou our Champion! God of Love, preserve 145  
 Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

She spake, and lo again the magic trump  
 Breath'd forth the notes of conquest. The white  
 plumes  
 Responsive o'er the martial Maiden's head,  
 Triumphant waved. They rais'd the chaunted mass



“ Thee, Lord, we praise, our God.” The assembled  
Join’d the loud hymn in choral harmony. [throng

As thro’ the parting crowd the Virgin pass’d,  
He who from Orleans on the yesternight  
Demanded succour, clasp’d with warmth her hand,  
And with a bosom-thrilling voice exclaim’d,  
“ Ill-omen’d Maid ! victim of thine own worth,  
Devoted for the King-curs’d realm of France !  
Ill-omen’d Maid, I pity thee.” So saying,  
He turn’d into the crowd. At his strange words 160  
Disturb’d, the warrior Virgin pass’d along,  
And much revolving in her troubled mind,  
Retreads the palace : there the feast was spread,  
And sparkling with the red dew of the vine-yard,  
The bowl went round. Meantime the minstrel struck  
His harp : the Palladins of France he sung ;  
The warrior who from Arden’s fated fount  
Drank of the bitter waters of aversion,  
And loathing beauty, spurn’d the lovely Maid,  
Suppliant for Love ; soon doom’d to rue the charm  
Revers’d : and that invulnerable Chief  
Orlando, he who from the magic horn  
Breath’d such heart-withering sounds, that every foe  
Fled from the fearful blast, and all-appall’d,  
Spell-stricken Valour hid his recreant head. 175

The full sound echoed o’er the arched roof,  
And listening eager to the favorite lay,  
The guests sat silent. When into the hall  
The Messenger from that besieged town,

Stalk'd stately. "It is pleasant, King of France, 180  
To feast at ease and hear the harper's song;  
Far other music hear the men of Orleans!

DEATH is among them; there the voice of Woe  
Moans ceaseless." "Rude unmannerly intruder!"

Exclaim'd the Monarch, "cease to interrupt 185  
The hour of merriment; it is not thine

To instruct me in my duty." Of reproof

Heedless, the stranger to the minstrel cried,

"Why harpest thou of Good Rinaldo's fame

Amid these walls? Virtue and Genius love 190

That lofty lay. Hast thou no loose lewd tale

To pamper and provoke the appetite?

Such should procure thee worthy recompense:

Or rather sing thou of that mighty one,

Who tore the ewe lamb from the poor man's bosom;

That was to him even as a daughter! Charles,

This holy tale would I tell, prophet-like,

And gazing on thee cry, "Thou art the man!"

He said, and with a quick and troubled step

Retired. Astonish'd at his daring phrase, 200

The guests sat heedless of the minstrel's song,

Pondering the words mysterious. Soon the harp

Beguil'd their senses of anxiety.

The court dispers'd: retiring from the hall,

Charles and the delegated damsel sought 205

The inner palace. There awaited them

The Queen: with her *JOAN* loved to pass the hours,

By various converse cheer'd; for she had won

The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy,  
 The calm and duteous patience that deplor'd 210  
 A husband's cold half-love. To her she told  
 With what strange words the messenger from Orleans  
 Had rous'd uneasy wonder in her mind ;  
 For on her ear yet vibrated the voice,  
 " Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee !" when lo ! 215  
 Again that man stalk'd to the door, and stood  
 Scowling around. " Why dost thou haunt me thus,"  
 The Monarch cried, " is there no place secure  
 From thy rude insolence ? unmanner'd Man !  
 I know thee not !"

" Then learn to know me, Charles !" 220  
 Solemnly he replied ; " read well my face,  
 That thou mayest know it on that dreadful day,  
 When at the throne of God I shall demand  
 His justice on thee !" Turning from the King,  
 To Agnes as she enter'd, in a tone 225  
 More low, more awfully severe, he cried,  
 " Dost thou too know me not ?" She glanced on him,  
 And pale and breathless hid her head convuls'd  
 In the Maid's bosom. " King of France !" he said,  
 " She lov'd me ! day by day I dwelt with her ; 230  
 Her voice was music---very sweet her smiles !  
 I left her ! left her Charles, in evil hour,  
 To fight thy battles. Thou meantime didst come,  
 Staining most foul her spotless purity ;  
 For she was pure---my Agnes ! even as snow 235  
 Fall'n in some cleft where never the fierce sun

Pours his hot ray---most foul, for once most fair ;  
 My poor polluted Agnes !---Thou bad man !  
 Thou hast almost shaken my faith in Heaven.  
 I see thee rioting in sloth and guilt, 240  
 And yet thou retest, pillowing thy head  
 Even on her bosom ! I, though innocent  
 Of ill, the victim of another's vice,  
 Drag on the loathsome burthen of existence,  
 And doubt Heaven's justice !"

So he said, and frown'd 245  
 Dark as that man who at MOHAMMED'S door  
 Knock'd fierce and frequent ; from whose fearful look  
 Bath'd with cold damps, every beholder fled,  
 Even he the prophet almost terrified,  
 Endur'd but half to view him, for he knew 250  
 AZARAEL, stern-brow'd Messenger of Fate,  
 And his death-day was come. Guilt-petrified  
 The Monarch sat, nor could endure to face  
 His bosom-probing frown. The mission'd Maid  
 Read anxious his stern features and exclaim'd 255  
 " I know thee, Conrade !" Rising from her seat,  
 She took his hand, for he stood motionless,  
 Gazing on Agnes now with full-fix'd eye,  
 Dreadful though calm : him from the Court she  
 And to the river's banks resisting not, [drew,  
 Both sadly silent led ; till at the last  
 As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd  
 Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck,  
 He wept. " I know thee, Damsel !" he exclaim'd,



"Dost thou remember that tempestuous night, 265  
 When I, a weather-beaten traveller, fought  
 Your hospitable doors? ah me! I then  
 Was happy! you too sojourn'd then in peace.  
 Fool that I was, I blam'd such happiness,  
 Arraign'd it as a guilty selfish sloth, 270  
 Unhappily prevailing, so I fear me,  
 Or why art thou at Chinon?" Him the Maid  
 Answering, address'd: "I do remember well  
 That night: for then the holy Spirit first,  
 Wak'd by thy words, possess'd me."

Conrade cried, 275

"Then I have one more sin to answer for!  
 Oh Maiden, thou wert happy! thou hadst liv'd  
 Blessing and blest, if I had never stray'd  
 Needlessly rigid from my peaceful path.  
 And thou hast left thine home then, and obey'd 280  
 The feverish fancies of thine ardent brain!  
 And hast thou left him too, the youth whose eye  
 For ever glancing on thee, spake so well  
 Affection's eloquent tale?" So as he said,  
 Rush'd the warm purple to the Virgin's cheek. 285  
 "I am alone," she answer'd, "for this realm  
 Devoted." Nor to answer more the Maid  
 Endur'd; for many a melancholy thought  
 Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind's eye  
 Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc: 290  
 She gaz'd amid the air with such sad look,  
 Yet such sweet solacing of self-applause,

As he the virtuous exile feels, who, driven<sup>1</sup>  
By "that dark Vizier" from his native land,<sup>2</sup>  
Roams on the sea-beach, while the roaring waves  
Rocking his senses, break upon the shore.  
Lost in sad dreams his distant home he sees,  
His friends, and haply too an aged Mother  
That weeps for him in bitterness of heart.  
All, all he loved fond fancy sees again, 300  
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb,  
And drowns the soft enchantment. By the hand  
Her Conrade held and cried, "Ill-fated Maid !  
That I have torn thee from Affection's breast,  
My soul will groan in anguish. Thou wilt serve 305  
Like me, the worthless Court, and having serv'd,  
In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou shalt curse  
The duty that deluded. Of the world  
Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow-men,  
I shall be seen no more. There is a path--- 310  
The eagle hath not mark'd it ; the young wolf  
Knows not its hidden windings ; I have trod  
That path, and mark'd a melancholy den,  
Where one whose jaundiced soul abhors itself,  
May pamper him in complete wretchedness. 315  
There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,  
Conrade shall dwell, and in the languid hour,  
When the jarr'd senses sink to a sick calm,  
Shall mourn the waste of frenzy !" So he spake,  
And clasping to his heart the Virgin's hand, 320  
Sped rapid o'er the plain. She with dim eyes,

For gushing tears obscur'd them, follow'd him  
 Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought  
 Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienne  
 Then wander'd, till o'erwearied on the banks 325  
 She laid her down, and watch'd its slowest stream  
 Dim purpling to the clouds, that still were pierc'd  
 By the sunk day-star's ray. The murmuring tide  
 Lull'd her, and many a pensive pleasing dream  
 Rose in sad shadowy trains at Memory's call. 330  
 She thought of Arc, and of the dangled brook,  
 Whose waves oft leaping on their craggy course  
 Made dance the low-hung willow's dripping twigs;  
 And where it spread into a glassy lake,  
 Of that old oak, which on the smooth expanse 335  
 Imaged its hoary mossy-mantled boughs.  
 Wak'd by the thought, a tear ran down her cheek  
 Unconscious, when a voice behind address'd her,  
 "Forgive the intrusion, Lady! I would ask  
 Where I might meet that Heaven-commission'd Maid,  
 Call'd to deliver France." The well-known tones  
 Thrill'd her: her heart throbb'd fast--she started up,  
 And fell upon the neck of Theodore. [youth,  
 "Oh! I have found thee!" cried th' enraptur'd  
 "And I shall dare the battle by thy side, 345  
 And shield thee from the war! but tell me, *JOAN*,  
 Why didst thou brood in such strange mystery,  
 O'er this thy Heav'n-doom'd purpose? trust me,  
 Maiden,  
 I have shed many tears for that wild gloom

That so estrang'd thee from thy Theodore ! 350  
If thou couldst know the anguish I endur'd  
When thou wert gone ! how thro' the live-long night  
I vainly travers'd o'er thy wonted paths,  
Making the forest echo to thy name !  
Our mother too ! in sooth it was unkind 355  
To leave us thus !" Mindless of her high call,  
Again the lowly shepherdes of Arc,  
In half-articulated words the Maid  
Express'd her joy. Of Elinor she ask'd,  
How from a doating mother he had come 360  
In arms array'd. "Thou wakest in my mind  
A thought that makes me sad," the youth replied,  
"For Elinor wept much at my resolve,  
And eloquent with all a mother's fears,  
Urg'd me to leave her not. My wayward heart 365  
Smote me as I look'd back and saw her wave  
Adieu ! but high in hope I soon beguild  
These melancholy feelings by the thought  
That we should both return to cheer her age,  
Thy mission well fulfill'd, and quit no more 370  
The copse-embosom'd cottage." But the Maid  
Soon started from her dream of happiness,  
For on her memory flash'd the flaming pile.  
A death-like paleness at the dreadful thoughts  
Wither'd her cheek ; the dews on her cold brow 375  
Started, and on the arm of Theodore  
Feeble and faint she hung. His eager eye  
Concentring all the anguish of the soul,



And strain'd in anxious love, on her wan cheek  
 Fearfully silent gazed. But by the thought 380  
 Of her high mission rous'd, the Maiden's soul  
 Collected, and she spake. "My Theodore,  
 Thou hast done wrong to quit thy mother's home!  
 Alone and aged she will weep for thee,  
 Wasting the little that is left of life 385  
 In anguish. Go thee back again to Arc,  
 And cheering so her wintry hour of age,  
 Cherish my memory there." Swift he exclaim'd,  
 "Nay, Maid! the pang of parting is o'erpast,  
 And Elinor looks on to the glad hour 390  
 When we shall both return. Amid the war  
 How many an arm will seek thy single life,  
 How many a sword pierce through thy brittle mail,  
 Wound thy fair face, or, driven with impious rage,  
 Gore thy white bosom! *JOAN*, I will go with thee,  
 And spread the guardian shield!" Again the Maid  
 Grew pale; for of her last and terrible hour  
 The vision'd scene she saw. "Nay," she replied,  
 "I shall not need thy succour in the war.  
 Me Heaven, if so seem good to its high will, 400  
 Will save. I shall be happier, Theodore,  
 Thinking that thou dost sojourn safe at home,  
 And make thy mother happy." The youth's cheek  
 A rapid blush disorder'd. "O! the Court  
 Is pleasant, and thy soul would fain forget 405  
 An obscure Villager, who only boasts  
 The treasure of the heart." She look'd at him

With the reproaching eye of tendernefs :  
“ Devoted for the realm of France, I go  
A willing victim. The unpierc'd Veil 410  
Was rais'd, and my gifted eye beheld  
The fearful features of futurity.  
Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country,  
Abandoning for this the joys of life,  
Yea, life itself !” then on his neck she fell, 415  
And with a faltering voice, “ return to Arc ;  
I do not tell thee there are other maids  
As fair : for thou wilt love my memory,  
Hallowing to it the temple of thy heart.  
Worthy a happier, not a better love, 420  
My Theodore !”---Then, preſſing his pale lips,  
A laſt and holy kiſs the Virgin fix'd,  
And ruſh'd acroſs the plain. She reach'd the court  
Breathleſs. The mingled movements of her mind  
Shook every fibre. Sad and ſick at heart, 425  
Fain to her lonely chamber's ſolitude  
The Maiden had retir'd ; but her the King  
Met on the threshold. He of the late ſcene  
Forgetful and his crime, as cheerful ſeem'd  
As tho' there had not been a God in Heav'n ! 430  
“ Enter the hall,” he cried, “ the maſquers there  
Join in the dance. Why, Maiden, art thou ſad ?  
Has that rude madman ſhook thy gentle frame  
With his ſtrange frenzies ?” The diſguſted Maid,  
As ſternly ſorrowful ſhe frown'd upon him, 435  
Replied. “ Yes, Charles ! that madman has indeed

Made me most sad. Much had I heard of courts,  
 Much of the vice and folly that enthral'd  
 The masters of mankind. Incredulous  
 I heard, incredulous that man should bow 440  
 In homage to the slaves of appetite.  
 Thron'd in Infinity, the Eternal Justice  
 Gives or withholds success ; by his high will  
 Withering the uplifted Warrior's sinewy arm.  
 VICTORY is his ; on whom he delegates 445  
 His minister of wrath, the Genius waits  
 Stern-brow'd attendant. In the human heart  
 Dwells VIRTUE ; milder form ! and templed there  
 Loves her meet altar ; and, tho' oft dislodg'd,  
 Reluctantly she quits her lov'd abode, 450  
 And oft returns, and oft importunate  
 Reclaims her empire. Wilt thou, Charles, reject  
 The suppliant angel ? wilt thou thrust her from thee,  
 Turning thine ear from her unheeded cries,  
 To Riot's deaf'ning clamors ? King of France ! 455  
 To thee elated, thus above mankind  
 Subjected thousands gaze : they wait thy will,  
 They wait thy will to quit their peaceful homes,  
 To quit the comforts of domestic life,  
 For the camp's dissonance, the clang of arms, 460  
 The banquet of destruction. King of France,  
 Glows not thy crimson cheek--sinks not thine heart  
 At the dread thought of thousands in thy cause,  
 Mow'd by the giant scythe of Victory ?  
 Of widows weeping for their slaughter'd husbands ?

Of orphans groaning for their daily food ?  
Oh that my voice in thunder might awake  
The monitor within thee ! that thy soul  
Might, like Manoah's iron-sinew'd son,  
Burst its base fetters !" The astonish'd King 470  
Trembled like Felix, when the Apostle spake  
Of righteousness to come. And now Dunois,  
Poising a javelin, came with hasty step :  
His eye beam'd exultation. " Thou hast rous'd  
The sleeping virtue of the sons of France ; 475  
They crowd around the standard," cried the chief.  
" My lance is ponderous ; I have sharp'd my sword  
To meet the mortal combat. Mission'd Maid,  
Our brethren sieged in Orleans, every moment  
Gaze from the watch-tower with the sick'ning eye  
Of expectation." Rous'd from his amaze,  
And trusting by religion's forms observ'd,  
With scrupulous care, to atone for the foul breach  
Of her first duties, thus the King exclaim'd :  
" O chosen by Heaven, defer awhile thy march, 485  
That o'er the land my heralds may proclaim  
A general fast." Severe the Maid replied :  
" Monarch of France ! and canst thou think that God  
Beholds well-pleas'd the mockery of a fast ?  
Luxuriant lordly riot is content, 490  
And willingly obedient to command,  
Feasts on some sainted dainty. The poor man,  
From the hard labor of the day debarr'd,



Loses his hard meal too. It were to waste  
The hour in impious folly, so to bribe 495  
The all-creating Parent to destroy  
The works he made. Proud tyranny to Man,  
To God foul insult ! Mortify your pride ;  
Be clad in sackcloth when the conqueror's car  
Rolls o'er the field of blood.—Believe me, King, 500  
If thou didst know the untold misery  
When from the bosom of domestic Love  
But one—one victim goes ! if that thine heart  
Be human, it would bleed !" Her heart was full,  
And, pausing for a moment, she repress'd 505  
The unbidden anguish. "Lo ! they crowd around  
The standard ! Thou, Dunois, the chosen troops  
Marshal in speed, for early with the dawn  
We march to rescue Orleans from the foe."

## BOOK THE FIFTH.

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### ARGUMENT.

*The Maid receives a consecrated banner from the Archbishop. The troops under the command of JOAN and Dunois march towards Orleans. They meet with one of the female outcasts from that city. Her history previous to taking refuge there. Preparations for the ensuing siege. Encampment of the besiegers. Their progress, and the subsequent distresses of Orleans.*

SCARCE had the earliest ray from Chinon's towers  
Made visible the mists that curl'd along  
The winding waves of Vienne, when from her couch  
Started the martial Maid. She mail'd her limbs ;  
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head ; 5  
She girt the temper'd falchion by her side,  
And, like some youth that from his mother's arms,  
For his first field impatient, breaks away,  
Poising the lance went forth. Twelve hundred men,  
Rearing in order'd ranks their well-sharp'd spears,  
Await her coming. Terrible in arms  
Before them tower'd Dunois. His manly face  
Dark-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.  
The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,

And at the gate the aged Primate stood 15  
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.  
And now a soft and solemn symphony  
Was heard ; and chaunting high the hallow'd hymn  
From the near convent came the vestal maids.  
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands, 20  
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment  
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,  
Thrill'd through the troops, as he the reverend man  
Took the white standard, and with heav'nward eye  
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it. 25  
The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,  
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,  
Knelt to his prayer, and stretching forth her hand  
Receiv'd the mystic ensign. From the host  
A loud and universal shout burst forth, 30  
As rising from the ground, on her white brow  
She placed the plumed casque, and wav'd on high  
The banner'd lilies. On their way they march,  
And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon  
Fade from the eye reverted. The third sun, 35  
Purpling the sky with his dilated light,  
Sunk westering ; when embosom'd in the depth  
Of that vast forest, whose prodigious track  
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,  
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation 40  
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale,  
The streamers wanton ; and, ascending flow  
Beneath the foliage of the forest trees,

With many a light hue tinged, the curling smoke  
Melts in the impurpled air: leaving her tent, 45  
The martial Maiden wander'd thro' the wood.

There, by a streamlet, on its mossy bank  
Reclined, she saw a damsel: her long locks  
Engarlanded, and as she nearer came,  
The Virgin knew it for the willow weed. 50

Resting his head upon her lap, there lay  
A dark-hair'd man, listening as she did sing  
Sad ditties, and enwreath'd to bind his brow  
The melancholy rue. Scar'd at the sound  
Of one in arms approaching, she had fled; 55

But Conrade, looking upward, recogniz'd  
The Maid of Arc. "Fear not, poor Isabel,"  
He said, "for this is one of gentle kind,  
Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."

So saying, he arose and took her hand, 60  
And held it to his bosom. "My fond heart,  
Though school'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,  
Beats high, a rebel to its own resolves,

Come hither, outcast One! and call her friend,  
And she shall be thy friend more readily 65  
Because thou art unhappy." Isabel

Saw a tear starting in the Virgin's eye,  
And glancing upon Conrade, she too wept,  
Wailing his wilder'd senses. "Mission'd Maid!"  
The warrior cried, "be happy! for thy power 70  
Can make this wanderer so. From Orleans driven,  
Orphan'd by war, and torn away from one



Her only friend, I found her in the wilds,  
 Worn out with want and wretchedness. Thou, *JOAN*,  
 Wilt his beloved to the youth restore. 75

And, trust me, Maid ! the miserable feel  
 When they on others bestow happiness  
 High joys and soul-ennobling." She replied,  
 Pressing the damsel's hand, in the mild tone  
 Of equal friendship, solacing her cares. 80

" Soon shall we enter Orleans," said the Maid ;  
 " A few hours in her dream of victory  
 England shall triumph ; then to be awak'd  
 By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath !  
 Irksome meantime the busy camp to me 85  
 A solitary woman. Isabel,

Wert thou the while companion of my tent,  
 Lightly the time would pass. Return with me,  
 I may not long be absent." So she spake.  
 The Wanderer in half-uttered words express'd 90  
 Grateful assent. " Art thou astonish'd, Maid,  
 That one though powerful is benevolent ?

In truth thou well may'st wonder !" Conrade cried.  
 " But little cause to love the mighty ones  
 Has the low cottager ! for with its shade 95  
 Does POWER, a barren death-dew-dropping tree,  
 Blast every herb beneath its baleful boughs !  
 Tell thou thy sufferings, Isabel ! Relate  
 How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died.  
 The mission'd Virgin hath not heard thy woes, 100  
 And pleasant to my ear the twice-told tale

Of sorrow." Gazing on the martial Maid  
 She read her with and spake. "Of lowly line,  
 Not distant far from Jenville, dwelt my fire.  
 Two brethren form'd our family of love. 105  
 Humble we were, but happy. Honest toil  
 Procur'd our homely sustenance. Our herds  
 Duly at morn and evening to my hand  
 Gave their full stores. The vineyard he had rear'd  
 Purpled its clusters in the southern sun; 110  
 And plenteous produce of my father's toil  
 The yellow harvest billowed o'er the plain.  
 We were content and envied not the great;  
 We fear'd them not, for we were innocent.  
 How cheerful seated round the blazing hearth 115  
 When all the labour of the day was done,  
 We pass'd the ev'ning hours! for they would sing  
 Or cheerful roundelay, or ditty sad  
 Of maid forsaken and the willow weed,  
 Or of the doughty Douzeperes of France, 120  
 Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel  
 Humm'd not unpleasing round!"

"Thus long we lived,  
 And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand,  
 In holy wedlock soon to be combin'd,  
 Was plighted. My poor Francis!" Here she paus'd,  
 And here she wept awhile. "We did not dream  
 The desolating sword of War would stoop  
 To us. But soon as with the whirlwind's speed,  
 Ruin rush'd round us. Mehun, Clery, fell, 2

The banner'd Lion waved on Gergeau's wall, 130  
Baugenci yielded : soon the foe approach'd  
The towers of Jenville." " Fatal was the hour  
To luckless Isabel. For from the wall  
The rusty sword was taken, and the shield  
That long had mouldered on the mouldering nail,  
To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard  
The ballad, or the merry roundelay.  
The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file  
Harsh sounded thro' the day a dismal din.  
I never shall forget their mournful sound ! 140  
" My father stood encircling his old limbs  
In long forgotten arms. " Come, boys," he cried,  
" I did not think that this grey head again  
Should bear the helmet's weight ! but in the field  
Better to boldly die a soldier's death, 145  
Than here be tamely butcher'd. My dear girl,  
Go to the Abbey. Here is gold to buy  
The kind protection of the holy church.  
Fare thee well, Isabel ! if we survive  
And conquer, we shall meet again : if not, 150  
There is a better world !" In broken words  
Lifting his looks to Heav'n ! my father breath'd  
His blessing on me. As they strode away,  
My brethren gazed on me and prest my hand  
In silence, for they lov'd their Isabel. 155  
From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop.  
Then did I look on our forsaken home,  
And almost sob my very soul away !

For all my hopes of happiness were fled,  
Like a vain dream !” “ Perish these mighty ones,”  
Cried Conrade, “ these prime ministers of death,  
Who stalk elated o’er their fields of fame,  
And count the thousands they have massacred,  
And with the bodies of the innocent, rear  
Their pyramid of glory ! Perish these, 165  
The epitome of all the pestilent plagues  
That Egypt knew ! who pour their locust swarms  
O’er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood.  
FEAR and DESTRUCTION go before their path,  
And FAMINE dogs their footsteps. God of Justice,  
Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain !”

Thus whilst he spake, the murmur of the camp  
Rose on their ear. First like the distant sound  
When the full-foliag’d forest to the storm  
Shakes its hoarse head. Anon with louder din ; 175  
And thro’ the opening glade gleam’d many a fire.  
The Virgin’s tent they enter’d. There the board  
Was spread. The Wanderer, of the fare partook,  
Then thus her tale renew’d. “ Slow o’er the hill  
Whose rising head conceal’d our cot I pass’d, 180  
Yet on my journey paus’d awhile, and gaz’d,  
And wept—for often had I cross’d the hill  
With cheerful step, and seen the rising smoke  
Of hospitable fire. Alas ! no smoke  
Curl’d o’er the melancholy chimneys now. 185  
Orleans I reach’d. There in the suburbs stood  
The Abbey—and ere long I learnt the fall



Of Jenville. On a day, a soldier ask'd  
 For Isabel. Scarce could my faltering feet  
 Support me. It was Francis, and alone— 190  
 The sole survivor of the fatal fight !  
 And soon the foes approach'd. Impending War  
 Soon sadden'd Orleans. There the bravest chiefs<sup>3</sup>  
 Assemble. Gallant D'Orval shines in arms,  
 And Xaintrailles ransom'd from the captive chain.  
 Graville, La Hire, and Thouars, and preserv'd  
 When fall'n and faint, Alencon on the field  
 Verneuil, to France so fatal ; and releas'd,  
 La Fayette from his hard captivity,  
 Bouffac, Chabannes, and over all renown'd 200  
 The Bastard Orleans. These within the town  
 Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men  
 Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield  
 Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the fight  
 Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd 205  
 Along the pleasant borders of the Loire,  
 Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand  
 Of Ruin. These preventive Care destroys, <sup>4</sup>  
 Lest England, shelter'd by the friendly walls,  
 Securely should approach. The monasteries 210  
 Fell in the general waste. The holy monks  
 Unwillingly their long accustom'd haunts  
 Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook  
 Call'd to awakened Memory some trace  
 Of vision seen, or sound miraculous. 315  
 Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells

For the rude uproar of a world unknown,  
The Nuns desert. Their Abbesses, more composed,  
Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,  
And pours the timid prayer of piety. 220

The citizens with strong and ceaseless stroke  
Dug up the violated earth, to impede  
The foe. The hollow chambers of the dead  
Echoed beneath. The brazen-trophied tomb  
Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give 225  
The death it late recorded. It was sad

To see so wide a waste ; the aged ones  
Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went  
O'er the fall'n dwellings of their happier years ;  
The stern and fullen silence of the men 230

Musing on vengeance : and but ill repress  
The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd  
Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay  
One ample ruin ; the huge stones remov'd,  
Wait in the town to rain the storm of death. 235

“ And now without the walls the desolate plain  
Stretch'd wide, a rough and melancholy waste.

With upturn pavements and foundations deep  
Of many a ruined dwelling---horrid scene !

Nor was within less drear. At evening hour 240

No more the merry tabor's note was heard,

No more the aged matron at her door

Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and mark'd

Her children dancing to the roundelay.

It was a hurried, melancholy scene ! 245

The chieftains strengthening still the massy walls,  
Survey them with the prying eye of fear.  
The eager youth in dreadful preparation  
Strive in the mimic war. Silent and stern  
They urge with fearful haste their gloomy work. 250  
All day the armorer's busy beat was heard,  
All night it sounded. In the city dwelt  
Such a dead silence of all pleasant sounds  
As in the forest when the lowering clouds  
Meet, and the deep and hollow wind is heard 255  
That omens tempest : trembles to its voice  
The grove, and casts a darker gloom around.

“ At length the foe approach. The watchman  
sounds

His dreadful warning. From the lofty tower  
Of old cathedral I beheld the scene. 160  
Trembling as when upon some little rock  
Islanded from the not-far-distant shore,  
The shipwreck'd seaman difficultly escap'd  
Stands, and beholds the tide fast rising round.

“ With standards proudly waving to the breeze,  
Onward they move. The clarions breathe aloud  
Their martial clangor, and the cheerful fife,  
According to the thundering drum's deep sound,  
Directs their measur'd march. Before the ranks  
Stalks the stern form of Salisbury, the scourge 270  
Of France ; and Talbot towered by his side,  
Talbot, at whose dread name the froward child  
Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.

Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Seales,  
 And Fastolffe, victor in the frequent fight. 275  
 Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,  
 That big with ruin chills the blacken'd vale ;  
 A countless host ! From the high tower I mark'd  
 The dreadful scene.---I saw the iron blaze  
 Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun, 280  
 Their banners tossing to the troubled gale,  
 And---fearful music---heard upon the wind  
 The modulated step of multitudes.  
 There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw  
 The dreadful stores of death. Tremendous roll'd  
 Over rough roads the harsh wheels. The brazen  
 Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendor far, [tubes  
 And last the loaded waggons creak'd along.  
 An awful scene ! that chill'd me as I gaz'd.  
 Thus from the black womb of the mutinous sky,  
 When the red lightning rushes, and illumes  
 With lurid light the cloud-clad hemisphere,  
 The traveller speeds across the plain, yet marks  
 All fearful as he is, with strange delight,  
 The forked flash. Meantime, a pensive train, 295  
 The fearful Nuns in sad solemnity  
 Pass to the temple. In this hour of ill,  
 Earnest of soul they pray to Heav'n for aid."

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp  
 Well-order'd, enter'd. " One night more in peace  
 England shall rest," he cried, " ere yet the storm  
 Bursts on her guilty head ! then their proud vaunts



Forgotten or remember'd to their shame,  
Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour, when first  
They pitch'd their tents round Orleans."

"Of that siege," 310

The Maid of Arc replied, "gladly I hear  
The detail. Isabel, proceed; for soon  
Destin'd to rescue that devoted town,  
All that has chanced, the ills she has endur'd,  
I listen, sorrowing for the past, and feel 315  
High satisfaction at the saviour power

To me commissioned." Thus the Virgin spake,  
Nor Isabel delayed. "And now more near  
The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.  
Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,  
Anticipating conquest, rend the air  
With universal uproar. From their camp  
A herald comes. His garb emblazon'd o'er  
With British lions, and foul blot to France!

The lilies from the field of Azincour 325  
In slaughter pluck'd. The summons of the foe  
He brought." The Bastard interrupting cried,  
"I was with Gaucour and the assembled chiefs,  
When by his office privileged and proud  
That herald spake, as certain of success 330  
As he had made a league with Victory."

"Nobles of France rebellious! from the chief  
Of yon victorious host, the mighty Earl  
Of Salisbury, now there in place of him  
Your Regent John of Bedford: in his name 335

I come, and in our sovereign Lord the King's  
Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim  
Incontrovertible to this good realm,  
By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd  
By your late Monarch and our mighty King 340  
Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified  
At Troyes, wherein your Monarch did disclaim  
All future right and title to this crown,  
His own exempted, for his son and heirs  
Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd  
At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot  
Of Henry and your Princess, yields the realm,  
Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son  
Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose  
My master's title, in the face of God 350  
Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime,  
Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst  
The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd,  
With loud acclaim from duteous multitude  
Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town 355  
To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,  
So shall your lives be safe. And---mark his grace!  
If of your free accord, to him you pay  
Due homage as your sovereign Lord and King,  
Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe, 360  
And you in favor stand, as is the Duke,  
Philip of Burgundy. But---mark me well---  
If obstinately wilful, you persist  
To scorn his proffer'd mercy; not one stone

Upon another of this wretched town 365  
 Shall then be left. And when the English host  
 Triumphant in the dust have trod the towers  
 Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war  
 Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand.  
 Ye men of France, remember Caen and Rouen !”

“ He ceased. Nor Gaucour for a moment paus'd  
 To form reply. “ Herald, to all thy vaunts  
 Of English sovereignty let this suffice  
 For answer : France will only own as King  
 Him whom the people choose. On Charles's brow  
 Transmitted thro' a long and good descent  
 The crown remains. We know no homage due  
 To English robbers, and disclaim the peace  
 Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men  
 Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace 380  
 Meets the contempt it merits. Herald, yes,  
 We shall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Rouen.  
 Go tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,  
 That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power ;  
 Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty, 385  
 And triumph by enduring. Speak I well,  
 Ye men of Orleans ?” “ Never did I hear  
 A shout so universal as ensued  
 Of approbation. The assembled host  
 As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty, 390  
 And struck their sounding shields. The towers of  
 Orleans  
 Echoed the loud uproar. The herald went,

The work of war began." "A fearful scene,"  
Cried Isabel. "The iron storm of death  
Clash'd in the sky. From the strong engines hurl'd  
Huge rocks with tempest force convuls'd the air.  
Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,  
The bellowing cannon's, and the soldier's shout,  
The female's shriek---the affrighted infant's cry :  
The groan of death.---Discord of dreadful sounds  
That jarr'd the soul ! Nor while the encircling foe  
Leagur'd the wall of Orleans, idly slept  
Our friends. For winning down the Loire its way  
The frequent vessel with provision fraught,  
And men, and all the artillery of death, 405  
Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge  
These safely stranded mock'd the foeman's force.  
This to prevent, Salisbury-their watchful chief, 6  
Prepares the amazing work. Around our walls,  
Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus 410  
The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses,  
At equal distance, sixty forts protect  
The pile. But chief where in the sieged town  
The six great avenues meet in the midst,  
Six castles there he rear'd impregnable, 415  
With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft,  
Where over the strong gate suspended hung  
The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye  
From his safe shelter could with ease survey  
Intended folly, or approaching aid, 420  
And point destruction. It were long to tell



And tedious, how with many a bold assault  
The men of Orleans rush'd upon their foes ;  
How fell the Tournelles (where in time of peace  
Justice had held her seat) and that strong tower  
That shadowed from the bridge the subject Loire ;  
Tho' numb'ring now three thousand daring men,  
Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd  
Their far out-numb'ring foes. From ev'ry aid  
Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath 430  
All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs  
Gave to the midnight dews free passage there.  
And ever and anon with hideous crash  
Some house fell ; starting from his scanty rest  
The wearied soldier. Thro' the streets were seen  
The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste  
Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.  
For ever the incessant storm of Death  
Showers down, and shrouded in unwholesome vaults  
The wretched females hide, not idle there, 440  
Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd,  
Or to provide the hungry soldier's meal,  
Or tear their garments to bind up his wounds :  
A sad equality of wretchedness.

“ Now came the worst of ills, for Famine came !  
The provident hand deals out its scanty dole,  
Yielding so little a supply to life  
As but protracted death. The loathliest food  
Hunted with eager eye, and dainty deem'd.  
The dog is slain, that at his master's feet 450

Howling with hunger lay. With jealous fear,  
 Hating a rival's look, the husband hides  
 His miserable meal. The famish'd babe  
 Clings closely to his dying mother's breast;  
 And—horrible to tell!—where, thrown aside, 455  
 There lay unburied in the open streets  
 Huge heaps of carcases, the soldier stands  
 Eager to seize the carrion crow for food.  
 Oh peaceful scenes of childhood! pleasant fields!  
 Haunts of my infancy, where I have stray'd 460  
 Tracing the brook along its winding way,  
 Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed  
 Chaced the gay butterfly from flower to flower!  
 Oh days in vain remember'd! how my soul  
 Sick with calamity, and the sore ills 465  
 Of hunger, dwelt upon you! quiet home  
 Thinking of you amid the waste of war,  
 I could in bitterness have curs'd the Great  
 Who made me what I was! a helpless one,  
 Orphan'd, and wanting bread!"

"And be they curst," 470

Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage;  
 "And be they curst! O groves and woodland shades,  
 How blest indeed were you, if the iron rod  
 Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrench'd  
 By everlasting Justice! come that hour 475  
 When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord.<sup>8</sup>  
 Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of Heaven,  
 'Gather ye to the supper of your God,

That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men,  
 Of Captains, and of Kings !' Then shall be peace 480  
 When---Author of all ills that flesh endures,  
 OPPRESSION, in the bottomless abyfs.

Shall fall to rise no more !" The Maid pursued :  
 " And now, lest all should perish, was decreed  
 That from the town the females and the infirm 485  
 Should, out-cast, seek their fate. I may not now  
 Recal the moment, when on my poor Francis,  
 With a long look I hung ! At dead of night,  
 Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,  
 And glide adown the stream with silent oars : 490  
 Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind.

I wandered reckless where, till wearied out  
 And cold at heart, I laid me down to die :  
 So by this warrior found. Him I had known  
 And loved, for all loved Conrade who had known  
 him, 495

Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand  
 Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence  
 On perilous envoy. For of his small fare"---  
 " Of this enough," said Conrade, " Holy Maid !  
 One duty yet awaits me to perform. 500  
 Orleans her envoy sent me, claiming aid  
 From her inactive sovereign. Willingly  
 Did I achieve the hazardous enterprize,  
 For Rumor had already made me fear

The ill that had fallen on me. It remains 505  
Ere I do banish me from human kind,  
That I re-enter Orleans, and announce  
Thy march. 'Tis night---and hark ! how dead a  
silence !

Fit hour to tread so perilous a path !"  
So saying, Conrade from the tent went forth. 510



## BOOK THE SIXTH.

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### ARGUMENT.

*Conrade on his way to Orleans releases a French soldier. He enters that city. Council of the leaders. Their determination. Summons of the Maid to the English Generals. They receive it with scorn. The Maid attacks, defeats them, and enters Orleans in triumph at midnight, amid thunder and lightning.*

THE night was calm, and many a moving cloud  
Shadowed the moon. Along the forest glade  
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd  
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,  
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld      5  
The day go down upon their merriment ;  
No song of Peace now echoed on its banks.  
There tents were pitched--and there the centinel,  
Slow pacing on his fullen rounds, beheld  
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream. 10  
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,  
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.  
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,  
Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet

Alarm'd him. Nearer drew the fearful sound 15  
As of pursuit---anon---the clash of arms !  
That instant rising o'er a broken cloud  
The moon beams shone, where two with combined  
Prest on a single foe : he, warding still [force  
Their swords, retreated in the unequal fight, 20  
As he would make the city. Conrade shook  
His long lance for the war, and strode along.  
Full in the breast of one with forceful arm  
Plunged he the spear of death ; and as, dismayed  
By his fellow's fall, the other turn'd to fly, 25  
Hurl'd the red weapon reeking from the wound,  
And fix'd him to the plain. " Now haste we on,  
Frenchman !" he cried. On to the stream they speed,  
And plunging stemm'd with finewy stroke the tide.  
Soon on the opposite shore arrived and safe. 30  
" Whence comest thou ?" cried the Chief ; " on  
what high charge  
Commission'd ?" " Is it not the voice of Conrade ?"  
Francis exclaim'd ; " and dost thou bring to us  
" Tidings of speedy aid ? oh ! had it come  
A few hours earlier ! Isabel is gone !" 35  
" Nay, she is safe," cried Conrade, " her I found  
When wilder'd in the forest, and consign'd  
To the protection of that holy Maid,  
The delegate of Heaven. One evening more  
And thou shalt have thine Isabel. Now say, 40  
Wherefore alone ? A fugitive from Orleans,  
Or sent on dangerous service from the town ?"

“There is no food in Orleans,” he replied,  
“Scarce a meal more ! the assembled Chiefs resolved  
If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid 45  
To cut their way to safety, or by death  
Prevent the pang of famine. One they fought  
Who venturous in the English camp should spy  
Where safest they might rush upon the foe.  
The perilous task I chose, then desperate 50  
Of happiness.” So saying they approach’d  
The gate. The centinel, soon as he heard  
Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance  
Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice  
He draws the strong bolts back, and painful turns 55  
The massy entrance. To the careful chiefs  
They pass. At midnight of their extreme state  
Counselling they sat, serious and stern. To them  
Conrade. “Assembled Warriors ! sent from God  
There is a holy Maid by miracles 60  
Made manifest. Twelve hundred chosen men  
Follow her hallowed standard. These Dunois,  
The strength of France, arrays. With the next noon  
Ye shall behold their march.” Astonishment  
Seized the convened Chiefs, and joy by doubt 65  
Little repress’d. “Open the granaries !”  
Xaintrailles exclaim’d. “Give we to all the host  
With hand unsparing now the plenteous meal ;  
To-morrow we are safe. For Heaven all just  
Has seen our sufferings and decreed their end. 70  
Let the glad tidings echo thro’ the town !

God is with us !" " Rest not in too full faith,"  
 D'Orval replied, " on this miraculous aid.  
 Some frenzied female whose wild phantasy,  
 Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous 75  
 With her own madness ! That Dunois is there,  
 Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men,  
 Cheers me : yet let not we our little food  
 Be lavish'd, lest the warrior in the fight  
 Should haply fail, and Orleans be the prey 80  
 Of England !" " Chief ! I tell thee," Conrade cried,  
 " I did myself behold the marble tomb  
 Burst, to the holy Maid disclosing arms  
 Held in the grave inviolate for her.  
 She is the Delegate of the Most High, 85  
 And shall deliver Orleans !" Gaucour then,  
 " Be it as thou hast said. High Hope I feel,  
 For to no vulgar tale would Conrade yield  
 Belief, or he the Bastard. Our small stores  
 Must yield us ere another week elapse, 90  
 To death or England. Tell thro' all our troops  
 There is a holy Virgin sent from God ;  
 They in that faith invincible shall war  
 With more than mortal fury." Thus the Chief,  
 And what he said seem'd good. The men of Orleans,  
 Long by their foemen bayed, a victim band,  
 'To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt  
 As when the Mexicans, with eager eye  
 Gazing to Huixachtla's distant top,  
 On that last night, doubtful if ever morn 100



Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire,  
 That kindled by the fierce Copolcan priest,  
 Flames on the breast of some brave prisoner,  
 A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze  
 Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers, 105  
 Or on Tezcuco's calmy lake flash'd far,  
 Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy  
 Wake the loud echo ; the glad husband tears  
 The mantling aloe from the female's face,  
 And children, now deliver'd from the dread 110  
 Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,  
 Hail the good omen, and expect the sun  
 Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

Thus whilst in that besieged town the night  
 Wain'd sleepless, silent slept the hallowed host. 115  
 And now the morning came. From his hard couch,  
 Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,  
 The Bastard moved along, with provident eye  
 Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they  
 march.

And now the sun shot from the southern sky 120  
 His noon-tide radiance, when afar they hear  
 The hum of men, and mark the distant towers  
 Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,  
 And many a streamer wantoning in air.  
 These as they saw and thought of all the ills 125  
 Their brethren had endur'd beleager'd there  
 For many a month ; such ardor for the fight  
 Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt

When to the assembled tribe Mohammed spake,  
Asking for one his Vizier, Fierce in faith, 130  
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,  
“Prophet of God! lo—I will be the man!”  
Nor did not Ali merit that high post,  
Victorious upon Beder’s fertile vale,  
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls 135  
Of Chaibar, then when cleaving to the chest  
His giant foe, he grasp’d the massy gate,  
Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,  
And lifted it in air—portentous shield!

“Behold the towers of Orleans,” cried Dunois. 140  
“Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,  
Of yore, at close of day the rustic band  
Danced to the roundelay. In younger years  
As oft I glided down the silver stream,  
Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus’d 145  
List’ning the sound of far-off merriment.  
There wave the English banners! martial Maid,  
Give thou the signal—let me rush upon  
These ministers of murder, who have sack’d  
The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts 150  
Silent—or hearing but the widow’s groan.  
Give thou the signal, Maiden!” Her dark eye  
Fix’d sadly on the foe, the holy Maid  
Answer’d him. “Ere the bloody sword be drawn,  
Ere slaughter be let loose—befits us send 155  
Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known  
The will of Heaven. So timely warn’d, our foes

Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace  
 Besieged Orleans. Victory is sad  
 When even one man is murder'd." So she said, 160  
 And as she spake a soldier from the ranks  
 Advanced. "I will be thy Messenger,  
 Maiden of God! I to the English camp  
 Will bear thy bidding." "Go," the Virgin cried,  
 "Say to the Chief of Salisbury, and the host 165  
 Attending—Suffolk, Fastolfe, Talbot, Scales,  
 Invaders of the country—say, thus says  
 THE MAID OF ORLEANS. "With your troops retire  
 In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys  
 Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek 170  
 Your native England; for the God of Hosts  
 Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,  
 By long descent and voluntary choice  
 Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd  
 His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes 175  
 Arm'd with his sword—yet not of mercy void.  
 Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,  
 Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave  
 The holy banner." To the English camp  
 Fearless the warrior strode. At mid-day meal, 180  
 With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,  
 The British Chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl  
 To future conquest. By the sentinel  
 Conducted came the Frank. "Chiefs," he exclaim'd,  
 "Salisbury, and ye the representatives 185  
 Of the English King, usurper of this realm,

'To ye the leaders of the invading host  
 I come, no welcome messenger. Thus says  
 THE MAID OF ORLEANS. "With your troops retire  
 In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys 190  
 Restore to Charles ; so bloodless may you seek  
 Your native England ; for the God of Hosts  
 Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,  
 By long descent and voluntary choice  
 Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd 195  
 His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes,  
 Arm'd with his sword, yet not of mercy void.  
 Depart in peace : for ere the morrow dawns,  
 Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave  
 The holy banner." Wonder made a pause ; 200  
 To this the laugh succeeds. "What !" Fastolfe cried,  
 "A woman warrior has your monarch sent  
 To save devoted Orleans ?" By the rood  
 I thank his Grace. If she be young and fair  
 No worthless prize, my Lords. Go tell your Maid  
 Joyful we wait her coming." "Get thee gone,"  
 Sternly cried Talbot, "thou who think'st to scare  
 With girlish phantasies the English host  
 That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee hence,  
 Insolent herald ! tell this frantic girl, 210  
 This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,  
 For if she dares the war, I will not stain  
 My good-blood-rusted sword—but she shall meet  
 The mockery of the camp." "Nay, scare her not,"  
 Replied their Chief, "go tell this Maid of Orleans, 215



That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.  
Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains  
Shall gall her tender limbs ; for I myself  
Will be her prison, and---" "Contemptuous Man!  
No more," the Frank exclaimed, as to his cheek 220  
Rush'd the red anger. " Bearing words of peace  
And timely warning, came I to your camp,  
Here with rude mock'ry and stern insolence  
Received. Bear witness, Chieftains! that the French,  
Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war." 225  
So saying, he departed. Thro' the tents  
As him the centinel conducted, round  
He gaz'd and cried ; " Oh ! I am sad to think  
So many men shall never see the sun  
Go down ! Ye English mothers, mourn ye now, 230  
Daughters of England weep ! for hard of heart  
Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,  
And for their folly and their wickedness  
Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.  
Widow'd and friendless, ye shall sit and weep, 235  
And, wanting bread, groan for the murdered ones  
In whom your joys were murdered !" So he cried,  
And they who heard him trembled. Thro' the host  
Ran the strange tidings. For the fight they arm,  
Eager for war no longer, nor of blood 240  
Greedy, but palsied by religious dread.  
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear  
Even from themselves ; some of the coming fray  
Murmuring in hints half heard, tho' understood ;

Some deadly pale and ominous of death, 245  
Silently stood and breath'd the inward prayer.

Meantime the herald had with hasty steps  
Rejoin'd the hallowed troops. "Maiden of God!  
Vainly I proffer'd peace to the proud chiefs:  
Their hearts are hardened."

Thro' the marshall'd band 250  
Ran the loud cry, "Lead, lead us to the foe!"  
The mission'd Maid exclaim'd, "Not upon us,  
Not upon us, cry out the innocent blood!"

Given was the signal now: and now were heard  
The clarion's clangor, and the trumpet's blast, 255  
Soul-roufing sounds. Like two conflicting clouds,  
Pregnant with thunder, rush'd the hostile hosts.

Then man met man—then on the batter'd shield  
Rung the loud lance, and thro' the darken'd sky  
Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amidst his foes 260  
The Bastard's arm sway'd irresistible

The strokes of death; and by his side the Maid  
Led the fierce fight; the Maid, tho' all unus'd  
To the rude conflict, now inspir'd by Heaven,  
Flashing her flamy falchion thro' the troops 265  
That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,

Scattered the trembling ranks. Nor plated shield,  
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,  
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,  
Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth 270  
And smote his army, when the Assyrian King,  
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,

Blasphem'd the God of Israel. Yet the fight  
Hung doubtful, where exampling hardiest deeds,  
Salisbury mow'd down the foe, and Fastolffe strove,  
And in the hottest doings of the war  
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day  
When from his name the affrighted sons of France  
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force  
And wontless valor, rages round the field 280  
Dreadful in fury; yet in every man  
Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith  
Of Heaven's assistance firm. The clang of arms  
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war  
Prepared, and confident of victory, 285  
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhal'd  
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood  
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame  
Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly  
To riot on the gore, than rush'd the ranks; 290  
Impatient now for many an ill endur'd  
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes  
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray;  
The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun,  
Now lost in blood their radiance. O'er the host 295  
Howl'd the deep wind that ominous of storms  
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night  
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky  
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;  
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd  
The ponderous battle axe; the groan of death

Commingling frequent with the storm was heard,  
And the shrill shriek of Fear. Amid the storm  
SLAUGHTER exultant rides. His giant limbs  
Bestride the whirlwind, and his red right arm 305  
Arrowed the lightning. Frantic FURY howls  
Amid the thickest ranks, and from her torch  
Tartarean flashes shook, and loud was heard  
HORROR's dread shriek amid the wild uproar.

Lo ! where the holy banner waved aloft 310  
The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round  
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field  
It shot miraculous splendor. Then their hearts  
Sunk, and the English trembled. With such fear  
Possessed, as when the combined host beheld 315  
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice  
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote  
The country of the hills, and of the south,  
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their Kings,  
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled 320  
From that portentous banner, and the sword  
Of France ; tho' Talbot with vain valiancy  
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide  
Of conquest. Even their leaders felt dismay ;  
Fastolfe fled fast, and Salisbury in the rout 325  
Mingles, and all impatient of defeat,  
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud  
The cry of conquest. Deeper grew the storm,  
And darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,  
Brooded the field of death. Nor in the camp 330



Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives,  
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there  
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom  
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,  
Crush'd by fast following numbers who partake 335  
The death they give. As rushing from the snows  
Of winter liquified, the torrent tide  
Resistless down the mountain rolls along,  
Till at the brink of giddy precipice  
Arrived, with deaf'ning clamor down it falls : 340  
Thus borne along, the affrighted English troops  
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid  
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries  
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waves  
That to the passing lightning as they broke 345  
Gleam'd horrible. Nor of the host so late  
Triumphing in the pride of victory,  
And swollen with confidence, had now escap'd  
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,  
Slow as he mov'd unwilling from the war, 350  
What most might profit the defeated ranks,  
Pondered. He reaching safe the massy fort  
By St. John's name made holy, kindled up  
The guiding fire. Not unobserv'd it blaz'd ;  
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile  
Of that proud city, in remembrance fond  
Call'd London, light the beacon. Nor aloft  
Did they not flame from every smaller fort, [moats  
That firm entrenched with walls and deep-delv'd

Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain 360  
They cast a lurid splendor ; to the troops  
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,  
Wand'ring with parched feet o'er the Arabian sands,  
The far-seen cistern ; he for many a league  
Travelling the trackless desolate, where heaved 365  
With tempest swell the desert billows round,  
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,  
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave  
So long bewail'd. Swift as the affrighted herd  
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent thro' the sky 370  
Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host  
Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,  
Though safe, of safety doubtful, still appall'd  
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night  
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl 375  
Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast  
Escap'd, of some tall tree the topmost branch  
He grasps close-clinging, still of that keen fang  
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand  
On his cold quiv'ring limbs. Nor now the Maid  
Greedy of vengeance urges the pursuit.  
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound ;  
A pleasant music to the routed ranks  
Blows the loud blast. Obedient to its voice  
The French, tho' eager on the invaders' heads 385  
To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.  
Loud is the cry of conquest as they turn  
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town

Unwilling had remained, haste forth to meet  
 The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held 390  
 That rais'd aloft amid the midnight storm,  
 Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced--  
 Deep through the sky the hollow thunders roll'd--  
 Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner  
 Wreath'd their red radiance.

Through the open'd gate 395  
 Slow past the laden convoy. Then was heard  
 The shout of exultation, and such joy  
 The men of Orleans at that welcome sight  
 Possess'd ; as when from Bactria late subdued,  
 The Macedonian Madman led his troops 400  
 Amid the Sogdian desert, where no stream  
 Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves.  
 Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed ;  
 Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march  
 Steam'd his hot vapors, heart subdued and faint ;  
 Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights  
 Burst the soul-gladdening sound ! for thence was seen  
 The evening sun silvering the tide below,  
 Where Oxus roll'd along. Clamors of joy  
 Echo along the street of Orleans, wont 410  
 Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,  
 The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,  
 When from the cannon burst its stores of death.  
 Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,  
 And high-heap'd carcases, whence scar'd away 415

From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing  
Rose the night-raven slow. In the English forts  
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night  
Steals in the straggling fugitive ; as when,  
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky 420  
Serenely shines the sun ; with ev'ry breeze  
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,  
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

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## BOOK THE SEVENTH.

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### ARGUMENT.

*Description of the English forts. The French troops attack and capture the forts of St. Loup and St. John. Attack of Fort London. Salisbury encounters the Maid. Event of that encounter. The Tournelles surrounded by the French, who dispatch a troop to Orleans for provisions, and encamp before it for the night.*

**STRONG** were the English forts, by daily toil  
Of thousands rear'd on high, what time, elate  
With fancied conquest, Salisbury bade rise  
The amazing pile, from succour to include  
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls 5  
Stretch'd the wide circle, massy as the fence  
Ere by the fearful Roman on the bounds  
Of Caledonia rais'd, for, soul-enlaved,  
Her hireling plunderers fear'd the car-borne chiefs  
Who rush'd from Morven down. Strong battle-  
Crested the mighty bulwark; on whose top [ments  
Secure the charioteer might wheel along.  
From base declining ; at just distance rose  
The frequent buttress, and thrice twenty forts  
Lifted aloft their turret-crowned heads, 15

All firm and massy. But of these most firm  
As though of some large castle each the Keep  
Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,  
Piles of unequall'd strength—tho' now deem'd weak  
'Gainst puissance more than mortal, and the flames  
Shot from celestial banner. Safely hence  
The skilful archer entering with his eye  
The city, might himself the while unseen,  
Thro' the long opening, shower his winged deaths.  
Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat 20  
Circling the pile, a bulwark vast, as what  
Round their disheartened camp and stranded ships  
The Greeks uprear'd, a common sepulchre  
Of thousands slaughter'd, and the doom'd death-  
place

Of many a Chief, when Priam's patriot son 30  
Rush'd in his wrath and scattered their pale tribes.

But cowering now amid their sheltering forts  
Tremble the English host. Their leader's care  
In anxious vigilance prepares to ward  
Assault expected. Nor the Maid's intent 35

Did he not rightly aread : tho' vain the attempt  
To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame  
Of valor ; for by prodigies unmann'd  
They wait the morning, or in silent dread,  
Or pouring out their fears in many a prayer. 40

The morning came. The martial Maid arose.  
Lovely in arms she moved. Around the gate  
Eager again for conquest throng the troops.

High towered the Son of Orleans, in his strength  
 Poising the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield, 45  
 Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,  
 Hung on his sinewy arm. "Maiden of Arc,  
 Hail !" so, to her approaching, cried the Chief.  
 "Well hast thou prov'd thy mission, as, by words  
 And miracles attested when dismayed 50  
 The stern Theologists forgot their doubts,  
 So in the field of slaughter now confirm'd.  
 Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,  
 And seem as in their strength they mock'd our force.  
 Yet must they fall."

"And fall they shall !" replied 55  
 The Maid of Orleans. "Ere the sun be set  
 The lily on that shattered wall shall wave  
 Triumphant.--Men of France ! ye have fought well  
 On that blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes  
 Lurk trembling now amid their massy walls. 60  
 Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock !  
 The Shepherd--the Great Shepherd is arisen !  
 Ye fly ! yet shall not ye by flight escape  
 His vengeance. Men of Orleans ! it were vain  
 By words to waken wrath within your breasts. 65  
 Look round. Your holy buildings and your homes--  
 Ruins that choke the way ! your populous town--  
 One open sepulchre ! Who is there here  
 That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,  
 A parent famish'd--or his dear loved wife 70  
 Torn from his bosom--outcast--broken-hearted--

Cast on the mercy of mankind?" She ceased.  
The cry of indignation from the host  
Burst forth, and all impatient for the war  
Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays 75  
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,  
Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oft subdued  
By adverse fortune to the captive chain,  
Still more tremendous to the enemy,  
Lifted his death-fraught lance, as erst from earth 80  
Antæus vaunting in his giant bulk,  
When graspt by force Herculean, down he fell  
Vanquish't; anon uprose more fierce for war.

Gaucour o'er one presides. The steady friend  
Of him imprison'd Orleans. Of his town 85  
Belov'd guardian, he the dreadful siege  
Firmly abiding, prudent still to plan  
Irruption, and with youthful vigor swift  
To lead the battle, from his soldiers love  
Prompter obedience gained, than ever fear 90  
Forced from the heart reluctant. The third band  
Alençon leads. He on the fatal field  
Verneuil, when Buchan and the Douglas died,  
Fell senseless. Guiltless he of that day's loss,  
Wore undisgraced awhile the captive chain. 95  
The Monarch him grateful to his high rank  
Had ransom'd, once again to meet the foe  
With better fortune. O'er the last presides  
Dunois the Bastard, mighty in the war.  
His prowess knew the foes, and his fair fame 100



Confess'd, since when before his stripling arm  
 Fled Warwick---Warwick, that King-making Chief,  
 In after days the arbiter of England,  
 Who, bearing on his sword her diadem,  
 Gave or bereft at will. Yet by Dunois 105  
 Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise.  
 And by his side the martial Maiden pass'd,  
 Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy  
 Parthenopæus, when the war of beasts  
 Disdaining, he to murder man rush'd forth, 110  
 Bearing the bow, and those Dictæan shafts  
 Diana gave, when she the youth's fair form  
 Saw softened, and forgave the mother's fault.

Saint Loup's strong fort stood first. O'er this com-  
 Nobled by valor, Gladdisdale; and here [mands,  
 The heir of Poyning's name, and Molyns lead  
 The fearful garrison. As lowering clouds  
 Swept by the hoarse wind o'er the blacken'd plain,  
 Moved on the host of France: they from the fort,  
 Through secret opening, shower their pointed shafts,  
 Or from the battlements the death-tipt spear  
 Hurl fierce, Nor from the strong arm only launch'd  
 The javelin fled, but driven by the strained force  
 Of the balista, in one carcass spent  
 Stay'd not; thro' arms and men it makes its way,  
 And leaving death behind, still holds its course  
 By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march  
 Right onward they advanced, and soon the shafts,  
 Impell'd by that strong stroke beyond the host

Wasting their force, fell harmless. Now they reach'd  
Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms  
The Knights of England stood. There Poynings shook<sup>2</sup>  
His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace  
For the death-blow prepared. Alençon here,  
And here the Bastard strode, and by the Maid 135  
That daring man who to the English host  
Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,  
Bore her bold bidding. A rude coat of mail  
Unhosed, unhooded, as of lowly line  
Arm'd him, tho' here amid the high-born chiefs 140  
Preeminent for prowess. On his head<sup>3</sup>  
A black plume shadowed the rude featur'd helm.  
Then was the war of men, when front to front<sup>4</sup>  
They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall  
Where the bold Frenchman's upward driven spear,  
Might pierce the foe. Then rang along the lists  
The clash of battle. As Alençon moved  
On his crown-crested helm with ponderous blow  
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd<sup>5</sup>  
Aftounded. Soon recovering, his keen lance 150  
Thrust on the warrior shield. There fast infix'd,  
Nor could Alençon the deep driven spear  
Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp  
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again  
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt 155  
Fell full. It shiver'd, and the Frenchman held  
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought  
The spear of Poynings, thro' his plated mail

Pierced, and against the iron fence beneath <sup>6</sup>  
Blunted its point. Again he speeds the spear ; 160  
At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears  
The unharmed stroke, and aims with better fate  
His javelin. Thro' his sword-arm did it pierce  
Maugre the mail. Hot from the streaming wound  
Again the weapon fell, and in his breast 165  
Even thro' the hauberk drove. But there the war  
Raged fiercest where the martial Maiden moved  
The minister of wrath. For thither throng'd  
The bravest champions of the adverse host.  
And on her either side two warriors stood 170  
Of unmatch'd prowess, still with eager eye  
Shielding her form, and aiming at her foes  
Their deadly weapons, of themselves the while  
Little regarding. One was that bold man  
Who bade defiance to the English Chiefs. 175  
Firmly he stood, untir'd and undismay'd,  
Tho' on his burgonet the frequent spear  
Drove fierce, and on his arm the buckler hung  
Heavy, thick-bristled with the hostile shafts,  
Even like the porcupine when in his rage 180  
Rous'd, he collects within him all his force,  
Himself a quiver. And of loftier port  
On the other hand towered Conrade. Firmly fenced,  
A jazerant of double mail he wore,  
Beneath whose weight one but of common strength  
Had sunk. Untir'd the conflict he endur'd  
Wielding a battle axe ponderous and keen,

That gave no second stroke. For where it fell,  
Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail  
Might save, nor crested casque. On Molyne's head,  
As at the Maid he aim'd his javelin,  
Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow  
The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove  
The fragments. At their comrades death amaz'd,  
And for a moment fearful shrunk the foes. 195  
That instant Conrade, with an active bound,  
Sprung on the battlements. There firm he stood,  
Guarding ascent. The warrior Maid of Arc,  
And he the partner of that battle's fame,  
Followed, and soon the exulting cry of France 200  
Along the lists was heard, as waved aloft  
The holy banner. Gladdisdale beheld,  
And halting from his well-defended post,  
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid  
He strode, on her resolv'd to wreak his rage, 205  
With her to end the war. Nor did not *JOAN*  
Read his stern purpose. Lifting up her shield  
Prepared she stood, and pois'd her sparkling spear.  
The English Chief came on; on high he rais'd  
His mace, and all his might into one blow 210  
Collected. As the Maiden rear'd her shield,  
Before her rush'd the man of lowly line,  
And on his buckler caught the mighty stroke,  
And at that instant thro' the warrior's neck  
Thrust the keen lance. Prone fell the English Knight.  
Fast from the deadly wound the blood gush'd forth.



Then thro' the host contagious terror ran,  
 Their Chieftain slain. And lo ! where on the wall  
 Bulwark'd of late by Gladdisdale so well  
 The son of Orleans stood, and sway'd around 220  
 His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,  
 Till on the battlements his comrades sprang,  
 And rais'd the shout of conquest. Then appall'd  
 The English fled ; nor fled they unpursued,  
 For mingling with the foremost fugitives, 225  
 The gallant Conrade rush'd ; and with the throng,  
 The Knights of France together o'er the bridge  
 Fast speeded. Nor the garrison within  
 Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall,  
 For in the entrance of the fort the fight 230  
 Raged fiercely, and together thro' the gate  
 The vanquish'd English and their eager foes  
 Pass'd in the flying conflict. Well I deem  
 And wisely did that daring Spaniard act  
 At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet sound ships 235  
 Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous Fear  
 Might still with wild and wistful eye look back.  
 For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops  
 In conquest sought their safety. Victors hence  
 At Tlascala, and o'er the Cholulans, 240  
 And by Otompan, on that bloody field  
 When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd,  
 Fierce in vain valor on their ruffian foes.  
 There was a portal to the English fort  
 That opened on the wall ; a speedier path 245

In peace affording, whence the charmed eye  
Might linger down the river's pleasant course.  
Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war ;  
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,  
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom 250  
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success  
Desperate, for from above, the garrison  
Could wield no arms so certain to bestow  
Equal destruction ; of the portal's aid  
The foe bethought them : then with lesser force 255  
Their weapons fell : abandoned was the gate ;  
And soon from Orleans the glad citizens  
Beheld the hallowed banner on the tower  
Triumphant. Swift along the lofty wall  
The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,  
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit  
The victors ceased, but with the fugitives  
Mingled and waged the war : the combatants,  
Lock'd in the hostile grasp, together fall  
Precipitate. But foremost of the French, 265  
Dealing destruction, Conrade rush'd along :  
Heedless of danger, he to the near fort  
Pass'd in the fight ; nor did not then the Chief  
What most might serve bethink him : firm he stood  
In the portal, and one moment looking back 270  
Lifted his loud voice : thrice the warrior cried,  
Then to the war address him, now assail'd  
By numerous foes, who arrogant of power  
Threatened his single valor. He the while

Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash, 275  
 But of his own strength conscious, and the post  
 Friendly ; for narrow was the portal way  
 To one alone fit passage, from above  
 O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting parapet,  
 Whence death might crush him. He in double mail  
 Was arm'd ; a massy burgonet, well tried  
 In many a hard-fought field, helming his head ;  
 A buckler broad, and fenced with iron plates,  
 Bulwark'd his breast. Nor to dislodge the Chief  
 Could the English pour their numbers, for the way  
 By upward steps presented from the fort  
 Narrow ascent, where one alone could meet  
 The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,  
 Tho' useless numbers were in that straight path,  
 Save by assault, unceasing to out-last 290  
 A single warrior who at length must sink  
 Fatigued with conquering, by long victory  
 Vanquish'd. There was amid the garrison  
 A fearless Knight who at Verneuil had fought,  
 And high renown for his bold chivalry 295  
 Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame  
 The thronging English yield the foremost place.  
 He his keen javelin to transpierce the Frank  
 Hurl'd forceful : harmless in his shield it fix'd,  
 Advantaging the foe, for by his side 300  
 The battle-axe, an unfit weapon there,  
 He hung, and seized the spear ; then in himself  
 Collected stood, and calm. Nor the English Knight

Remain'd unweapon'd : to have sped so ill,  
Indignant, from behind he snatch'd a lance 305  
And hurl'd with fiercer fury. Conrade lifts  
The ponderous buckler. Thro' three iron folds  
Pierced the keen point, there, innocent of ill,  
Unharming hung. He with forceful grasp,  
Plucking the javelin forth, with mightier arm, 310  
Launch'd on his foe. With wary bend, the foe  
Shrunk from the flying death ; yet not in vain  
From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled :  
Full on the corslet of a meaner man  
It fell, and pierced, there where the heaving lungs,  
With purer air distended, to the heart  
Roll back their purged tide : from the deep wound  
The red blood gush'd : prone on the steps he fell,  
And in the strong convulsive grasp of death  
Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name 320  
Died the mean man ; yet did he leave behind  
One who did never say her daily prayers,  
Of him forgetful ; who to every tale  
Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,  
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door, 325  
The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye  
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps  
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know  
Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope,  
Gaze on--then heart-sick turn to her poor babe, 330  
And weep it fatherless ! The enraged Knight  
Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntless step



Moved to the closer conflict. Then the Frank,  
Laying his javelin by, his battle-axe  
Uplifted. Where the buckler was below 335  
Rounded, the falchion struck ; but impotent  
To pierce its plated folds, more forceful driven,  
Fierce on his crested helm, the Frenchman's stroke  
Fell ; the helm shivered ; from his eyes the blood  
Started ; with blood the chambers of the brain 340  
Were fill'd ; his breast-plate with convulsive throes,  
Heaved as he fell ; victorious, he the prize  
At many a tournament had borne away  
In the mimic war : happy, if so content  
With bloodless glory, he had never left 345  
The mansion of his fires. Warn'd by his fall,  
With a long pike at distance, the next foe  
Thrust on the Frank. Then Conrade his sharp spear  
Flung, and transfix'd him ; seizing the fall'n pike  
He in the portal stood, so well prepared 350  
To greet who should assail. But terrified  
The English stood, nor durst adventure now  
Near that death-doing man. Amid their host  
Was one who well could from the stubborn bow  
Shower his sharp shafts : well skill'd in wood-craft  
Even as the merry Outlaws who their haunts [he,  
In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse  
The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass  
The dew-drops sparkled to the rising-sun.  
He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd 360  
The feather'd dart--With force he drew the bow :

Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string :  
Deep in his shield it hung : then Conrade rais'd  
Again his echoing voice, and call'd for aid,  
Nor was the call unheard ; the troops of France, 365  
From St. Loup's captur'd fort along the wall  
Haste to the portal ; cheering was the sound  
Of their near footsteps to the Chief : he drew  
His falchion forth, and down the steps he rush'd.  
Then terror seiz'd the English, for their foes 370  
Swarm'd thro' the open portal, and the sword  
Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce  
The injur'd Turnus sway'd his angry arm,  
Slaughtering the robber emigrants of Troy :  
Nor with more fury thro' the streets of Paris 375  
Rush'd he, the King of Sarza, Rodomont  
Clad in his dragon mail. Like some tall rock,  
Around whose billow-beaten foot the waves  
Waste their wild fury, stood the unshaken man ;  
Tho' round him prest his foemen, by Despair 380  
Hearten'd. He, mowing thro' the throng his path,  
Call'd on the troops of France, and bade them haste  
Where he should lead the way. A daring band  
Followed the adventurous Chieftain : he moved on  
Unterrified, amid the arrowy shower, 385  
Tho' on his shield and helm the darts fell fast ;  
As the fear'd leaves that from the trembling tree  
'The autumnal whirlwind shakes. Nor Conrade paus'd,  
Still thro' the fierce fight urging on his way,  
Till to the gate he came, and with strong hand 390

Seiz'd on the massy bolts. These as he drew,  
 Full on his helm the weighty English sword  
 Descended; swift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,  
 When lo! the assailant gasping on the ground,  
 Cleft by the Maiden's falchion: she herself 395  
 To the foe opposing with that lowly man,  
 For they alone following the adventurous steps  
 Of Conrade, still had equall'd his bold course,  
 Shielded him as with eager hand he drew  
 The bolts: the gate turn'd slow: forth leapt the Chief  
 And shivered with his battle-axe the chains  
 That hung on high the bridge. The impetuous  
 By Gaucour led, rush'd o'er to victory. [troops,  
 The banner'd lilies on the captur'd wall  
 Tossed to the wind. "On to the neighbouring fort!"  
 Cried Conrade, "Xaintrailles! ere the night draws on  
 Once more to conquest lead the troops of France:  
 Force ye the lifts, and fill the deep-dug moat,  
 And with the ram, shake down their batter'd walls.  
 Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said; 410  
 Then to the Damsel, "Maid of Arc! awhile  
 Cease we from battle, and by short repose  
 Renew our strength." So saying he his helm  
 Unlaced, and in the Loire's near-flowing stream  
 Cleansed his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,  
 And stooping to the stream, reflected there  
 Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!  
 Shudd'ring she saw, but soon her steady soul  
 Collected: on the banks she laid her down

Freely awhile respiring, for her breath 420  
Quick panted from the fight : silent they lay,  
For gratefully the cooling breezes bathed  
Their throbbing temples. It was now the noon :  
The sun-beams on the gently waving stream  
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay,  
And softening sadly his stern face, exclaim'd,  
" Maiden of Arc ! at such an hour as this,  
Beneath the o'er-arching forest's chequer'd shade,  
With that lost woman have I wandered on,  
Talking of years of happiness to come ! 430  
Oh hours for ever fled ! delightful dreams  
Of the unsuspecting heart ! I do believe  
If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd  
Her love, that tho' mine aching heart had nurs'd  
Its sorrows, I had never on her choice 435  
Pour'd one upbraiding---but to stoop to him !  
A harlot !---an adulteress !" In his eye  
Red anger flash'd ; anon of what she was  
Ere yet the foul pollution of the Court  
Stain'd her fair fame, he thought. " Oh happy age !"  
He cried, " when all the family of man  
Freely enjoyed the goodly earth he gave,  
And only bow'd the knee, in prayer to God !  
Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,  
Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head, grew grey 445  
The hairs in full of time. Then he would sit  
Beneath the coetaneous oak, whilst round,  
Sons, grandsons, and their offspring join'd to form



The blameless merriment ; and learnt of him  
 What time to yoke the oxen to the plough, 450  
 What hollow moanings of the western wind  
 Foretell the storm, and in what lurid clouds  
 The embryo lightning lies. Well pleas'd, he taught  
 The heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,  
 Mild as decaying light of summer fun. 455  
 Thus calmly constant flowed the stream of life  
 Till lost at length amid that shoreless sea,  
 Eternity. Around the bed of death  
 Gathered his numerous race--his last advice  
 In sad attention heard---caught his last sigh--- 460  
 Then underneath the aged tree that grew  
 With him, memorial planted at his birth,  
 They delved the narrow house : there oft at eve  
 Drew round their children of the after days,  
 And pointing to the turf, told how he lived, 465  
 And taught by his example how to die.

“Maiden ! and such the evening of my days  
 Fondly I hoped ; but I shall be at rest  
 Soon, in that better world of Peace and Love  
 Where evil is not : in that better world, 470  
*JOAN*, we shall meet, and he too will be there,  
 Thy Theodore.” Sooth'd by his words, the Maid  
 Had listened sadly, till at that loved name  
 She wept. “Nay, Maid !” he cried, “I did not think  
 To wake a tear ; but pleasant is thy grief ! 475  
 Thou know'st not what it is, round thy warm heart  
 To have a false one wreath in viper folds.

But to the battle !, in the clang of arms,  
We win forgetfulness." Then from the bank  
He sprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose,  
Bidding awhile adieu to milder thoughts.  
On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd  
England's proud capital to the English host,  
Now half subdued, anticipating death,  
And vainly wishing they from her white cliffs 485  
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps  
Thro' every vein : already they turn back  
Their eager eyes to meditate the flight,  
Tho' Talbot there presided, with their Chief,  
The gallant Salisbury. " Soldiers fam'd in arms !"  
Thus, in vain hope to renovate the strength  
Of England, spake the Chief. " Victorious friends,  
So oft victorious in the hard-fought fight,  
What---shrink ye now dismay'd ? have ye forgot  
The plains of Azincour, when vanquish'd France  
Fled with her thousands from your father's arms,  
Though worn with sickness ? or your own exploits,  
When on Verneuil, the flower of chivalry  
Fell by your daring prowess ? when the Scot  
Bit the red earth in death, and Narbonne died, 500  
And the young boaster proud Alençon felt  
The weight of English fetters ? then we broke  
The plated shield, and cleft the warrior's helm,  
Forever victors. On Baugenci's wall  
Ye placed the English flag ; beneath your force 505  
Fell Jenville and Gergeau, the neighbouring towns

Of well-nigh captur'd Orleans. I omit  
 To speak of Caen subdued, and vanquish'd Rouen,  
 And that late day when Clermont fled the fight,  
 And the young Bastard of that prison'd Duke. 510  
 Shame! shame! that beaten Boy is here in arms,  
 And ye will fly before the fugitives;  
 Fly from a woman! from a frenzied girl!  
 That with her empty mummeries, would blast  
 Your courage; or if miracles she brings, 515  
 Aid of the Devil! who is there among you  
 False to his country---to his former fame---  
 To me---your leader to the frequent field,  
 The field of glory?" From the heartless host  
 A timid shout arose: then Talbot's cheek 520  
 Grew red with indignation. "Earl!" he cried,  
 Addressing him the Chief: "there is no hope  
 From these white-liver'd dastards; and this fort  
 Will fall an easy conquest: it were well  
 To reach the Tournelles, better fortified, 525  
 Fit to endure long siege: the hope in view  
 To reach a safer fortress, these our troops  
 Shall better dare the battle." So he spake,  
 Wisely advising. Him the Chief replied:  
 "Well hast thou said; and, Talbot, if our swords  
 Could thro' the thickest ranks this Sorceress reach,  
 The hopes of France were blasted. I have strove  
 In many a field, yet never to a foe  
 Stoop'd my proud crest: nor difficult to meet  
 This wizard girl, for from the battlements, 535

Her have I mark'd the foremost in attack,  
Playing right valiantly the soldier's part ;  
Yet shall not all her witcheries avail  
To blunt my good sword's edge."

Thus communed they,

And thro' the host the gladdening tidings ran, 540  
That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their  
                  hearts

Gather'd new strength, placing on those strong walls  
Dependence ; empty hope ! nor the strong wall,  
Nor the deep moat can save, if Fear within  
Palsy the soldier's arm. Them issuing forth, 545

As from the river's banks they past along,  
The Maid beheld ! " Lo ! Conrade !" she exclaim'd,  
" The foes advance to meet us--look ! they lower  
The bridge--and now they rush upon the troops :  
A gallant onset : Dost thou mark that man 550

Who all the day has by our side endur'd  
The hottest conflict ? I did then behold  
His force, and wonder : now his deeds of death  
Make all the actions of the former fight  
Seem as of no account : know'st thou the man ? 555  
There is not one amid the host of France,

Of fairer promise." " He," the Chief replied,  
" Wretched and prodigal of life achieves  
The exploits of Despair : a gallant youth  
Widowed like me of Hope, and but for whom, 560  
I had been seen among mankind no more.  
Maiden ! with me thy comrade in the war,



His arm is vowed to Heaven. Lo ! where he stands  
 Bearing the battle's brunt in unmoved strength,  
 Firm as the mountain round whose misty head, 565  
 The unharmed tempest breaks !" Nor paus'd they  
 In farther converse, to the perilous fray [now  
 Speeding, not unobserved--them Salisbury saw  
 And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest Knights  
 And vow'd with them, against the Virgin's life 570  
 Bent their fierce course. She by that unknown man  
 Now urged the war, when on her plumed helm  
 The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts  
 That hallowed sword, the tenant of the tomb,  
 And drench'd it in his bosom. On the front 575  
 Of one, his comrade, fell the battle-axe  
 Of him the dark-brow'd Chief : the ponderous blow  
 Shatter'd his brain. With Talbot's giant force  
 The daring herald urged unequal fight ;  
 For like some oak that firm with deep-fix'd roots  
 Mocks at the storm, the undaunted Earl endur'd  
 His rude assault. Warding with wary eye  
 The angry sword, the Frank around his foe  
 Wheels rapid, flashing his keen weapon fast ;  
 Now as he marks the Earl's descending stroke 585  
 Bending, anon more fierce in swift attack.  
 Ill-fated man ! one deed of glory more  
 Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendor grace  
 This thy death-day ; for SLAUGHTER even now  
 Stands o'er the loom of life, and lifts his sword. 590

Upon her shield the Martial Maiden bore  
 An English warrior's blow, and in his side  
 Pierced him ; that instant Salisbury speeds his sword  
 That glancing from her helm fell on the folds  
 That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,  
 Stain'd with her blood its edge. The herald saw,  
 He saw her red blood gushing from the wound,  
 And turn'd from Talbot heedless of himself,  
 And lifting up his falchion, all his force  
 Concenter'd. On the breast of Salisbury 600  
 It fell, and pierced his mail, and thro' the plate  
 Beneath drove fierce, and in his heart's blood plunged.  
 Lo ! as he struck the strength of Talbot came :  
 Full on his treacherous helm he smote : it burst,  
 And the stern Earl against his fenceless head 605  
 Drives with strong arm the murderous sword. She  
 saw---

She knew---she could not save---her THEODORE.

Conrade beheld, and from his vanquish'd foe  
 Strode terrible in vengeance. Front to front  
 They stood, and each for the death-blow prepar'd  
 His angry might. At once their weapons fell,  
 The Frank's huge battle-axe, and the keen sword  
 Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow,  
 Sunk senseless ; by his followers from the field  
 Conveyed with fearful speed : nor did his stroke 615  
 Fall vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,  
 Tho' weak to wound ; for from his eyes the fire

Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,  
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops all captainless confus'd, 620  
Fear seized the English. Not with more dismay  
When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills,  
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd  
Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,  
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage 625  
A present refuge. On their flying ranks  
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds,  
For now the westerling sun with many a hue  
Streak'd the gay clouds.

"Dunois!" the Maiden cried, 630  
"Form we around yon stronger pile the siege,  
There for the night encamping." So she said.  
The Chief to Orleans for their needful food,  
And enginery to batter that huge pile,  
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led 635  
The host beleaguering. There they pitch their tents,  
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,  
Then to their meal, and o'er the cheerful bowl,  
Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest  
Betaking them, for now the night drew on. 640



## BOOK THE EIGHTH.

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### ARGUMENT.

*Transactions of the night. Attack of the Tournelles.  
The garrison retreat to the tower on the bridge. Their  
total defeat there. Despondency of the English army.  
Their Chiefs counsel together and resolve on retreating.  
Nocturnal retreat of the English. Funeral of Theodore.*

NOW was the noon of night ; and all was still,  
Save where the centinel paced on his rounds  
Humming a broken song. Along the camp  
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,  
On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs 5  
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield  
Pillowed the helmed head : secure they slept,  
And busy Fancy in her dream renewed  
The fight of yesterday. But not to *JOAN*,  
But not to her most wretched, came thy aid, 10  
Soother of sorrows, Sleep ! no more her pulse,  
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,  
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasped hands  
And fixed eye she sat, the while around

N



The Spectres of the Days departed rose, 15  
A melancholy train ! that rock-roof'd cell  
She call'd to mind where many a winter's day  
With Theodore she mark'd the driving storm :  
She call'd to mind the hours of merriment  
When mingling in the dance with careless glee 20  
She join'd the blithesome train : then her wild eye  
Beheld him cold, and his blood-clotted face  
In death distorted. O'er her shivering frame  
The chill dews started, for upon the gale  
The crow's hoarse croak was heard. Sudden she rose,  
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step  
Strode to the field of blood. The night was calm ;  
Fair as was ever on Chaldea's plain  
When the pale moon-beams o'er the silvery scene  
Shone cloudless, whilst the watchful shepherd's eye  
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise  
Successive, and successively decay ;  
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs  
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall  
Cast a deep shadow, and her faltering feet 35  
Stumbled o'er broken arms and carcases ;  
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan  
Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death.  
She reach'd the spot where Theodore had fall'n,  
Before fort London's gate ; but vainly there 40  
Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face  
Gazing with such a look as tho' she fear'd  
The thing she sought. Amazement seiz'd the Maid,

For there the victim of his vengeful arm,  
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry, 45  
Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood  
Gazing around the plain, she mark'd a man  
Pass slowly on, as burthened. Him to aid  
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed  
O'ertaking, thus bespake : " Stranger ! this weight  
Impedes thy progress. Dost thou bear away  
Some slaughter'd friend ? or lives the sufferer  
With many a fore wound gash'd ? Oh if he lives !  
I will with earnest prayer petition Heaven  
To shed its healing on him !" So she said, 55  
And as she spake stretched forth her careful hands  
To ease the burthen. " Warrior," he replied,  
" Thanks for thy proffered succour : but this man  
Lives not, and I with unassisted arm  
Can bear him to the sepulchre. Farewell--- 60  
The night is far advanced ; thou to the camp  
Return : it fits not darkling thus to stray."

" Conrade !" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew  
His voice :---with that she fell upon his neck  
And cried, " My Theodore ! but wherefore thus 65  
Thro' the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse ?"

" Peace, Maiden !" Conrade cried, " collect thy  
He is but gone before thee to that world [soul !  
Whither thou soon must follow ! in the morn,  
Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went, 70  
He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.

" Lo Conrade where she moves--beloved Maid !

Devoted for the realm of France she goes,  
Abandoning for this the joys of life !  
Yea---life itself ! yet on my heart her words 75  
Vibrate ; if she must perish in the war,  
I will not live to bear the dreadful thought,  
Haply my arm had saved her. I shall go  
Her unknown guardian. Conrade, if I fall,  
(And trust me I have little love of life,) 80  
Bear me in secret from the gory field,  
Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye  
A mangled corse. She must not know my fate.  
Do this last act of friendship--in the flood  
Whelm me : so shall she think of Theodore 85  
Unanguish'd." "Maiden, I did vow with him  
That I would dare the battle by thy side,  
And shield thee in the war. Thee of his death  
I hoped unknowing." As the warrior spake,  
He on the earth the clay-cold carcass laid, 90  
With fixed eye the wretched Maiden gazed  
The life-left tenement. The dews of night  
Were on his arms, and o'er the ghastly wound  
Hung his brown hair gore-clotted. "Gallant youth!"  
She cried, "I would to God the hour were come 95  
When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss !  
No, Theodore ! the sport of winds and waves,  
Thy body shall not roll adown the stream  
The sea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me  
The corse to Orleans, there in hallowed ground 100  
To rest ; the Priest shall say the sacred prayer,

And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.  
 So shall not Elinor in bitterness  
 Lament that no dear friend to her dead child  
 Paid the last office." From the earth they lift 105  
 The mournful burden, and along the plain  
 Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.  
 The obedient centinel at Conrade's voice  
 Admits the midnight travellers ; on they pass,  
 Till in the neighbouring Abbey's porch arrived 110  
 They rest the lifeless load. Loud rings the bell ;  
 The awakened porter turns the heavy door.  
 To him the Virgin : " Father, from the slain  
 On yonder reeking field a dear-loved friend  
 I bring to holy sepulture : chaunt ye 115  
 The requiem to his soul : to-morrow eve  
 Will I return, and in the narrow house  
 Behold him laid to rest." The father knew  
 The mission'd Maid, and humbly bow'd assent.

Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain, 120  
 Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts  
 The Maid awakening cried, " There was a time,  
 When thinking on my closing hour of life,  
 Tho' with resolved mind, some natural fears  
 Shook the weak frame ; now, that the happy hour,  
 When my emancipated soul shall burst  
 The cumberous fetters of mortality,  
 Wishful I contemplate. Conrade ! my friend,  
 My wounded heart would feel another pang  
 Should'st thou forsake me !"



"JOAN!" the Chief replied, 130

"Along the weary pilgrimage of life  
 Together will we journey, and beguile  
 The dreary road, telling with what gay hopes,  
 We in the morning eyed the pleasant fields  
 Vision'd before ; then wish that we had reach'd 135  
 The bower of rest !" Thus communing they gain'd  
 The camp, yet hush'd in sleep ; there separating,  
 Each in the post allotted, restless waits  
 The day-break. Morning came ; dim thro' the shade  
 The first rays glimmer ; soon the brightening clouds  
 Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread  
 The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth  
 Leap up invigorate, and each his food  
 Receives, impatient to renew the war.  
 Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points. 145  
 "Soldiers of France ! your English foes are there !"

As when a band of hunters, round the den  
 Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate  
 In hope of conquest and the future feast ;  
 (When on the hospitable board their spoil 150  
 Shall smoke, and they, as the rich bowl goes round,  
 Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase ;)  
 They with their shouts of exultation make  
 The forest ring : so elevate of heart,  
 With such loud clamors for the fierce assault 155  
 The French prepare ; nor, guarding now the lists  
 Durst the disheartened English man to man  
 Meet the close conflict. From the barbican, "

Or from the embattled wall they their yeugh bows  
Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery 160  
Discharged ; nor did the Gallic archers cease  
With well-directed shafts their loftier foes  
To assail : behind the guardian pavais fenced, <sup>2</sup>  
They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,  
Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle 165  
Pass'd the bold troops with all their mangonels ;  
Or tortoises, beneath whose roofing safe,  
They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers  
Make fit foundation, or their petraries,  
War-wolfs, and Beugles, and that murderous sling  
The Matafunda, whence the ponderous stone  
Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it struck,  
Shattering the frame so that no pious hand  
Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey  
To where his fathers slept. Nor indolent 175  
Did the English troops lie trembling, for the fort  
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the Chief,  
A gallant man, sped on from place to place  
Cheering the brave ; or if the archer's hand,  
Palsied with fear, shot wide the ill-aim'd shaft, 180  
Threatening the coward who betrayed himself,  
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand,  
The Chief a cross-bow held ; an engine dread  
Of such wide-wasting fury, that of yore  
The assembled fathers of the Christian church 185 <sup>3</sup>  
Pronounced that man accurs'd whose impious hand  
Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees

Befits the men of God to promulgate :  
 Them it befits to wash their hands of blood,  
 And with a warning voice, tho' haply vain, 190  
 To cry aloud and spare not ! " Woe to them  
 Whose hands are full of blood ! Woe, saith the Lord,  
 To them who fast for strife, that they may smite  
 With the arm of wickedness." An English King,  
 The lion-hearted Richard, their decree 195  
 First broke, and heavenly retribution doom'd  
 His fall by the keen quarrel ; since that day  
 Frequent in fields of battle, and from far  
 To many a good Knight, bearing his death-wound  
 From hands unknown. With such an instrument,  
 Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye  
 Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance  
 Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe  
 He marks his victim. On a Frank he fix'd  
 His gaze, who kneeling by the trebuchet, 205  
 Charged its long sling with death. Him Glacidas  
 Secure behind the battlements, beheld,  
 And strung his bow ; then bending on one knee,  
 He in the groove the feather'd quarrel plac'd 6  
 And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.  
 The bow-string twang'd---on its swift way the dart  
 Whizzed fierce, and struck, there where the hel-  
 met's clasps  
 Defend the neck ; a weak protection now,  
 For through the tube that the pure air inhales  
 Pierc'd the keen shaft ; blood down the unwonted way

Gush'd to the lungs : prone fell the dying man  
Grasping, convuls'd, the earth : a hollow groan  
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death  
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth  
He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys  
Domestic love bestows, the father once  
Of two fair infants ; in the city hemm'd  
During the hard siege ; he had seen their cheeks  
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries  
For bread ! his wife---a broken-hearted one--- 225  
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes  
With hunger pined, and followed : he survived  
A miserable man ! and heard the shouts  
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,  
As o'er the corse of his last little one 230  
He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe  
Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour  
Grief else had soon brought on. The English Chief,  
Pointing again his arbalist, let loose  
The string ; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,  
True to its aim, fled fatal : one it struck  
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd  
Deep in his liver ; blood and mingled gall  
Flow'd from the wound ; and writhing with keen  
pangs,  
Headlong he fell : he for the wintry hour 240  
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,  
A man in his small circle well-beloved.  
None better knew with prudent hand to guide



The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time  
To press the full-swoln clusters : he, heart-glad, 245  
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,  
Enough for happiness. The English host  
Laid waste his fertile fields ; he, to the war,  
By want compell'd, adventur'd,---in his gore  
Now weltering. Nor the Gallic host remit 250  
Their eager efforts ; some, the watry fence,  
Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt  
Drain painful ; part, laden with wood, throw there  
Their buoyant burdens, laboring so to gain  
Firm footing : some the mangonels supply, 255  
Or charging with huge stones the murdering sling,  
Or petrary, or in the espringal  
Fix the brass-winged arrows. Hoarse around  
Rose the confused din of multitudes.

Fearless along the ramparts Gargrave moved,  
Cheering the English troops. The bow he bore ;  
The quiver rattled as he moved along.  
He knew aright to aim the feather'd shafts,  
Well-skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,  
O'ertaken in his flight. Him, passing on, 265  
From some huge engine driven, a ponderous stone  
Crush'd : on his breast-plate falling, the vast force  
Shattered the bone, and with his mangled lungs  
The fragments mingled. On the sunny brow  
Of a fair hill wood-circled, stood his home, 270  
A pleasant dwelling, whence the ample ken  
Gaz'd o'er subjected distance, and survey'd

Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety !  
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,  
For open were the gates, and blazed for all 275  
The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth  
Went forth ; and he had bathed his falchion's edge  
In many a Frenchman's gore ; now crush'd beneath  
The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs  
Lie quivering. Lo ! towards the levelled moat,  
A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel  
Four stages elevate. Above was hung  
Equalling the walls, a bridge ; in the lower stage  
The ponderous battering-ram : a troop within  
Of archers, thro' the opening, shot their shafts. 285  
In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepar'd  
To mount the rampart, for he loath'd the chase,  
And loved to see the dappled foresters  
Browze fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,  
And happy in beholding happiness, 290  
Not meditating death : the bowman's art  
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont  
To aim the arrow at the distant foe,  
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,  
His death-red battle-axe, and break the shield, 295  
First in the war of men. There too the Maid  
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield  
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,  
Slow o'er the moat and steady, tho' the foe  
Shower'd there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,  
And from the arbalist the fire-tip dart

Shot lightning thro' the air. In vain it flam'd,  
 For well with many a reeking hide secured,  
 Pass'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reach'd  
 The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven, 305  
 The iron-horned engine swings its stroke,  
 Then back recoils, whilst they within who guide,  
 In backward step collecting all their strength,  
 Anon the massy beam with stronger arm  
 Drive full and fierce; so rolls the swelling sea 310  
 Its curly billows to the unmoved foot  
 Of some huge promontory, whose broad base  
 Breaks the rough wave; the shiver'd surge rolls back,  
 Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts  
 Again, and foams with ceaseless violence. 315  
 The Wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretch'd,  
 Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock  
 His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threatens the invaders now,  
 For on the ramparts, lowered from above 320  
 The bridge reclines. A universal shout  
 Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant Franks  
 Clamor their loud rejoicing, whilst the foe  
 Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud  
 For speedy succour there, with deafening shout 325  
 Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din  
 The mountain torrent flings precipitate  
 Its bulk of waters, tho' amid the fall  
 Shattered, and dashing silvery from the rock.  
 Lo! on the bridge he stands, the undaunted man

Conrade ! the gathered foes along the wall  
Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,  
Cresting with armed men the battlements.  
He, undismayed, tho' on that perilous height,  
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin ; the keen point  
Pierced thro' the destined victim, where his arm  
Join'd the broad breast : a wound that skilful care  
Haply had heal'd ; but, him disabled now  
For farther service, the unpitying throng  
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall 340  
Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to hurl  
His deadly javelins fast, for well within  
The tower was stor'd with weapons, to the Chief  
Quickly supplied : nor did the mission'd Maid  
Rest idle from the combat ; she, secure 345  
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use  
By the willing mind that what it well desires  
Gains aptly : nor amid the numerous throng,  
Tho' haply erring from their destin'd mark,  
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower  
Ceaseless the bow-strings twang : the Knights below,  
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd  
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there,  
So thickly throng'd they stood, and fell as fast  
As when the Monarch of the East goes forth 355  
From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces  
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood  
Die in the blameless warfare : closed within



The still-contracting circle, their brute force  
Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there, 360  
Or by each other's fury lacerate,  
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance  
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,  
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beasts  
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood. 365  
The shout of terror rings along the wall,  
For now the French their scaling ladders place,  
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault  
Mount fearless : from above the furious troops  
Hurl down such weapons as inventive care 370  
Or frantic rage supplies : huge stones and beams  
Crush the bold foe ; some, thrust adown the height,  
Fall living to their death ; some in keen pangs  
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead  
Gnaws thro' their members, leap down desperate,  
Eager to cease from suffering. Still they mount,  
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,  
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless  
To the English was the fight, tho' from above  
Easy to crush the assailants : them amidst 380  
Fast fled the arrows ; the large brass-wing'd darts,  
There driven resistless from the espringal,  
Keeping their impulse even in the wound,  
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crush'd  
Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends 385  
The heavier from its height : some, the long lance  
Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,

Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering  
Convulsing air ; the soldier's eager shout ; [roar  
And terror's wild shriek echo o'er the plain 390  
In dreadful harmony. Meantime the Chief,  
Who equal'd on the bridge the rampart's height,  
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,  
Made thro' the throng his passage : he advanced  
In wary valor o'er his slaughtered foes, 395  
On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near  
Two youths, the boldest of the English host  
Prest on to thrust him from that perilous height ;  
At once they rush'd upon him : he, his axe  
Dropping, the dagger drew : one thro' the throat  
He pierced, and swinging his broad buckler round,  
Dash'd down his comrade. So, unmoved he stood,  
The fire of Guendolen, that daring man,  
Corienus ; grappling with his monstrous foe,  
He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore, 405  
And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,  
Down from the rock's high summit, since that day  
Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling,  
Hight Langoemagog. The Maid of Arc  
Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls 410  
Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight  
A general shout of acclamation rose,  
And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest  
Roars to the roaring wind ; then terror seiz'd  
The garrison ; and fired anew with hope, 415  
The fierce assailants to their prize rush on

Resistless. Vainly do their English foes  
Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,  
And fire-brands : fearless in the escalade,  
Firm mount the French, and now upon the wall 420  
Wage equal battle. Burning at the fight  
With indignation, Glacidas beheld  
His troops fly scattered ; fast on every side  
The foes up-rushing eager to their spoil ;  
The holy standard waving ; and the Maid 425  
Fierce in pursuit. " Speed but this arrow, Heaven !"  
The Chief exclaim'd, " and I shall fall content."  
So saying, he his sharpest quarrel chose,  
And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid  
Levelling, let loose ; her arm was rais'd on high 430  
To smite a fugitive : he glanced aside,  
Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus receiv'd  
The Chieftain's arrow : thro' his ribs it pass'd,  
And cleft that vessel, whence the purer blood,  
Thro' many a branching channel o'er the frame 435  
Meanders. " Fool !" the enraged Chief exclaim'd,  
" Would she had slain thee ! thou hast lived too long."  
Again he aim'd his arbalest : the string  
Struck forceful : swift the erring arrow sped  
Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court 440  
Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas  
Levelled his bow again ; the fated shaft  
Fled true, and difficultly thro' the mail  
Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.  
" She bleeds ! she bleeds !" exulting cried the Chief ;

"The Sorceress bleeds ! nor all her hellish arts  
Can charm my arrows from their destined course."  
Ill-fated man ! in vain with murderous hand  
Placing thy feathered quarrel in its groove,  
Dream'st thou of *JOAN* subdu'd ? She from her neck  
Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim'd,  
"This is a favor ! Frenchmen, let us on !  
Escape they cannot from the hand of God !"

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,  
Beheld the English Chieftain as he aim'd 455  
Again the bow ; with rapid step he strode ;  
Nor did not Glacidas the Frank perceive ;  
At him he drew the string : the powerless dart  
Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came,  
And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe, 460  
Full on his shoulder drove the furious stroke  
Deep-buried in his bosom : prone he fell---  
The cold air rush'd upon his heaving heart.  
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,  
Was Glacidas. His fires had lived in peace ; 465  
Wisely secluded from the jarring world  
They heap'd the hospitable hearth, they spread  
The feast ; their vassals loved them, and afar  
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died ;  
Exhausted Nature sinking slow to rest. 470  
For them the venerable fathers pour'd  
A requiem when they slept, and o'er them rais'd  
The sculptur'd monument. Now far away  
Their offspring falls, the last of all his race !



Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share 475  
The common grave. And now their leader slain,  
The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,  
Seeking the inner court, as hoping there<sup>8</sup>  
Again to dare the siege, and with their friends  
Find present refuge. Ah ! mistaken men ! 480  
The vanquish'd have no friends ! defeated thus,  
Prest by pursuit, in vain with eager voice  
They call their comrades in the suppliant tones  
Of pity now, now in the indignant phrase  
Of fruitless anger : they indeed within 485  
Fast from the ramparts on the victor troops  
Hurl their keen javelins,---but the gate is barr'd---  
The huge portcullis down ! Then terror seiz'd  
Their hopeless hearts : some, furious in despair,  
Turn on their foes ; fear-palsied, some await 490  
The coming death ; some drop the useless sword  
And cry for mercy. Then the Maid of Arc  
Had pity on the vanquish'd ; and she call'd  
Aloud, and cried to all the host of France,  
And bade them cease from slaughter. They obeyed  
The delegated damsel. Some there were  
Apart that communed murmuring, and of these  
D'Orval address'd her. " Mission'd Maid ! our troops  
Are few in number ; and to well secure  
These many prisoners such a force demands, 500  
As should we spare might shortly make us need  
The mercy we bestow : not mercy then,  
Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.

Justice to them, to France, and to our King,  
And that regard wise Nature has in each 505  
Implanted of self-safety, all demand  
Their deaths." "Foul fall such evil policy!"  
The indignant Maid exclaim'd. "I tell thee, Chief,  
God is with us! but God shall hide his face  
From him who sheds one drop of human blood 510  
In calm cold-hearted wisdom---him who weighs  
The *right* and the *expedient*, and resolves,  
Just as the well-pois'd scale shall rise or fall.  
These men shall live---live to be happy, Chief,  
And in the latest hour of life, shall bless 515  
Us who preserved. What is the Conqueror's name,  
Compar'd to this when the death-hour shall come?  
'To think that we have from the murderous sword  
Rescued one man, and that his heart-pour'd prayers,  
Already with celestial eloquence, 520  
Plead for us to the All just." Severe she spake,  
'Then turn'd to Conrade. "Thou from these our  
Appoint fit escort for the prisoners : [troops  
I need not tell thee, Conrade, they are men,  
Misguided men, led from their little homes, 525  
'The victims of the mighty! thus subdued  
'They are our foes no longer: be they held  
Safely in Orleans. 'Thou choose forth with speed  
'One of known prudence, but whose heart is rich  
In Heaven's most precious boon humanity, 530  
'Their captain. From the war we may not spare  
'Thy valor long." She said: when Conrade cast

His eyes around, and mark'd amid the court  
 From man to man where Francis rush'd along,  
 Bidding them spare the vanquish'd. Him he hail'd.

"The Maid hath bade me choose a leader forth  
 To guard the captives : thou shalt be the man ;  
 For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,  
 Yet not forgetting they are men, bereft  
 Of all they love, and who may largely claim 540  
 Thy pity." Nor meantime the garrison  
 Ceas'd from the war ; they, in the hour of need,  
 Abandoning their comrades to the sword,  
 A daring band, resolved to bide the siege  
 In desperate valor. Fast against the walls 545  
 The battering-ram drove fierce : the enginery  
 Ply'd at the ramparts fast ; the catapults  
 Drove there their dreadful darts ; the war-wolfs there  
 Hurl'd their huge stones ; and, by the pavais fence,  
 The Knights of France sped there their well-aim'd  
 shafts. 550

"Feel ye not, comrades, how the ramparts shudder  
 Beneath the ponderous ram's unceasing stroke ?"  
 Cried one, a venturous Englishman. "Our foes,  
 In woman-like compassion, have dismissed  
 A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves, 555  
 And giving us fair hope, in equal field,  
 Of better fortune. Sorely here annoyed,  
 And slaughtered by their engines from afar,  
 We perish. Vainly does the soldier boast  
 Undaunted courage and the powerful arm, 560

If thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,  
Mark'd for the hunter's arrows : let us rush  
And meet them in the battle, man to man,  
Either to conquer, or, at least to die  
A soldier's death." "Nay, nay—not so," replied  
One of less daring valor, "Tho' they point  
Their engines here, our archers not in vain  
Speed their death-doing shafts. Let the strong walls  
First by the foe be won ; 'twill then be time  
To meet them in the battle man to man, 570  
When these shall fail us." Scarcely had he spoke,  
When full upon his breast a ponderous stone  
Fell fierce impell'd, and drove him to the earth,  
All shattered. Horror the spectators seiz'd !  
For as the dreadful weapon shivered him, 575  
His blood besprinkled round, and they beheld  
His mangled lungs lie quivering ! "Such the fate  
Of those who trust them to their walls' defence,"  
Again exclaim'd the soldier : "thus they fall,  
Betrayed by their own fears. Courage alone 580  
Can save us." Nor to draw them from the fort  
Now needed eloquence ; with one accord  
They bade him lead to battle. Forth they rush'd  
Impetuous. With such fury o'er the plain,  
Swoln by the autumnal tempest, Vega rolls 585  
His rapid waters, when the gathered storm,  
On the black hills of Cambria bursting, swells  
The tide of desolation. Then the Maid  
Spake to the son of Orleans, "Let our troops



Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit 590  
 Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey."  
 Time was not for long counsel. From the court,  
 Obedient to Dunois, a band of Franks  
 Retreat, as at the irruption of their foes  
 Disheartened; they, with shouts and loud uproar,  
 Rush to their fancied conquest; *JOAN*, the while  
 Placing a small but gallant garrison,  
 Bade them secure the gates: then forth she rush'd,  
 With such fierce onset charging on their rear,  
 That terror smote the English, and they wish'd 600  
 Again that they might hide them in their walls  
 Rashly abandoned, for now wheeling round  
 The son of Orleans fought. All captainless,  
 Ill-marshall'd, ill-directed, in vain rage,  
 They waste their furious efforts, falling fast 605  
 Before the Maid's good falchion and the sword  
 Of Conrade: loud was heard the mingled sound  
 Of arms and men; the earth, that trampled late  
 By multitudes, gave to the passing wind  
 Its dusty clouds, now reek'd with their hot gore. 610

High on the fort's far-summit Talbot mark'd  
 The fight, and call'd impatient for his arms,  
 Eager to rush to war; and scarce withheld,  
 For now, disheartened and discomfited,  
 The troops fled fearful. On the bridge there stood  
 A strong-built tower, commanding o'er the Loire.  
 The traveller, sometimes lingered on his way,  
 Marking the playful tenants of the stream,

Seen in its shadow, stem the sea-ward tide.  
This had the invaders won in hard assault 620  
Ere she, the Delegate of Heaven, came forth  
And made them fear who never fear'd before.  
Hither the English troops with hasty steps  
Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,  
But waging still the war : the garrison 625  
Them thus retreating saw, and open threw  
Their guarded gates, and on the Gallic host,  
Covering their vanquish'd fellows, pour'd their shafts.  
Check'd in pursuit they stopt. Then D'Orval cried,  
" Ill, Maiden, hast thou done ! those valiant troops  
Thy womanish pity has dismissed, with us  
Conjoin'd might press upon the vanquish'd foes,  
Tho' aided thus, and plant the lili'd flag  
Victorious on yon tower." " Dark-minded man !"  
The Maid of Orleans answered, " to act well 635  
Brings with itself an ample recompense.  
Chieftain ! let come what will, me it behoves,  
Mindful of that Good Power whose delegate  
I am, to spare the fallen : that gracious God  
Sends me the minister of mercy forth, 640  
Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France.  
'To England friendly as to all the world,  
Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,  
The masters and the murderers of mankind."  
She said, and suddenly threw off her helm ; 645  
Her breast heaved high--her cheek grew red--her eyes  
Flash'd forth a wilder lustre. " Thou dost deem

That I have illy spar'd so large a band,  
 Disabling from pursuit our weakened troops--  
 God is with us," she cried--" God is with us ! 650  
 Our Champion manifest !" - Even as she spake,  
 The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,  
 Sunk with a mighty crash. Astonishment  
 Seiz'd on the French--a universal cry  
 Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall, 655  
 Or by their armor whelm'd beneath the tide,  
 The sufferers sunk, or vainly plied their arms,  
 Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast  
 And dragg'd them down to death : shrieking they  
 sunk ;

Huge fragments frequent dash'd with thund'ring roar  
 Amid the foaming current. From the fort  
 Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and curs'd  
 The more than mortal Virgin ; whilst the towers  
 Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,  
 And all who heard, trembled, and cross'd their breasts,  
 And as they hastened to the city walls,  
 Told fearfully their beads. 'Twas now the hour  
 When o'er the plain the pensive hues of eve  
 Shed their meek radiance ; when the lowing herd,  
 Slow as they stalk to shelter, draw behind 670  
 The lengthening shades ; and seeking his high nest,  
 As heavily he flaps the dewy air,  
 The hoarse rook pours his not unpleasing note.  
 " Now then, Dunois, for Orleans !" cried the Maid,  
 " The strongest forts are ours, and who remain, 675

Saved from our swords awhile, in heart subdued,  
Will yield an easy conquest ; rest we now  
Our wearied soldiers, for the night draws on."

She said, and joyful of their finish'd toil  
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight, 680  
And silent as the deep, but late upturn  
By vernal tempests, when the storm is past  
And o'er the gently-swelling surface, sleeps  
The unruffling wind. Meantime the English troops  
Now loud in terror, clamor'd for retreat, 685  
Deeming that, aided by the powers of Heaven,  
The Maid went forth to conquer. One more bold,  
Learning reflection in the hour of ill,  
Exclaim'd, " I marvel not that the Most High  
Hath hid his face from England ! Wherefore thus  
Quitting the comforts of domestic life,  
Swarm we to desolate this goodly land,  
Making the drench'd earth, rank with human blood,  
Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven ?  
Oh ! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws 695  
On that foul Priest, that bad blood-guilty man, '  
Who, trembling for the Church's ill-got wealth,  
Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn  
The desolating sword, and sent him forth  
To slaughter ! think that in this fatal war 700  
Thousands and tens of thousands, by the sword  
Cut off, and sent before the eternal Judge,  
With all their unrepented crimes upon them,  
Cry out for vengeance ! that the widow's groan,



'Tho' here she groan unpitied or unheard, 705  
Is heard in Heaven against us ! o'er this land  
That hills of human slain, unsepulchred,  
Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun !  
'The wrath of God is on us---God has call'd  
This Virgin forth, and gone before her path--- 710  
Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,  
Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood  
Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,  
Mangled and swoln, their blackened carcases  
Toss on the tossing billows ! We remain, 715  
For yet our rulers will pursue the war,  
We still remain to perish by the sword,  
Soon to appear before the throne of God,  
Lost, guilty wretches, hireling murderers,  
Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, who dared to risk 720  
The life his goodness gave us, on the chance  
Of war, and in obedience to our Chiefs,  
Durst disobey our God." Then terror seized  
The troops and late repentance : and they thought  
The Spirits of the Mothers and their Babes, 725  
Famish'd at Rouen, sat on the clouds of night,  
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy  
The hour of vengeance. Nor the English Chiefs  
Heard their loud murmurs heedless : counselling  
They met despondent. Suffolk (now their Chief,  
Since conquered by the arm of Theodore  
Fell Salisbury) thus began. " It now were vain  
Lightly of this our more than mortal foe,

To speak contemptuous. She has vanquish'd us,  
Aided by Hell's leagued powers ; nor aught avails  
Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of Hell  
To dare the conflict ; it were better far  
Retreating as we may, from this sad scene,  
What of our hard-won conquests yet remain,  
Haply to save." He ceas'd, and with a sigh 740  
Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breast,  
Talbot replied---" Our council little boots ;  
The foldiers will not fight, they will not heed  
Our vain resolves, heart-withered by the spells  
Of this accursed Sorcerers : soon will come 745  
The expected host from England : even now  
Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep  
That bears my son---young Talbot comes---he comes  
To find his sire disgraced ! but soon mine arm,  
By vengeance nerved, and shame of such defeat,  
Shall, from the crest-fallen courage of yon witch,  
Regain its ancient glory. Near the coast  
Best is it to retreat, and there expect  
The coming succour." Thus the warrior spake.  
Joy ran through all the troops, as tho' retreat 755  
Were safety. Silently in ordered ranks  
They issue forth, favored by the deep clouds  
That mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts  
Fearful they speeded on : some, thinking sad  
Of distant England, and, now wise too late, 760  
Curling in bitterness that evil hour  
That led them from her shores : some in faint hope

Calling to mind the comforts of their home ;  
Talbot went musing on his blasted fame  
Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts, 765  
And meditating vengeance. In the walls  
Of Orleans, tho' her habitants with joy  
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of Heaven,  
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss  
Mindful ; such mingled sentiments they felt 770  
As one from shipwreck saved, the first warm glow  
Of transport past, who contemplates himself,  
Preserved alone, a solitary wretch,  
Possessed of life indeed, but rest of all  
That makes man love to live. The Chieftains shared  
The social bowl, glad of the town relieved,  
And communing of that miraculous Maid,  
Who came the savior of the realm of France,  
When vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame,  
Her bravest warriors trembled. *JOAN* the while  
Foodless and silent to the Convent pass'd :  
Conrade, with her and Isabel ; both mute,  
Yet gazing on her oft with eloquent eye,  
Looking the consolation that they fear'd  
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome :  
The glaring torches o'er the house of death  
Stream'd a sad splendor. Flowers and funeral herbs  
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore : the rue,  
'The dark green rosemary, and the violet,  
That pluck'd like him withered in its first bloom.  
Dissolved in sorrow, Isabel her grief

Pour'd copious ; Conrade wept : the Maid alone  
Was tearless, for she stood, unheedingly,  
Gazing the vision'd scene of her last hour,  
Aborb'd in contemplation ; from her eye 800  
Intelligence was absent ; nor she seem'd  
To hear, tho' listening to the dirge of death.  
Laid in his last home now was Theodore,  
And now upon the coffin thrown, the earth  
Fell heavy : the Maid started—for the sound 805  
Smote on her heart ; her eye one lightning glance  
Shot wild, and shuddering, upon Isabel  
She hung, her pale lips trembling, and her cheek  
As wan as though untenanted by life.

Then in the Priest arose the earnest hope, 810  
That weary of the world and sick with woe,  
The Maid might dwell with them a vestal vowed.  
“ Ah, Damsel ! ” slow he spake and crost his breast,  
“ Ah, Damsel ! favored as thou art of Heaven,  
Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink 815  
Despondent ; Heaven by sorrow disciplines  
The froward heart, and chastens whom it loves ;  
Therefore, companion of thy way of life,  
Affliction thee shall wean from this vain world,  
Where happiness provokes the traveller's chase, 820  
And like the midnight meteor of the marsh,  
Allures his long and perilous pursuit,  
Then leaves him dark and comfortless. O Maid !  
Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn  
Beyond the night of life ! thy race is run, 825



Thou hast delivered Orleans : now perfect  
 Thyself ; accomplish all, and be the child  
 Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan  
 Of Woe is never heard ; these hallowed roofs  
 Re-echo only to the pealing quire, 830  
 The chaunted mass, and virgin's holy hymn ;  
 Celestial sounds ! secluded here, the soul  
 Receives a foretaste of her joys to come !  
 This is the abode of Piety and Peace :  
 Oh ! be their inmate, Maiden ! come to rest, 835  
 Die to the world, and live espous'd to Heaven !"

Then Conrade answered, " Father ! Heaven has  
 doom'd

This Maid to active virtue." " Active !" cried  
 The astonish'd Priest ; " thou dost not know the toils  
 This holy warfare asks ; thou dost not know 840  
 How powerful the attacks that Satan makes  
 By sinful nature aided ! dost thou deem  
 It is an easy task from the fond breast  
 To root affection out ? to burst the cords  
 That grapple to society the heart 845  
 Of social man ? to rouse the unwilling spirit,  
 That, rebel to Devotion, faintly pours  
 The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer ?  
 To fear and tremble at him, yet to love  
 A God of Terrors ? Maid, beloved of Heaven !  
 Come to this sacred trial ! share with us  
 The day of penance and the night of prayer !

Humble thyself ! feel thine own worthlessness,  
A reptile worm ! before thy birth condemn'd  
To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath, 855  
The lot of fallen mankind ! Oh hither come !  
Humble thyself in ashes, so thy name  
Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,  
And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine  
Pour forth their pious offerings." "Hear me Priest!"  
Exclaim'd the awakened Maid ; "amid these tombs,  
Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart  
Must never grow to stone ! chill thou thyself,  
And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,  
And labor thro' thy still repeated prayer ; 865  
Fear thou thy God of Terrors ; spurn the gifts  
He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive !  
But far more valued is the vine that bends  
Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark  
And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall 870  
Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know  
Mine own worth, Priest ! that I have well perform'd  
My duty, and untrembling shall appear  
Before the just tribunal of that God,  
Whom grateful love has taught me to adore !" 875  
She said, and they departed from the dome,

## BOOK THE NINTH.

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### ARGUMENT,

#### *Vision of the Maid.*

ORLEANS was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on  
her couch

The delegated Maiden lay : with toil  
Exhausted and sore anguish. Soon she closed  
Her heavy eye-lids ; not reposing then,  
For busy Phantasy, in other scenes 5  
Awakened : whether that superior powers,  
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,  
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,  
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,  
And all things *are* that *seem*. Along a heath, 10  
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,  
She roam'd a wanderer thro' the cheerless night.  
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,  
Swept shadowing ; thro' their broken folds the moon  
Struggled sometimes with transitory ray, 15  
And made the moving darkness, visible.  
And now arrived beside a fenny lake  
She stands : amid its stagnate waters, hoarse  
The thick sedge rustled to the gales of night,

And loud was heard the Bittern's mournful cry, 20  
An age-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd  
By powers unseen ; then did the moon display  
Where thro' the crazy vessel's yawning side  
Rush'd in the muddy wave : a female guides  
And spreads the sail before the wind, that moan'd  
As melancholy mournful to her ear,  
As ever by the dungeon'd wretch was heard  
Howling at evening round the embattled towers  
Of that hell-house of France, ere yet sublime  
The Almighty people from their tyrant's hand 30  
Dash'd down the iron rod. Intent the Maid  
Gazed on the pilot's form, and as she gazed  
Shiver'd, for wan her face was, and her eyes  
Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were furrowed deep,  
Channell'd by tears ; a few grey locks hung down  
Beneath her hood : then thro' the maiden's veins  
Chill crept the blood ; for, as the night-breeze pass'd,  
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around,  
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless Bat with short shrill note flits by,  
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,  
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid  
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank  
Leaps, joyful to escape, yet trembling still  
In recollection. There, a mouldering pile 45  
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below  
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon  
Shone thro' its fretted windows ; the dark Yew,



Withering with age, branched there its naked roots,  
 And there the melancholy Cypress rear'd 50  
 Its head ; the earth was heaved with many a mound,  
 And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruins' darkest shade,  
 The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames  
 Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,  
 And now in darkness drown'd. An aged Man  
 Sat near, seated on what in long-past days  
 Had been some sculptured monument, now fall'n  
 And half-obscur'd by moss, and gathered heaps  
 Of withered yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones :  
 And shining in the ray was seen the track  
 Of slimy snail obscene. Composed his look,  
 His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full  
 Upon the Maid ; the blue flames on his face  
 Stream'd a drear light ; his face was of the hue 65  
 Of death : his limbs were mantled in a shroud.

Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,  
 Exclaim'd the Spectre, " Welcome to these realms,  
 These regions of DESPAIR ! O thou whose steps  
 By GRIEF conducted to these sad abodes 70  
 Have pierc'd ; welcome, welcome to this gloom  
 Eternal ; to this everlasting night ;  
 Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,  
 Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,  
 Dark as the bosom of their gloomy King !" 75

So saying, he arose, and by the hand  
 The Virgin seiz'd with such a death-cold touch

As froze her very heart ; and drawing on,  
Her, to the abbey's inner ruin, led  
Resistless : thro' the broken roof the moon 80  
Glimmer'd a scatter'd ray : the ivy twined  
Round the dismantled column : imaged forms  
Of Saints and warlike Chiefs, moss-canker'd now  
And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground ;  
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,  
And rusted trophies ; and amid the heap  
Some monument's defaced legend spake,  
All human glory vain. The loud blast roar'd  
Amid the pile ; and from the tower the owl  
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest. 90  
He, silent, led her on, and often paus'd,  
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate  
At leisure the drear scene. He dragged her on  
Thro' a low iron door, down broken stairs ;  
Then a cold horror thro' the Maiden's frame 95  
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,  
By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,  
The fragments of the dead. " Look here ! " he cried,  
" Damsel, look here ! survey the house of Death !  
O soon to tenant it ! soon to increase 100  
These trophies of mortality ! for hence  
Is no return ! Gaze here ! behold this skull !  
These eyeless sockets, and these unlesh'd jaws,  
That with their ghastly grinning, seem to mock  
Thy perishable charms ; for thus thy cheek 105  
Must moulder ! Child of Grief ! shrinks not thy soul,

Viewing these horrors ? trembles not thy heart  
 At the dread thought, that here its life's-blood soon  
 Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,  
 Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon 110  
 With the cold clod ? a thought most horrible !  
 So only, dreadful, for reality  
 Is none of suffering here ; here all is peace ;  
 No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.  
 Dreadful it is to think of losing life, 115  
 But having lost, knowledge of loss is not  
 Therefore no ill. Haste, Maiden, to repose ;  
 Probe deep the seat of life." So spake DESPAIR.  
 The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,  
 And all again was silence. Quick her heart 120  
 Panted. He drew a dagger from his breast,  
 And cried again, " Haste, Damsel, to repose !  
 One blow, and rest for ever !" On the fiend  
 Dark scowl'd the Virgin with indignant eye,  
 And dash'd the dagger down. He next his heart  
 Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the Maid  
 Along the downward vault. The damp earth gave  
 A dim sound as they pass'd : the tainted air  
 Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews.  
 " Behold !" the fiend exclaim'd, " how gradual here  
 " The fleshly burden of mortality  
 Moulders to clay !" then fixing his broad eye  
 Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse  
 Lay livid ; she beheld with loathing look,  
 The spectacle abhorr'd by living man. 135

"Look here!" DESPAIR pursued, "this loathsome  
 Was once as lovely, and as full of life [mass  
 As, Damsel! thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes  
 Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,  
 And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,  
 Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought  
 That at the hallowed altar, soon the Priest  
 Should bless her coming union, and the torch,  
 Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy,  
 Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth 145  
 That Priest consign'd her, and the funeral lamp  
 Glares on her cold face; for her lover went,  
 By glory lur'd to war, and perish'd there;  
 Nor she endur'd to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?  
 Dost thou then, Maiden, tremble at the tale? 150  
 Look here! behold the youthful paramour!  
 The self-devoted hero!" Fearfully  
 The Maid look'd down, and saw the well-known face  
 Of--THEODORE! in thoughts unspeakable,  
 Convulsed with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd 155  
 Her cold damp hands:

"Shrink not," the Phantom cried,  
 "Gaze on! for ever gaze!" more firm he grasp'd  
 Her quiv'ring arm: "This lifeless mouldering clay,  
 As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow  
 Of Youth and Love! this is the arm that cleaved  
 Salisbury's proud crest, now motionless in Death,  
 Unable to protect the ravaged frame  
 From the foul Offspring of Mortality



That feed on heroes. Tho' long years were thine,  
 Yet never more would life reanimate 165  
 This murdered man ; murdered by thee ! for thou  
 Didst lead him to the battle from his home,  
 Else living there in peace to good old age :  
 In thy defence he died : strike deep--destroy  
 Remorse with life." The Maid stood motionless,  
 And wistless what she did, with trembling hand  
 Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,  
 " Avaunt, DESPAIR ! Eternal Wisdom deals  
 Or peace to man, or misery, for his good  
 Alike design'd ; and shall the Creature cry, 175  
 " Why hast thou done this ? " and with impious pride  
 Destroy the life God gave ? " The Fiend rejoin'd :  
 " And thou dost deem it impious to destroy  
 The life God gave ? What, Maiden, is the lot  
 Assign'd to mortal man ? born but to drag, 180  
 Thro' Life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load  
 Of Being ; care-corroded at the heart ;  
 Affail'd by all the numerous train of ills  
 That flesh inherits ; till at length worn out,  
 This is his consummation ! think again : 185  
 What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life  
 But lengthen'd sorrow ? If protracted long,  
 Till on the bed of Death thy feeble limbs  
 Outstretch their languid length ? Oh think what  
 thoughts,  
 What agonizing woes, in that dread hour, 190  
 Affail the sinking heart ! slow beats the pulse !

Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew  
 The shuddering frame ; then in its mightiest force,  
 Mightiest in impotence, the love of life  
 Shall seize the throbbing heart--the faltering lips  
 Pour out the impious prayer, that fain would change  
 The Immutable's decree---surrounding friends  
 Sob round the sufferer---wet his cheek with tears,  
 And all he loved in life embitters death !

“ Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour  
 Of calmest dissolution ! yet weak man  
 Dares, in his timid piety, to live ;  
 And veiling Fear in Superstition's garb,  
 He calls it---Resignation ! Coward wretch !  
 Fond Coward, thus to make his Reason war 205  
 Against his Reason ! insect as he is,  
 This sport of Chance ! this being of a Day,  
 Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast !  
 Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,  
 That God regards Man ! miserable Man ! 210  
 And preaching thus of Power and Providence,  
 Will crush the reptile that may cross his path !

“ Fool that thou art ! the Being that permits  
 Existence, *gives* to man the worthless boon :  
 A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest, 215  
 Bask in the sunshine of Prosperity,  
 And such do well to keep it. But to him,  
 Sick at the heart with misery, and sore  
 With many a hard unmerited affliction,  
 It is a hair that chains to wretchedness 220

The slave who dares not burst it ! Thinkest thou,  
The parent, if his child should unrecall'd  
Return and fall upon his neck, and cry, "  
" Oh ! the wide world is comfortless, and full  
Of vacant joys or heart-consuming cares ! 225  
I can be only happy in my home [Maid,  
With thee---my friend!---my father!" Think'st thou,  
That he would thrust him as an outcast forth ?  
Oh ! he would clasp the truant to his heart,  
And love the trespass." Whilst he spake, his eye  
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul  
Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,  
Even as the wretch, whose famish'd entrails crave  
Supply, before him sees the poison'd food  
In greedy horror. Yet not long the Maid 235  
Debated. " Cease thy dangerous sophistry,  
Eloquent tempter !" cried she, " gloomy one !  
What though affliction be my portion here,  
Think'st thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,  
Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back 240  
Upon a life of duty well perform'd,  
Then lift mine eyes to Heaven, and there in faith  
Know my reward ? I grant, were this life all ;  
Was there no morning to the Tomb's long night ;  
If man did mingle with the senseless clod, 245  
Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed  
A wise and friendly comforter ! But---Fiend !  
There is a morning to the Tomb's long night,  
A dawn of glory, a reward in Heaven,

He shall not gain who never merited. 250  
If thou didst know the worth of one good deed  
In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose  
The power to benefit ; if I but save  
A drowning fly, I shall not live in vain.  
I have great duties, Fiend ! me France expects, 255  
Her heaven-doom'd Champion."

" Maiden, thou hast done  
Thy mission here," the unbaffled Fiend replied :  
" The foes are fled from Orleans ; thou, perchance  
Exulting in the pride of victory,  
Forgettest him who perish'd ; yet alpeit 260  
Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth ;  
That hour allotted, canst thou not escape  
That dreadful hour, when Contumely and Shame  
Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid !  
Destined to drain the cup of bitterness, 265  
Even to its dregs ! England's inhuman Chiefs  
Shall scoff thy sorrows, black thy spotless fame,  
Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,  
And force such burning blushes to the cheek  
Of Virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish 270  
The earth might cover thee ! in that last hour,  
When thy bruise'd breast shall heave beneath the chains  
That link thee to the stake ; when o'er thy form,  
Exposed unmantled, the brute multitude  
Shall gaze, and thou shalt hear the ribald taunt, 275  
More painful than the circling flames that scorch  
Each quivering member ; wilt thou not in vain



Then wish my friendly aid ? then wish thine ear  
 Had drank my words of comfort ? that thy hand  
 Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved 280  
 Insulted modesty ?" Her glowing cheek  
 Blush'd crimson ; her wide eye on vacancy  
 Was fix'd ; her breath short panted. The cold Fiend,  
 Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, " Too timid Maid,  
 So long repugnant to the healing aid 285  
 My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold  
 The allotted length of life." He stamp'd the earth,  
 And dragging a huge coffin as his car,  
 Two GOULS came on, of form more fearful-foul  
 'Than ever palfied in her wildest dream 290  
 Hag-ridden Superstition. Then DESPAIR  
 Seiz'd on the Maid, whose curdling blood stood still,  
 And placed her in the seat ; and on they pass'd  
 Adown the deep descent. A meteor light  
 Shot from the Demons, as they dragg'd along 295  
 The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren glut  
 On carcases. Below the vault dilates  
 Its ample bulk. " Look here !"---DESPAIR address'd  
 The shuddering Virgin, " see the dome of DEATH !"

It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid 300  
 The entrails of the earth, as though to form  
 The grave of all mankind : no eye could reach,  
 Though gifted with the Eagle's ample ken,  
 Its distant bounds. There, thron'd in darkness, dwelt  
 The unseen POWER OF DEATH.

Here stop't the GOULS, 305

Reaching the destin'd spot. The Fiend leapt out,  
And from the coffin, as he led the Maid,  
Exclaim'd, "Where never yet stood mortal man  
Thou standest: look around this boundless vault;  
Observe the dole that Nature deals to man, 310  
And learn to know thy friend." She not replied,  
Observing where the Fates their several tasks  
Plied ceaseless. "Mark how short the longest web  
Allowed to man!" he cried; "observe how soon,  
Twin'd round yon never-resting wheel, they change  
Their snowy hue, darkening through many a shade,  
Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers!"

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,  
Drawn from the heap, as white as unspun'd snow,  
Or as the lovely lily of the vale, 320  
Was never one beyond the little span  
Of infancy untainted: few there were  
But lightly tinged; more of deep crimson hue,  
Or deeper sable died. Two Genii stood,  
Still as the web of Being was drawn forth, 325  
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,  
The one unsparing dash'd the bitter wave  
Of woe; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow  
Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form  
Shed less profusely there his lesser store; 330  
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,  
Mourning the lot of man; and happy he  
Who on his thread those precious drops receives;  
If it be happiness to have the pulse

Throb fast with pity, and in such a world 335  
 Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches  
 With anguish at the sight of human woe !

To her the Fiend, well-hoping now success,  
 " This is thy thread ! observe how short the span,  
 And see how copious yonder Genius pours 340  
 The bitter stream of woe." The Maiden saw  
 Fearless. " Now gaze !" the tempter Fiend exclaim'd,  
 And placed again the poniard in her hand,  
 For SUPERSTITION, with sulphureal torch,  
 Stalk'd to the loom. " This, Damsel, is thy fate !  
 The hour draws on---now drench the dagger deep !  
 Now rush to happier worlds !" The Maid replied,  
 " Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,  
 Impious I strive not : be that will perform'd !"

Lo ! as she spake, celestial radiance beam'd 350  
 Amid the air ; such odors wafting now  
 As ever fled upon the evening gale,  
 From Eden's blissful bowers. An angel form  
 Stood by the Maid ; his wings, ethereal white,  
 Flash'd like the diamond in the noon-tide sun, 355  
 Dazzling her mortal eye : all else appear'd  
 Her THEODORE. Amazed she saw : the Fiend  
 Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice  
 Sounded ; though now more musically sweet  
 Than ever yet had thrill'd her charmed soul 360  
 When eloquent Affection fondly told  
 The day-dreams of delight ! " Beloved Maid !  
 Lo ! I am with thee ! still thy Theodore !

Hearts in the holy bands of Love combin'd,  
Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine ! 365  
A little while, and thou shalt dwell with me  
In scenes where Sorrow is not. Cheerily  
Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,  
Rough though it be, and painful, for the grave  
Is but the threshold of Eternity ! 370

Favor'd of Heaven ! to thee is given to view  
These secret realms. In night unpierceable  
Enveloped, DEATH is there, around him wait  
His ministers." Undauntedly the Maid  
Beheld his ghastly train. The withered form 375  
Of AGE : his cheek was hollow, and his eyes  
Sunk deep, and palsied were his toothless jaws.

He, as he tottered on the open grave,  
Look'd back, and call'd on one with earnest voice  
For aid ; yet never aid from him received 380  
His fellow minister : all gravity

He was, a well-wigg'd form, and in his hand  
A gold-topt cane, which ever to his lips,  
In thought profound, he press'd : his lofty speech  
With learned phrase abounded, such as fills 385  
The astonish'd soul with awe : and oft his hand  
Dire incantations drew, with magic drugs,  
To fill the mystic phial, which who feels,  
With griping pains oppress'd, shall toss and writhe,  
Till Nature, wearied with disease, and sick 390  
Of remedy, must yield the unequal strife.

MURDER was there, well-versed in many a shape



To serve his shadowy King ; or in the rags  
 Of ruffian poverty, or skill to drug  
 The bowl with death, or, hid beneath his cloak, 395  
 Sharp the stiletto for the mortal blow ;  
 Now in the form of Honor, fierce to talk  
 Of satisfaction for his injuries,  
 And reputation, and the jargon'd phrase  
 That make mankind genteely violate 400  
 The law of God. But these are petty deeds  
 For this proud Fiend, that o'er the ravaged earth  
 Stalks royally, and bids his liveried slaves,  
 His hireling train'd assassins, to go forth,  
 And desolate and kill ! As on they pass'd 405  
 Beyond the hideous train, thus Theodore  
 Pursued ; " The bottom of the vast abyss  
 Thou treadest, Maiden ! Here the dungeons are  
 Where bad men learn repentance ; souls diseased  
 Must have their remedy ; and where disease 410  
 Is rooted deep, the remedy is long  
 Perforce, and painful." Thus the Spirit spake,  
 And led the Maid along a narrow path,  
 Dark-gleaming to the light of far-off flames,  
 More dread than darkness. Soon the distant sound  
 Of clanking anvils, and the lengthened breath  
 Provoking fire are heard ; and now they reach  
 A vast expanded den, where all around  
 Tremendous furnaces, with hellish blaze,  
 Flamed dreadful. At the heaving bellows stood  
 The meagre form of CARE, and as he blew

To augment the fire, the fire augmented, scorch'd  
 His wretched limbs : sleepless for ever thus  
 He toil'd and toil'd, of toil to reap no end  
 But endless toil, and never-ending woe. 425

An aged man went round the infernal vault  
 Urging his workmen at their ceaseless task :  
 White were his locks, as is the wintry snow  
 On hoar Plinlimmon's head. A golden staff  
 His steps supported ; powerful talisman, 430  
 Which who so feels shall never feel again  
 The tear of Pity or the throb of Love.  
 Touch'd but by this, the massy gates give way,  
 The buttress trembles, and the guarded wall,  
 Guarded in vain, submits. Him heathens erst 435  
 Had deified, and bowed the suppliant knee  
 To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,  
 Though he the Blessed Teacher of mankind  
 Hath said, that easier through the needle's eye  
 Shall the huge cable pass, than the rich man 440  
 Enter the gates of Heaven. " Ye cannot serve  
 Your God, and worship MAMMON."

" Missioned Maid !"

So spake the Angel, " know that these, whose hands  
 Round each white furnace ply the unceasing toil,  
 Were Mammon's slaves on earth. They did not spare  
 To wring from Poverty the hard-earn'd mite ;  
 They robb'd the orphan's pittance ; they could see  
 Want's asking eye unmoved ; and therefore these,  
 Ranged round the furnace, still must persevere

In Mammon's service ; scorch'd by these fierce fires,  
And frequent deluged by th' o'erboiling ore :  
Yet still so framed, that oft to quench their thirst  
Unquenchable, large draughts of molten gold  
They drink insatiate, still with pain renewed,  
Pain to destroy !" So saying, her he led 455  
Forth from the dreadful cavern to a cell,  
Brilliant with gem-born light. The rugged walls  
Part gleam'd with gold, and part with silver ore  
A milder radiance shone. The Carbuncle  
There, its strong lustre like the flaming sun, 460  
Shot forth irradiate ; from the earth beneath,  
And from the roof a diamond light emits ;  
Rubies and Amethysts their glows commix'd  
With the gay Topaz, and the softer ray  
Shot from the Sapphire, and the Emerald's hue, 465  
And bright Pyropus. There on golden seats,  
A numerous, fullen, melancholy train,  
Sat silent. " Maiden, these," said Theodore,  
" Are they who let the love of wealth absorb  
All other passions ; in their souls that vice 470  
Struck deeply-rooted, like the poison-tree  
That with its shade spreads barrenness around.  
These, Maid ! were men by no atrocious crime  
Blacken'd ; no fraud, nor Russian violence :  
Men of fair dealing, and respectable 475  
On earth, but such as only for themselves  
Heap'd up their treasures, deeming all their wealth  
Their own, and given to them, by partial Heaven,

To bless them only : therefore here they sit,  
Possessed of gold enough, and by no pain 480  
Tormented, save the knowledge of the bliss  
They lost, and vain repentance. Here they dwell,  
Loathing these useless treasures, till the hour  
Of general restitution." Thence they part,  
And now arrived at such a gorgeous dome, 485  
As even the pomp of Eastern opulence  
Could never equal : wandered through its halls  
A numerous train ; some with the red-swoln eye  
Of riot and intemperance-bloated cheek ;  
Some pale and nerveless, and with feeble step, 490  
And eyes lack-lustre. " Maiden !" said her guide,  
" These are the wretched slaves of Appetite,  
Curst with their wish enjoyed : the Epicure  
Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd sense  
Loaths at the banquet : the Voluptuous here 495  
Plunge in the tempting torrent of delight,  
And sink in misery. All they wish'd on earth,  
Possessing here, whom have they to accuse,  
But their own folly, for the lot they chose ?  
Yet, for that these injured themselves alone, 500  
They to the house of PENITENCE may hie,  
And, by a long and painful regimen,  
To wearied Nature her exhausted powers  
Restore, till they shall learn to form the wish  
Of wisdom, and ALMIGHTY GOODNESS grants 505  
That prize to him who seeks it." Whilst he spake,  
The board is spread. With bloated paunch, and eye  
R



Fat swollen, and legs whose monstrous size disgraced  
 The human form divine, their caterer,  
 Hight GLUTTONY, set forth the smoaking feast. 510  
 And by his side came on a brother form,  
 With fiery cheek of purple hue, and red  
 And scurfy-white, mix'd motley: his gross bulk,  
 Like some huge hoghead shapen'd, as applied.  
 Him had antiquity with mystic rites 515  
 Ador'd, to him the sons of Greece, and thine  
 Imperial Rome! on many an altar pour'd  
 The victim blood, with godlike titles graced;  
 BACCHUS, or DIONUSUS, son of JOVE,  
 Deem'd falsely, for from FOLLY's idiot form 520  
 He sprung, what time MADNESS, with furious hand,  
 Seiz'd on the laughing female. At one birth  
 She brought the brethren, menial here, above  
 Reigning with sway supreme; and oft they hold  
 High revels. Mid the monastery's gloom, 525  
 Thy palace GLUTTONY! and oft to thee  
 The sacrifice is spread, when the grave voice  
 Episcopal, proclaims approaching day  
 Of visitation, or Church-wardens meet  
 To save the wretched many from the gripe 530  
 Of eager Poverty, or amid thy halls  
 Of London, mighty Mayor! rich Aldermen  
 Of coming-feast hold converse. Otherwhere,  
 For though allied in nature as in blood,  
 They hold divided sway, his brother lifts 535  
 His spongy sceptre. In the noble domes

Of Princes, and state-wearied Ministers,  
Maddening he reigns ; and when the affrighted mind  
Casts o'er a long career of guilt and blood  
Its eye reluctant, then his aid is sought 540  
To lull the worm of Conscience to repose.  
He too the halls of country Squires frequents,  
But chiefly loves the learned gloom that shades  
Thy offspring, Rhedycina ! and thy walls,  
Granta ! Nightly libations there to him 545  
Profuse are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain  
Triangles, Circles, Parallelograms,  
Moods, Tenses, Dialects, and Demigods,  
And Logic and Theology are swept  
By the red deluge. Unmolested there 550  
He reigns ; till comes at length the general feast,  
Septennial sacrifice ; then when the sons  
Of England meet, with watchful care to choose  
Their delegates—wise ! independent men !  
Unbribing and unbrib'd ! and cull'd to guard 555  
Their rights and charters from the encroaching grasp  
Of greedy Power : then all the joyful land  
Join in his sacrifices, so inspir'd  
To make the important choice. The observing Maid  
Address'd her guide, " These, Theodore, thou sayest  
Are men who, pampering their foul appetites,  
Injured themselves alone. But where are they,  
The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil  
Around the guileless female, so to sting  
The heart that loves them ?"

"Them," the Spirit replied, 565  
 "A long and dreadful punishment awaits.  
 For when the prey of want and infamy,  
 Lower and lower still the victim sinks  
 Even to the depth of shame, not one lewd word,  
 One impious imprecation from her lips 570  
 Escapes, nay, not a thought of evil lurks  
 In the polluted mind, that does not plead  
 Before the throne of Justice thunder-tongued  
 Against the foul Seducer." Now they reach'd  
 The house of PENITENCE. CREDULITY 575  
 Stood at the gate, stretching her eager head  
 As though to listen ; on her vacant face,  
 A smile that promised premature assent ;  
 Though her REGRET behind, a meagre Fiend !  
 Disciplin'd sorely. Here they entered in, 580  
 And now arrived where as in study tranced  
 She sat the Mistress of the Dome. Her face  
 Spoke that compos'd severity, that knows  
 No angry impulse, no weak tenderness,  
 Resolved, and calm. Before her lay that Book 585  
 That hath the words of Life ; and as she read,  
 Sometimes a tear would trickle down her cheek,  
 Though heavenly Joy beam'd in her eye the while.  
 Leaving her undisturb'd, to the first ward  
 Of this great Lazar-house, the Angel led 590  
 The favor'd Maid of Orleans. Kneeling down  
 On the hard stone that their bare knees had worn,  
 In sackcloth robed, a numerous train appear'd :

Hard featur'd some, and some demurely grave ;  
 Yet such expression stealing from the eye, 595  
 As though, that only naked, all the rest  
 Was one close-fitting mask : a scoffing Fiend  
 (For Fiend he was, though wisely serving here)  
 Mock'd at his patients, and did often pour  
 Ashes upon them, and then bid them say 600  
 Their prayers aloud, and then he louder laughed :  
 For these were Hypocrites, on earth revered  
 As holy ones, who did in public tell [selves,  
 Their beads, and make long prayers, and cross them-  
 And call themselves most miserable sinners, 605  
 That so they might be deem'd most pious saints ;  
 And go all filth, and never let a smile  
 Bend their stern muscles, gloomy sullen men !  
 Barren of all affection ! and all this  
 To please their God, forsooth ! and therefore SCORN  
 Grinn'd at his patients, making them repeat  
 Their solemn farce, with keenest raillery  
 Tormenting ; but if earnest in their prayer,  
 They pour'd the silent sorrows of the soul  
 To Heaven, then did they not regard his mocks 615  
 Which then came painless, and HUMILITY  
 Soon rescued them, and led to PENITENCE,  
 That She might lead to Heaven.

From thence they came,  
 Where, in the next Ward, a most wretched band  
 Groan'd underneath the bitter tyranny 620  
 Of a fierce Demon ; his coarse hair was red,



Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot ; and his face  
Wrinkled by such a smile as Malice wears  
In ecstasy. Well-pleased he went around,  
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some, 625  
Or probing with a poison'd lance their breasts,  
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds ;  
Or seizing some within his mighty grasp  
He fix'd them on a stake, and then drew back,  
And laugh'd to see them writhe.

“ These,” said the Spirit, 630  
“ Are taught by CRUELTY, to loath the lives  
They led themselves. Here are those wicked men  
Who loved to exercise their tyrant power  
On speechless brutes ; bad husbands undergo  
A long purgation here ; the Traffickers 635  
In human flesh here too are disciplin'd,  
Till by their sufferings they have equall'd all  
The miseries they inflicted, all the mass  
Of wretchedness caused by the wars they waged,  
The towns they burnt, (for they who bribe to war 640  
Are guilty of the blood) the widows left  
In want, the slave or led to suicide,  
Or murdered by the foul infected air  
Of his close dungeon, or, more sad than all,  
His virtue lost, his very soul enslaved, 645  
And driven by woe to wickedness. These next,  
Whom thou beholdest in this dreary room,  
So sullen, and with such an eye of hate  
Each on the other scowling, these have been

False friends. Tormented by their own dark thoughts  
Here they dwell : in the hollow of their hearts  
There is a worm that feeds ! and though thou seest  
That skilful leech who willingly would heal  
The ill they suffer, judging of all else  
By their own evil standard, they suspect 655  
The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus  
By vice its punishment." " But who are these,"  
The Maid exclaim'd, " that robed in flowing lawn,  
And mitred, or in scarlet, and in caps  
Like Cardinals, I see in every ward 660  
Performing menial service at the beck  
Of all who bid them ?" Theodore replied,  
" These men are they who in the name of CHRIST  
Did heap up wealth, and arrogating power,  
Did make men bow the knee, and call themselves  
Most Reverend Graces and Right Reverend Lords :  
They dwelt in palaces, in purple clothed,  
And in fine linen : therefore are they here ;  
And though they would not minister on earth,  
Here penanced they perforce must minister : 670  
For he, the lowly Man of Nazareth,  
Hath said, his kingdom is not of the world."

So saying, on they past, and now arrived  
Where such a hideous ghastly group abode,  
That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye, 675  
And shudder'd : each one was a loathly corpse !  
The worm did banquet on his putrid prey,  
Yet had they life and feeling exquisite,

Tho' motionless and mute. "Most wretched men  
Are these," the angel cried.

"These, *JOAN*, are Bards 680  
Whose loose lascivious lays perpetuate  
Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,  
Who sat them down, deliberately lewd,  
So to awake and pamper lust in minds  
Unborn ; and therefore foul of body now 685  
As then they were of soul, they here abide  
Their punishment, and here they must abide  
Long as the evil works they left on earth  
Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom !  
Yet amply merited by that bad man 690  
Who prostitutes the sacred gift of song."

They entered now a large and lofty dome,  
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light  
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.  
Enthroned around, the MURDERERS OF MANKIND !  
Monarchs, the great ! the glorious ! the august !  
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire,  
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod he was there,  
First King the mighty hunter ; and that Chief  
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so 700  
He might be call'd young Ammon. In this court  
Cesar was crown'd, accurst liberticide ;  
And he who murder'd Tully, that cold villain !  
Octavius, tho' the courtly minion's lyre  
Hath hymn'd his praise, tho' Maro sung to him, 705  
And when Death levell'd to original clay

The royal carcass, FLATTERY, fawning low,  
 Fell at his feet, and worshipp'd the new God !  
 Titus was here, the Conqueror of the Jews, '  
 He the Delight of human-kind misnamed ; 710  
 Cefars and Soldans, Emperors and Kings ;  
 Here they were all, all who for glory fought,  
 Here in the COURT OF GLORY, reaping now  
 The meed they merited. As gazing round  
 The Virgin mark'd the miserable train, 715  
 A deep and hollow voice from one went forth ;  
 " Thou who art come to view our punishment,  
 Maiden of Orleans ! hither turn thine eyes,  
 For I am he whose bloody victories  
 Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo ! I am here,  
 The hero conqueror of Azincour,  
 HENRY OF ENGLAND !---wretched that I am !  
 I might have reigned in happiness and peace,  
 My coffers full, my subjects undisturb'd,  
 And PLENTY and PROSPERITY had loved 725  
 To dwell amongst them : but mine eye beheld  
 The realm of France, by faction tempest-torn ;  
 And therefore I did think that it would fall  
 An easy prey. I persecuted those  
 Who taught new doctrines, tho' they taught the truth :  
 And when I heard of thousands by the sword  
 Cut off, or blasted by the pestilence,  
 I calmly counted up my proper gains,  
 And sent new herds to slaughter : temperate  
 Myself, no blood that mutinied, no vice 735



Tainting my private life, I sent abroad  
 MURDER and RAPE ; and therefore am I doom'd,  
 Like these imperial Sufferers, crown'd with fire,  
 Here to remain, till Man's awaken'd eye  
 Shall see the genuine blackness of our deeds, 740  
 And warn'd by them, till the whole human race,  
 Equalling in bliss the aggregate we caus'd  
 Of wretchedness, shall form ONE BROTHERHOOD,  
 ONE UNIVERSAL FAMILY OF LOVE."

The Maiden, musing on the Warrior's words, 745  
 Turn'd from the Hall of Glory. Now they reach'd  
 A cavern, at whose mouth a Genius stood,  
 In front, a beardless youth, whose smiling eye  
 Beam'd promise, but behind withered and old,  
 And all unlovely. Underneath his feet 750  
 Lay records trampled, and the laurel wreath  
 Now rent and faded : in his hand he held  
 An hour-glass, and, as fall the restless sands,  
 So pass the lives of men. By him they pass  
 Along the darksome cave, and reach'd a stream,  
 Aye rolling onward its perpetual waves,  
 Noiseless and undisturb'd. Here they ascend  
 A Bark unpiloted, that down the flood,  
 Borne by the current, rush'd. The circling stream,  
 Returning to itself, an island form'd ; 760  
 Nor had the Maiden's footsteps ever reach'd  
 The insulated coast, eternally  
 Rapt round the endless course ; but Theodore,  
 With force angelic, drove the obedient bark.

They land, a mighty fabric meets their eyes, 765  
Seen by its gem-born light. Of adamant  
The pile was framed, for ever to abide  
Firm in eternal strength. Before the gate  
Stood eager EXPECTATION, as to lift  
The half-heard murmurs issuing from within, 770  
Her mouth half-open'd, and her head stretch'd forth.  
On the other side there stood an aged Crone,  
Listening to every breath of air; she knew  
Vague suppositions and uncertain dreams,  
Of what was soon to come, for she would mark 775  
The pale glow-worm's self-created light,  
And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,  
And desolated nations; ever fill'd  
With undetermined terror, as she heard  
Or distant screech owl, or the regular beat 780  
Of evening death-watch. "Maid," the Spirit cried,  
"Here, robed in shadows, dwells FUTURITY.  
There is no eye hath seen her secret form,  
For round the MOTHER OF TIME, unpierced mists  
Aye hover. Would'st thou read the book of Fate,  
Enter." The Damsel for a moment paus'd,  
Then to the Angel spake: "All-gracious Heaven!  
Benignant in withholding, hath denied  
To man that knowledge. I, in faith assur'd,  
That he, my heavenly Father, for the best 790  
Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain  
Contented." "Well and wisely hast thou said,"  
So Theodore replied; and as he spake,

Seizing her hand, (for Spirits have such power  
 That there they *are* where they but wish to be, 800  
 Swift as the thought that guides them) in a vale  
 They stood ; a fairer spot industrious Man  
 Made never, tho' in climes where Nature pours  
 Profuse her bounty. Forest-waving hills  
 Bosom'd the tranquil scene, beneath whose feet 805  
 A river roll'd along its willowy course,  
 And as it wound beneath the neighbouring coomb,  
 Allur'd the charmed eye. Here, as they pass  
 Beneath a woodbine bower, a manly form  
 They saw of open visage, who from wood 810  
 Of odorous Myrtle form'd the shafts of Love.  
 Yet whilst HUMANITY thus plied his toil,  
 DECEIT would steal away the precious shafts,  
 And in their stead the evil darts return,  
 Form'd from the Cypress or the Aspin wood, 815  
 Or from that tree that on the traveller drops  
 The dews of death. And as the Genius form'd  
 His shafts, he plunged them in the urn of bliss :  
 But brooding evil to the race of man,  
 Sat shameless VICE behind, and fann'd her fire, 820  
 Hell-kindled, heating in its flames the darts  
 DECEIT had form'd, and AVARICE venom'd them  
 With his cold drugs that petrify the heart.  
 "These are the Demons that pervert the power  
 Of Love," said Theodore. "The time was once  
 When LOVE and HAPPINESS went hand in hand,  
 In that blest era of the infant world

Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.  
Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd,  
He spake his honest heart ; the earliest fruits 830  
His toil produced, the sweetest flowers that deck'd  
The sunny bank, he gather'd for the maid,  
Nor she disdain'd the gift—for VICE not yet  
Had burst the dungeons of her hell, and rear'd  
Those artificial boundaries that divide 835  
Man from his species. State of blessedness !  
Till that ill-omen'd hour when Cain's stern son  
Delved in the bowels of the earth for gold,  
Accursed bane of virtue ! of such force  
As poets feign dwelt in the Gorgon's locks, 840  
Which whoso saw, felt instant the life-blood  
Cold curdle in his veins, the creeping flesh  
Grew stiff with horror, and the heart forgot  
To beat. Accursed hour ! for man no more  
To JUSTICE paid his homage, but forsook 845  
Her altars, and bow'd down before the shrine  
Of WEALTH and POWER, the idols he had made.  
Then HELL enlarg'd herself, her gates flew wide,  
Her legion fiends rush'd forth. OPPRESSION came,  
Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath 850  
Blasts like the Pestilence ; and POVERTY,  
A meagre monster, who with withering touch  
Makes barren all the better part of man,  
MOTHER OF MISERIES ; then the goodly earth  
Which God had fram'd for happiness, became 855  
One theatre of woe, and all that God



Had given to bless free men, these tyrant fiends  
 His bitterest curses made. Yet for the best  
 Hath he ordained all things, the ALL-WISE !  
 For by experience rous'd shall man at length 860  
 Dash down his Moloch Idols, Samson-like,  
 And burst his fetters--only strong whilst strong  
 Believed ; then in the bottomless abyss  
 OPPRESSION shall be chain'd, and POVERTY  
 Die, and with her, her Brood of Miseries ; 865  
 And VIRTUE and EQUALITY preserve  
 The reign of LOVE, and Earth shall once again  
 Be Paradise, whilst WISDOM shall secure  
 The state of bliss which IGNORANCE betrayed."

" Oh age of happiness !" the Maid exclaim'd,  
 " Roll fast thy current, Time, till that blest age  
 Arrive ! and happy thou, my Theodore,  
 Permitted thus to see the sacred depths  
 Of wisdom !" " Such," the blessed Spirit replied,  
 " Beloved ! such our lot ; allowed to range 875  
 The vast infinity, progressive still  
 In knowledge, and increasing blessedness,  
 This our united portion. Thou hast yet  
 A little while to sojourn amongst men :  
 I will be with thee ! there shall not a breeze 880  
 Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing  
 I will not hover near ! and at that hour  
 When from its fleshly sepulchre let loose,  
 Thy phoenix soul shall soar, O best-beloved !  
 I will be with thee in thine agonies, 885

And welcome thee to life and happiness,  
Eternal infinite beatitude !”

He spake, and led her near a straw-roof'd cot,  
Love's Palace. By the Virtues circled there,  
The cherub listen'd to such melodies,  
As aye, when one good deed is register'd 890  
Above, re-echo in the halls of Heaven.

LABOR was there, his crisp locks floating loose,  
Clear was his cheek, and beaming his full eye,  
And strong his arm robust; the wood-nymph HEALTH  
Still follow'd on his path, and where he trod 895  
Fresh flowers and fruits arose. And there was HOPE,  
The general friend; and MERCY, whose mild eye  
Wept o'er the widowed dove; and, loveliest form,  
Majestic CHASTITY, whose sober smile

Delights and awes the soul, a laurel wreath 900  
Restrain'd her tresses, and upon her breast  
The snow-drop hung its head, that seem'd to grow  
Spontaneous, cold and fair; still by the Maid  
LOVE went submiss, with eye more dangerous  
Than fancied basilisk to wound whoe'er 905  
Too bold approached, yet anxious would he read  
Her every rising wish, then only pleased  
When pleasing. Hymning him the song was rais'd.

“Glory to thee, whose vivifying power  
Pervades all Nature's universal frame ! 910  
Glory to thee, CREATOR LOVE ! to thee,  
Parent of all the smiling CHARITIES,  
That strew the thorny path of Life with flowers !

Glory to thee, PRESERVER ! to thy praise  
The awakened Woodlands echo all the day 915  
Their living melody ; and warbling forth  
To thee her twilight song, the Nightingale  
Holds the lone Traveller from his way, or charms  
The listening Poet's ear. Where LOVE shall deign  
To fix his seat, there blameless PLEASURE sheds 920  
Her roseate dew ; CONTENT will sojourn there,  
And HAPPINESS behold AFFECTION's eye  
Gleam with the Mother's smile. Thrice happy he  
Who feels thy holy power ! he shall not drag,  
Forlorn and friendless, along Life's long path 925  
To Age's drear abode ; he shall not waste  
The bitter evening of his days unsooth'd ;  
But HOPE shall cheer his hours of Solitude,  
And VICE shall vainly strive to wound his breast,  
That bears that talisman ; and when he meets 930  
The eloquent eye of TENDERNESS, and hears  
The bosom-thrilling music of her voice ;  
The joy he feels shall purify his soul,  
And imp it for anticipated Heaven."

## BOOK THE TENTH,

### ARGUMENT.

*Transactions of the French at Orleans. Arrivals of Du Chastel and Richemont. The English meet their expected succours. Battle of Patay. The King arrives. The Poem concludes with the Coronation of Charles at Rheims.*

THE morning came, and from the Eastern clouds,  
Emerging in his glory, the new Sun  
Pour'd on the Virgin's cheek his startling rays.  
Serene she rose, her anguish mellowed down  
Even to that sober sadness that delights 5  
On other days to dwell. Her issuing forth  
The Bastard met. "Hail MAID OF ORLEANS! hail  
Preserver of the French," the Chief exclaim'd.  
The hostile host are fled; yet not by flight  
Shall England's robber sons escape the arm 10  
Of Retribution. Even now our troops,  
By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied  
With conquest, clamor to pursue the foe."  
The Delegated Damsel thus replied:  
"So let them fly, Dunois! but other toils 15  
Than those of battle, these our hallowed troops



Await. Look yonder to that carnaged plain!  
 Behoves us there to delve the general grave :  
 Then, Chieftain, for pursuit, when we have paid  
 The rites of burial to our fellow-men, 20  
 And hymn'd our gratitude to that **ALL-JUST**  
 Who gave the conquest. Thou, meantime, dispatch  
 Tidings to Chinon : bid the King set forth,  
 That crowning him before assembled France,  
 In Rheims delivered from the enemy, 25  
 I may accomplish all." So said the Maid,  
 Then to the gate moved on. The assembled troops  
 Beheld their coming Chief, and smote their shields,  
 Clamoring their admiration ; for they thought  
 That she would lead them to the instant war. 30  
 She waved her hand, and silence still'd the host.  
 Then thus the Mission'd Maid, " Fellows in arms !  
 We must not speed to joyful victory,  
 Whilst our unburied comrades, on yon plain,  
 Allure the carrion bird. Give we this day 35  
 To our dear friends !" Nor did she speak in vain ;  
 For as she spake, the thirst of battle dies  
 In every breast, such awe and love pervade [plain  
 The listening troops. They o'er the corse-strewn  
 Speed to their sad employment : some dig deep 40  
 The house of Death ; some bear the lifeless load ;  
 One little troop search carefully around,  
 If haply they might find surviving yet  
 Some wounded wretches. As they labor thus,  
 They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms ; 45

See distant standards waving on the air,  
And hear the clarion's clang. Then spake the Maid  
To Conrade, and she bade him speed to view  
The coming army ; or to meet their march  
With friendly greeting, or if foes they came 50  
With such array of battle as short space  
Allowed : the Warrior sped across the plain,  
And soon beheld the banner'd lilies wave.

Their Chief was Richemont : he, when as he heard  
What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade  
His troops assist in burial : they, though grieved  
At late arrival, and the expected day  
Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid :  
They dig the general grave, and thither bear  
English or French, alike commingled now ! 60  
And heap the mound of Death. Amid the plain  
There was a little eminence, of old  
Piled o'er some honored Chieftain's narrow house.  
His praise the song had ceas'd to celebrate,  
And many an unknown age had the long grass 65  
Waved o'er the nameless mound, tho' barren now  
Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.  
There, elevate, the Martial Maiden stood.  
Her brow unhelmed, and floating on the wind  
Her long dark locks. The silent troops around 70  
Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field  
Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze  
Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,  
Such deep attention held them. She began.

“Glory to those who in their country’s cause 75  
Fall in the field of battle ! Citizens,  
I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,  
Our comrades, nor with vain and idle phrase  
Of pity and compassion, to console  
The friends who loved them. They, indeed, who fall  
Beneath Oppression’s banner, merit well  
Our pity ; may the GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE  
Be merciful to those blood-guilty men  
Who came to desolate the realm of France,  
To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves, 85  
Before a tyrant’s footstool ! Give to these,  
And to their wives and orphan little-ones,  
That on their distant father vainly cry  
For bread, give these your pity. Wretched men,  
Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven 90  
By Need and Hunger to the trade of blood ;  
Or, if with free and willing mind they came,  
Most wretched—for before the eternal throne  
They stand, as hireling murderers arraign’d.  
But our dead comrades for their freedom fought ;  
No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes  
Of promise, to allure them to this fight,  
This holy warfare ! them their parents sent,  
And as they raised their streaming eyes to Heaven,  
Bade them go forth, and from the ruffian’s sword  
Save their grey hairs : these men their wives sent forth,  
Fix’d their last kisses on their armed hands,  
And bade them in the battle think they fought

For them and for their babes. Thus rous'd to rage  
By every milder feeling, they rush'd forth, 105  
They fought, they conquered.

“To this high-rear'd mound,  
The men of Orleans shall in after days  
Bring their young boys, and tell them of the deeds  
Our gallant friends achieved, and bid them learn  
Like them to love their country, and like them, 110  
Should wild Oppression pour again its tide  
Of desolation, to step forth and stem  
Fearless the furious torrent. Men of France !  
Mourn not for these our comrades ; boldly they  
Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One, 115  
Who bade the angels harbinger his word  
With “Peace on Earth,” rewards them. We survive,  
Honoring their memories to avenge their fall  
On England's ruffian hordes ; in vain her chiefs  
Madly will drain her wealth and waste her blood  
To conquer this vast realm ! for, easier were it  
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,  
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men  
Determin'd to be free : yes--let them rage,  
And drain their country's wealth, and waste her blood,  
And pour their hireling thousands on our coasts,  
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,  
And like the rock amid surrounding waves,  
Repel the rushing ocean--she shall wield  
The thunderbolt of vengeance--she shall blast 130  
The Despots that assail her.” As she ceas'd,



Such murmur from the multitude arose,  
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze  
Moves o'er the elmy vale : there was not one  
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend, 135  
Slain in the fight of Freedom ; or if chance  
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye,  
The Patriot's joy flash'd thro'. And now the rites  
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to Heaven  
They chanted. To the town the Maid return'd,  
Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man,  
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin loved.  
They of pursuit and of the future war  
Sat communing ; when loud the trumpet's voice  
Proclaim'd approaching herald. " To the Maid,"  
Exclaim'd the Messenger, " and thee, Dunois,  
Son of the Chief he loved ! Du Chastel sends  
Greeting. The aged warrior has not spared  
All active efforts to partake your toil,  
And serve his country ; and tho' late arrived, 150  
He share not in the fame your arms acquire ;  
His heart is glad that he is late arrived,  
And France preserved thus early. He were here  
To join your host, and follow on their flight,  
But Richemont is his foe. To that high Lord 155  
Thus says my Master : We, tho' each to each  
Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons  
Of this our common country. Do thou join  
The conquering troops, and prosecute success ;  
I will the while assault what guarded towns 160

Bedford yet holds in Orleannois : one day,  
Perhaps the Constable of France may learn  
He wrong'd Du Chastel." As the herald spake,  
The crimson current rush'd to Richemont's cheek.  
"Tell to thy Master," eager he replied, 165  
"I am the foe of those Court Parasites  
Who poison the King's ear. Him who shall serve  
Our country in the field, I hold my friend :  
Such may Du Chastel prove." So said the Chief,  
And pausing as the Herald went his way, 170  
Gaz'd on the Virgin. "Maiden ! if aright  
I deem, thou dost not with a friendly eye  
Scan my past deeds." Then o'er the Damsel's cheek  
A faint glow spread. "True, Chieftain !" she replied,  
"Report bespeaks thee haughty, of thy power 175  
Jealous, and to the shedding human blood  
Revengeful." "Maid of Orleans !" he exclaim'd,  
"Should the Wolf slaughter thy defenceless flock,  
Were it a crime if thy more mighty force  
Destroy'd the fell destroyer ? if thy hand 180  
Had pierc'd the ruffian as he burst thy door  
Prepar'd for midnight murder, would'st thou feel  
The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul ?  
I slew the Wolves of State, the Murderers  
Of thousands. *JOAN!* when rusted in its sheath,  
The sword of Justice hung, blam'st thou the man  
That lent his weapon for the virtuous deed ?"

Conrade replied. "Nay, Richemont, it were well  
To pierce the ruffian as he burst thy doors ;

But if he bear the plunder safely thence, 190  
And thou should'st meet him on the future day ;  
Vengeance must not be thine : there is the law  
To punish ; and if thy impatient hand,  
Unheard and uncondemn'd, should execute  
Death on that man, Justice will not allow 195  
The Judge in the Accuser !" "Thou hast said  
Right wisely, Warrior !" cried the Constable ;  
" But there are guilty ones above the law,  
Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound  
Of private guilt ; court vermin that buz round, 200  
And fly-blow the King's ear, and make him waste,  
In this most perilous time, his people's wealth  
And blood : immers'd one while in crimson sloth,  
Heedless tho' ruin threat the realm they rule ;  
And now projecting some mad enterprize, 205  
To certain slaughter send their wretched troops.  
These are the men that make the King suspect  
His wisest, faithfullest, best Counsellors ;  
And for themselves and their dependants, seize  
All places, and all profits ; and they wrest 210  
To their own ends the Statutes of the land,  
Or safely break them : thus, or indolent,  
Or active, ruinous alike to France.  
Wisely thou sayest, Warrior ! that the Law  
Should strike the guilty ; but the voice of Justice  
Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries ;  
Whom the Laws cannot reach the Dagger should."

The Maid replied, " I blame thee not, O Chief !  
If, reasoning to thine own conviction thus,  
Thou didst, well satisfied, destroy these men 220  
Above the Law : but if a meaner one,  
Self-constituting him the Minister  
Of Justice, to the death of these bad men [seized,  
Had wrought the deed, him would the Laws have  
And doom'd a Murderer : thee, thy power preserved !  
And what hast thou exampled ? thou hast taught  
All men to execute what deeds of blood  
Their will or passion sentence : right and wrong  
Confounding thus, and making Power, of all,  
Sole arbiter. Thy acts were criminal, 230  
Yet, Richemont, for thou didst them self-approved,  
I may not blame the agent. Trust me, Chief !  
That when a People sorely are oppress'd,  
The hour of violence will come too soon,  
And he does wrong who hastens it. He best 235  
Performs the Patriot's and the Good Man's part,  
Who, in the ear of Rage and Faction, breathes  
The healing words of Love."

Thus communed they :  
Meantime, all panic-struck and terrified,  
The English urge their flight ; by other thoughts  
Possess'd, than when, elate with arrogance,  
They dreamt of conquest, and the crown of France  
At their disposal. Of their hard-fought fields,  
Of glory hardly-earn'd, and lost with shame,  
Of friends and brethren slaughter'd, and the fate 24



Threatening themselves, they brooded sadly ; now  
Repentant, late, and vainly. They whom fear  
Erst made obedient to their conquering march,  
At their defeat exultant, wreak what ills  
Their power allow'd. Thus many a league they fled,  
Marking their path with ruin, day by day  
Leaving the weak and wounded, destitute,  
To the foe's mercy ; thinking of their home,  
Though to that far-off prospect scarcely Hope  
Could raise her sickly eye. Oh ! then what joy 255  
Inspir'd anew their bosoms, when, like clouds  
Moving in shadows down the distant hill,  
They mark'd their coming succors ! in each heart  
Doubt rais'd a busy tumult ; soon they knew  
The friendly standard, and a general shout 260  
Burst from the joyful ranks ; yet came no joy  
To Talbot : he, with dark and downward brow,  
Mus'd sternly, till at length arous'd to hope  
Of vengeance, welcoming his warrior son,  
He brake a fullen smile. " Son of my age ! 265  
Welcome, young Talbot, to thy first of fields.  
Thy father bids thee welcome, though disgraced,  
Baffled, and flying from a Woman's arm !  
Yes, by my former glories, from a Woman !  
The scourge of France ! the conqueror of Men !  
Flying before a Woman ! Son of Talbot,  
Had the winds wafted thee a few days sooner,  
Thou hadst seen me high in honor, and thy name  
Alone had scatter'd armies ; yet, my Child,

I bid thee welcome ! rest we here our flight, 275  
And lift again the sword." So spake the Chief ;  
And well he counsell'd : for not yet the sun  
Had reach'd meridian height, when o'er the plain  
Of *PARAY* they beheld the troops of France  
Speed in pursuit. Collected in himself 280  
Appear'd the might of Talbot. 'Thro' the ranks  
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,  
'Their native land, their homes, the friends they lov'd,  
All the rewards of this day's victory.  
But awe had fill'd the English, and they struck 285  
Faintly their shields : for they who had beheld  
The hallowed banner with celestial light  
Irradiate, and the Mission'd Maiden's deeds,  
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought  
Of her near vengeance ; and the tale they told 290  
Rous'd such a tumult in the new-come troops,  
As fitted them for fear. The aged Chief  
Beheld their drooping valor : his stern brow,  
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts :  
Still he was firm, tho' all might fly, resolved 295  
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,  
And period Life with Glory. Yet some hope  
Inspir'd the Veteran, as across the plain  
Casting his eye, he mark'd the embattled strength  
Of thousands ; Archers of unequall'd skill, 300  
Vigilants, and Pikemen, from whose lifted points  
A fearful radiance flash'd, and young Esquires,  
And high-born Warriors, bright in blazon'd arms.

Nor few, nor fameless were the English Chiefs :

In many a field victorious, he was there, 305

The garter'd Fastolfe ; Hungerford, and Scales,

Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly

Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,

The haughty Chieftain tower'd ; blest had he fallen,

Ere yet a Courtly Minion he was mark'd 310

By public hatred, and the murderer's name !

There too the Son of Talbot, young in arms,

Moved eager he, at many a tournament,

With matchless force, had pointed his strong lance,

O'er all opponents, victor : confident 315

In strength, and jealous of his future fame,

His heart beat high for battle. Such array

Of martiall'd numbers fought not on the field

Of Crecy, nor at Poitiers ; nor such force

Led Henry to the fight of Azincour, 320

When thousands fell before him. Onward move

The host of France ; and now their venturous

Knights

Dismount ; their safety, and their country's weal,

Trusting to their own strength. The MAID alone,

Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets 325

The war. They moved to battle with such sound

As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament,

When from his seat, on the utmost verge of Heaven

That overhangs the Void, Father of Winds !

HRÆSVELGER starting, rears his giant bulk, 330

And from his Eagle pinions shakes the storm.

High on her stately steed the Martial Maid  
Rode foremost of the war : her burnish'd arms  
Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course  
Runs glittering gaily to the noon-tide sun. 335  
Her foaming courser, of the guiding hand  
Impatient, smote the earth, and toss'd his mane,  
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,  
As though the Maiden's skill, and his own strength  
Proud to display. The light gale with her plumes  
Wantoned. Even such a fair and warlike form  
Pelides moved from Scyros, where conceal'd  
He lay, obedient to his mother's fears,  
A seemly Virgin ; thus the Youth appear'd  
Terribly graceful, when upon his neck 345  
Deidameia hung ; and with a look  
That spake the tumult of her troubled breast,  
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,  
Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

An English Knight, who eager for renown 350  
Late left his peaceful mansion, mark'd the Maid.  
Her power miraculous, and fearful deeds  
He from the troops had heard incredulous,  
And scoff'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,  
Proving the magic of this dreaded Girl 355  
In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,  
Powerless oppos'd to valor. Forth he spurr'd  
Before the ranks ; she mark'd the coming foe,  
And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.  
Midway they met ; full on her buckler driv'n, 360



Shiver'd the English spear : her better force  
Drove the brave foeman senseless from his seat,  
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense  
Of shame awoke, for rushing multitudes  
Soon crush'd the helpless Warrior. Then the Maid  
Rode thro' the thickest battle : fast they fell,  
Pierced by her forceful spear. Amid the troops  
Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms  
Elate, and rous'd to rage, he tramples o'er,  
Or with the lance protended from his front, [turns  
Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she  
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear  
Seizes the Traveller o'er the trackless sands,  
Who marks the dread Simoom across the waste,  
Sweep its swift pestilence : to earth he falls, 375  
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,  
Deeming the Genius of the Desert breathes  
The purple blast of Death. Such was the sound  
As when the tempest, mingling air and sea,  
Flies o'er the upturn'd ocean : dashing high 380  
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,  
The madden'd billows, with their deafening roar,  
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form  
Of horror, Death was there. They fall, transfix'd  
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,  
Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace :  
Some from their couriers thrown, lie on the earth,  
Unwieldy in their arms, that weak to save,  
Protracted all the agonies of Death.

But most the English fell, by their own fears 390  
Betrayed, for Fear the evil that it dreads  
Increases. Even the Chiefs, who many a day  
Had met the war and conquered, trembled now,  
Appall'd by her, the Maid miraculous.  
Thus the blood-nurtured Monarch of the wood, 395  
That o'er the wilds of Afric, in his strength  
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds  
Burst, and the lightnings thro' the midnight sky  
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,  
And howls in terror to the passing storm.

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest fear'd,  
Mowed down the hostile ranks. The Chieftain stood  
Like the strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,  
That stands unharm'd ; and whilst the forest falls  
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft, 405  
And nods majestic to the warring wind.  
Him, present danger but magnanimates :  
He fought resolved to snatch the shield of Death  
And shelter him from Shame. The very herd  
Who fought near Talbot, tho' the Virgin's name  
Made their cheeks pale, and drove the curdling blood  
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds  
New force, and went like Eaglets to the prey  
Beneath their mother's wing. Nor his high birth  
Disgrac'd the Son of Talbot ; by his fire 415  
Emulous he strove, like the young Lionet  
When first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.  
They fought intrepid, tho' amid their ranks

Fear and Confusion triumph'd ; for such awe  
 Possess'd the English, as the Etruscans felt, 420  
 When self-devoted to the Infernal Gods  
 The gallant Decius stood before the troops,  
 Robed in the victim garb of sacrifice,  
 And spake aloud, and call'd the Shadowy Powers  
 To give to Rome the conquest, and receive 425  
 Their willing prey ; then rush'd amid the foe,  
 And died upon the hecatombs he slew.

But Hope inspir'd the assailants. Xaintrailles there  
 Spread fear and death ; and Orleans' valiant Son  
 Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm. 430  
 O'er all preeminent for hardiest deeds  
 Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,  
 Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,  
 Hauberk, or plated mail ; thro' all it pierced,  
 Resistless as the forked flash of Heaven. 435  
 The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming Chief,  
 Felt such a chill run thro' his shivering frame,  
 As the night traveller of the Pyrenees,  
 Lone and bewildered on his wint'ry way,  
 When from the mountains round reverberates 440  
 The hungry Wolves' deep yell : on every side,  
 Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,  
 The famish'd troop come round : the affrighted mule  
 Snorts loud with terror : on his shuddering limbs  
 The big sweat starts ; convulsive pant his sides ;  
 Then on he rushes, wild in desperate speed.

Him dealing death an English Knight beheld,  
And spurr'd his steed to crush him : Conrade leap'd  
Lightly aside, and thro' the Warrior's greeves  
Fix'd a deep wound : nor longer could the foe, 450  
Tortur'd with anguish, guide his mettled horse,  
Or his rude plunge endure ; headlong he fell,  
And perish'd. In his castle-hall was hung  
On high his father's shield, with many a dint  
Graced on the blood-drenched plain of Azincour :  
His deeds the son had heard ; and when a boy,  
Listening delighted to the old man's tale,  
His little hand would lift the weighty spear  
In warlike pastime : he had left behind  
An infant offspring, and did fondly deem 460  
He too in age the exploits of his youth  
Should tell, and in the Stripling's bosom rouse  
The fire of glory. Conrade the next foe  
Smote where the heaving membrane separates  
The chambers of the trunk. The dying man, 465  
In his Lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,  
A well-beloved servant : he could sing  
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,  
Songs for the Waffel, and when the Boar's head,  
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with Rosemary,  
Smoked on the Christmas board : he went to war  
Following the Lord he loved, and saw him fall  
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expir'd,  
Slain on his Master's body. Nor the fight  
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host



Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,  
 When, pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,  
 The Eastern Despot bridged the Hellespont,  
 The rushing sea against the mighty pile  
 Roll'd its full weight of waters ; far away 480  
 The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts  
 The floating fragments, and with ominous fear  
 Trembled for the Great King. Still Talbot strove,  
 Tho' with vain valor, as when Ali rear'd  
 In the midnight war the warrior-withering cry ! 485  
 The aged Hero rear'd his two-edged sword,  
 And ever as he smote a foe, exclaim'd,  
 " God is victorious !" in the battle's clang  
 Four hundred times from Ali's powerful voice  
 That sound of Death was heard : but vainly strove  
 The blameless Chieftain, by the Assassin's hand  
 Destin'd to end a life of frustrate hopes.

Young Talbot mark'd the Maid across the plain,  
 Careering fierce in conquest. Her to meet  
 He spurr'd his horse, by one decisive deed 495  
 Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall  
 With glory. Each beneath the other's blow  
 Bow'd down ; their lances shiver'd with the shock ;  
 To earth their couriers fell : at once they rose,  
 At once unsheath'd their falchions, and rush'd on  
 To closer combat. But in vain the Youth  
 Essay'd to pierce those arms that even the power  
 Of Time was weak to injure : she the while  
 Thro' many a wound beheld her foeman's blood

Ooze fast. "Yet save thee, Warrior!" cried the  
Maid, 505

"Me canst thou not destroy : be timely / wise,  
And live !" He answered not, but lifting high  
His weapon, drove with fierce and forceful arm  
Full on the Virgin's helm : fire from her eyes  
Flash'd with the stroke : one step she back recoil'd,  
Then in his breast plung'd deep the sword of Death.

Him falling Talbot saw. On the next foe,  
With rage and anguish wild, the Warrior turn'd ;  
His ill-directed weapon to the earth  
Drove down the unwounded Frank : he lifts the  
And thro' his all-in-vain imploring hands [sword  
Cleaves the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day  
The sword of Talbot, clogg'd with hostile gore, <sup>2</sup>  
Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm  
Had slain, the Chieftain stood and sway'd around  
His furious strokes : nor ceas'd he from the fight,  
Tho' now discomfited, the English troops  
Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritless ;  
And mingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled  
False to his former fame ; for he beheld 525  
The Maiden rushing onward, and such fear  
Ran thro' his frame, as thrills the African  
When, grateful solace in the sultry hour,  
He rises on the buoyant billow's breast  
If then his eye behold the monster Shark 530  
Gape eager to devour. But Talbot now  
A moment paus'd, for bending thitherwards



Me shouldst thou conquer, little would my death  
 Avail thee, weak and wounded!" "Long enough  
 Talbot has lived," replied the sullen Chief:

"His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive  
 To glory in his fall!" So, as he spake, 565

He lifted from the ground a massy spear,  
 And rush'd again to battle. Now more fierce  
 The conflict raged, for careless of himself,  
 And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still

Was Conrade. Wherefoe'er his foeman aim'd 570  
 His barbed javelin, there he swung around

The guardian shield: now pierc'd with many a stroke,  
 The Earl's emblazon'd buckler to the earth  
 Fell sever'd: from his riven arms the blood  
 Stream'd fast; and now the Frenchman's battle-axe  
 Drove unresisted thro' the shieldless mail.

Backward the Frank recoil'd. "Urge not to death  
 This fruitless contest," cried he; "live, Oh Chief!  
 Are there not those in England who would feel  
 Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance 580  
 Who trembles for thy safety, or a child

Needing a Father's care!" Then Talbot's heart  
 Smote him. "Warrior!" he cried, "if thou dost  
 That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence, [think  
 And save thyself: I loath this useless talk." 585

So saying, he address'd him to the fight,  
 Impatient of existence; from their arms  
 Flash'd fire, and quick they panted; but not long  
 Endured the deadly combat. With full force



Down thro' his shoulder even to the chest, 590  
 Conrade impell'd the ponderous battle axe ;  
 And at that instant underneath his shield  
 Received the hostile spear. Prone fell the Earl,  
 Even in his death rejoicing that no foe  
 Should live to boast his fall. Then with faint hand  
 Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow  
 Wiping the cold dews, ominous of death,  
 He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,  
 While the long lance hung heavy in his side,  
 Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe 600  
 He lay, the herald of the English Earl  
 With faltering step drew near, and when he saw  
 His master's arms, " Alas ! and is it you,  
 My Lord ? " he cried. " God pardon you your sins !  
 I have been forty years your officer, 605  
 And time it is I should surrender now  
 The ensigns of my office ! " So he said,  
 And paying thus his rite of sepulture,  
 Threw o'er the slaughter'd chief his blazon'd coat.

Then Conrade thus bespake him : " Englishman,  
 Do for a dying foldier one kind act !  
 Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste  
 Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompense  
 It pleases thee to ask." The herald soon,  
 Meeting the mission'd Virgin, told his tale. 615  
 Trembling she hasten'd on, and when she knew  
 The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could *JOAN*  
 Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,

And press it to her heart. "I sent for thee,  
My friend!" with interrupted voice he cried, 620  
"That I might comfort this my dying hour  
With one good deed. A fair domain is mine;  
Let Francis and his Isabel possess  
That, mine inheritance." He paus'd awhile,  
Struggling for utterance; then with breathless speed,  
And pale as him he mourn'd for, Francis came,  
And hung in silence o'er the blameless man,  
Even with a brother's sorrow: he pursued,  
"This *JOAN* will be thy care. I have at home  
An aged mother---Francis, do thou soothe 630  
Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus:  
Sweet to the wretched is the Tomb's repose!"

So saying Conrade drew the javelin forth,  
And died without a groan. By this the Scouts,  
Forerunning the King's march, upon the plain 635  
Of *PATAY* had arrived, of late so gay  
With marshall'd thousands in their radiant arms,  
And streamer glittering in the noon tide sun,  
And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,  
The pageantry of murder: now defiled 640  
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,  
And mangled bodies. Soon the Monarch joins  
His victor army. Round the royal flag,  
Uprear'd in conquest now, the Chieftains flock,  
Proffering their eager service. To his arms, 645  
Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force  
Compell'd, the embattled towns submit and own

Their rightful King. Baugenci strives in vain :  
Jenville and Mehun yield ; from Sully's wall  
Hurl'd is the banner'd Lion : on they pass. 650  
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,  
And by the Mission'd Maiden's rumour'd deeds  
Inspired, the Citizens of Rheims  
Feel their own strength ; against the English troops  
With patriot valor, irresistible, 655  
They rise, they conquer, and to their liege Lord  
Present the city keys. The morn was fair  
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum  
Of multitudes, for high solemnity  
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves 660  
The long procession, thro' the streets bestrewn  
With flowers and laurel boughs. The Courtier throng  
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endur'd  
The siege right bravely : D'Orval, and La Hire,  
'The gallant Xaintrailles, Bouffac, and Chabannes,  
La Fayette, name that Freedom still shall love ;  
Alençon, and the bravest of the brave,  
The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,  
Soon to release from hard captivity  
A dear-beloved brother. He was there, 670  
Regnier of Sicily, the Sire of her,  
'That great unfortunate, whose various woes  
St. Albans knew, and Hexham's fatal field,  
And the dark forest, where the Robber met  
The midnight Wanderer and her child, and vow'd,  
Aw'd by the Majesty of Fortitude,

His sword to serve them. By the Monarch's side  
The Delegated Damsel pass'd along,  
Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high  
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile, 680  
And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand  
Pour'd on the Monarch's head the mystic oil,  
Wasted of yore by milk-white Dove from Heaven,  
(So legends say) to Clovis, when he stood  
At Rheims for baptism ; dubious since that day,  
When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,  
And fierce upon their flight the Alemanni prest,  
And rear'd the shout of triumph ; in that hour  
Clovis invok'd aloud the Christian God,  
And conquer'd : wak'd to wonder thus, the Chief  
Became Love's convert, and Clotilda led  
Her husband to the font. The Mission'd Maid  
Then placed on Charles's brow the Crown of France,  
And back retiring, gazed upon the King  
One moment, quickly scanning all the past, 695  
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment  
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude  
In awful stillness witness'd : then at once,  
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,  
Lifted their mingled clamors. Now the Maid 700  
Stood as prepar'd to speak, and waved her hand,  
And instant silence followed. " King of France !"   
She cried---" At Chinon, when my gifted eye  
Knew thee disguis'd, what inwardly the Spirit  
Prompted, I spake---arm'd with the sword of God





And shroud thee in thy robes of Royalty,  
And say that all is well---Oh gracious God ! 735  
Be merciful to such a monstrous man,  
When the Spirits of the murder'd innocent  
Cry at thy throne for justice ! King of France !  
Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,  
And be the Orphan's father ! thus shalt thou 740  
Become the Representative of Heaven,  
And Gratitude and Love establish thus  
Thy reign. Believe me, King ! that hireling guards,  
Tho' flesh'd in slaughter, would be weak to save  
A tyrant on the blood-cemented Throne 745  
That totters underneath him." Thus the Maid  
Redeem'd her country. Ever may the ALL-JUST  
Give to the arms of FREEDOM such success.

FINIS.

# N O T E S.

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## BOOK THE FIRST.

Note First, p. 3. Line 10.

**D**UNOIS was wounded in the battle of Herrings, which was the last victory of the English, before the appearance of the Maid of Orleans.

Note Second, p. 5.

Line 53.—*Huc quicquid fetu genuit Natura sinistro  
Miscetur. Non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est,  
Viscera non lyncis, non diræ nodus hyænæ  
Defuit: infando saturatas carmine frondes.  
Et quibus os dirum nascentibus inspuit, herbas  
Addidit, et quicquid mundo dedit ipsa veneni  
Aspicit astantem projecti corporis umbram,  
Exanimis artus, invisaque claustra timentem  
Carceris antiqui.*——*LUCAN, LIB. VI.*

Note Third. p. 8.

Line 128.—*HARFLEUR* was taken in 1415. The Maid of Orleans first appeared in 1429. This agrees with the account of her age given by Holinshed, who calls her “a yong wench of an eightene years old; of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great hardie, and stout withall; an understander of counsels, though she were not at them; greet semblance of chastitie, both of bodie and behaviour; the name of *Jesus* in hir mouth about all hir busineses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke.” *HOLINSHED, 600.*

The Englishmen, notwithstanding all the damage that the French could worke against them, forraied the countrie, spoiled the villages, bringing manie a rich preie to the camp before Harflue. And dailie was the towne assaulted: for the duke of Glocester, to whome the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approaching to the wals with his engins and ordinance, would not suffer them within to take anie rest. *HOLINSHED, 549.*

Estouteville was Governor of Harfleur : the place was gallantly defended under him by Guitri Gaucour, and others of the French nobility ; but the garrison was weak, and the fortifications were in bad repair.

Note Fourth, p. 9.

Line 159.—“ Some writing of this yeelding up of Harfleur, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations were driven : inso much as parents with their children, yong maids and old folke went out of the towne gates with heaue harts, (God wot) as put to their present shifts to seek them a new abode.”

HOLINSHED, 550.

This act of despotic barbarity was perpetrated by Henry, that he might people the town with English inhabitants. “ This doth Anglorum prælia report, saieng (not without good ground I believe) as followeth :

Tum flentes tenera cum prole parentes  
Virgineusque chorus veteres liquere penates :  
Tum populus cunctus de portis Gallicus exit  
Mœstus, inarmatus, vacuus, miser æger, inopsque :  
Utque novas sedes quærat migrare coactus :  
Oppidulo belli potiuntur jure Britanni !”

Note Fifth, p. 18.

Line 421.—Dreadful indeed must have been the miseries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the manners of the highest classes were marked by hideous grossness and vices that may not be uttered. The following portrait of some of these outrages we give from the notes of Andrew's admirable history of Great Britain. “ Agricola quilibet, sponsam juvenem acquisitus, ac in vicinia alicujus viri nobilis & præpotentis habitans, crudelissime vexabatur. Nempe nonnunquam in ejus domum irruens iste optimas, magnâ comitante caterva, pretium ingens redemptionis exigeret, ac si non protinus solveret colonus, istum miserum in magna arca protrudens, venustæ ac teneræ uxori suæ (super ipsam arcam prostratæ) vim vir nobilis adferret ; voce exclamans horrenda.” Audine Rustice ! jamjam, super hanc arcam constupratur dilecta tua sponsa, atque peracto hæc scelere nefando relinqueretur (horresco referens) suffocatione expirans maritus, nisi magno pretio sponsa nuper vitiata liberationem ejus redimeret.”

J. DE PARIS.



Let us add to this the detestable history of a great commander under Charles VII. of France, the bastard of Bourbon, who (after having committed the most execrable crimes during a series of years with impunity) was drowned in 1441, by the constable Richemont, (a treacherous assassin, but a mirror of justice when compared to his noble contemporaries) on its being proved against him: "*Quod super ipsum maritum vi prostratum uxori, frustra repugnanti vim adtuleret.*"

"*Ensuite il avoit fait battre et decouper le mari, tant que c'etoit pitie a voir.*"

MEM. DE RICHEMONT.

Page 19.

(Line 438.—Holinshed says, speaking of the siege of Rouen, "If I should rehearse how deerlie dogs, rats, mice, and cats were sold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the poore people eaten and devoured, and how the people daillie died for fault of food, and yong infants laie sucking in the streets on their mother's breasts, being dead starved for hunger—the reader might lament their extreme miseries." p. 566.

Note Sixth, *ibid.*

Line 439.—Harsleur.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

Note First, p. 23.

Line 34.—Sir Isaac Newton, at the end of the last edition of his Optics, supposes that a very subtile and elastic fluid, which he calls ether, is diffused through the pores of gross bodies, as well as through the open spaces that are void of gross matter; he supposes it to pierce all bodies, and to touch their least particles, acting on them with a force proportional to their number or to the matter of the body on which it acts. He supposes likewise, that it is rarer in the pores of bodies than in open spaces, and even rarer in small pores and dense bodies, than in large pores and rare bodies; and also that its density increases in receding from gross matter; so, for instance, as to be greater at the  $\frac{1}{100}$  of an inch from the surface of any body, than at its surface; and so on. To the action of this ether he ascribes the attractions of gravitation and cohesion, the attraction and repulsion of electrical bodies, the mutual influences of bodies and light upon each other, the effects and communication of heat, and the performance of animal sensation and motion. David Hartley, from whom this account of ether is chiefly borrowed, makes it the instrument of propa-

gating those vibrations or configurative motions which are ideas. It appears to me, no hypothesis ever involved so many contradictions; for how can the same fluid be both dense and rare in the same body at one time? yet in the Earth as gravitating to the Moon, it must be very rare; and in the Earth as gravitating to the Sun, it must be very dense. For, as Andrew Baxter well observes, it doth not appear sufficient to account how this fluid may act with a force proportional to the body to which another is impelled, to assert that it is rarer in great bodies than in small ones: it must be farther asserted that this fluid is rarer or denser in the same body, whether small or great, according as the body to which that is impelled is itself small or great. But whatever may be the solidity of this objection, the following seems unanswerable:

If every particle through the whole solidity of a heavy body receive its impulse from the particles of this fluid, it should seem that the fluid itself must be as dense as the very densest heavy body, gold for instance; there being as many impinging particles in the one, as there are gravitating particles in the other, which receive their gravitation by being impinged upon: so that, throwing gold or any heavy body upward, against the impulse of this fluid, would be like throwing gold *through* gold; and as this ether must be equally diffused over the whole sphere of its activity, it must be as dense when it impels cork as when it impels gold: so that to throw a piece of cork upward, would be as if we endeavoured to make cork penetrate a medium as dense as gold: and though we were to adopt the extravagant opinions which have been advanced concerning the progression of pores, yet however porous we suppose a body, if it be not all pore, the argument holds equally; the fluid must be as dense as the body, in order to give every particle its impulse.

It has been asserted that Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy leads in its consequences to Atheism: perhaps not without reason. For if matter, by any powers or properties *given* to it, can produce the order of the visible world, and even generate thought; why may it not have possessed such properties *by inherent* right? and where is the necessity of a God? Matter is, according to the mechanic philosophy, capable of acting most wisely and most beneficently, without Wisdom or Benevolence; and what more does the Atheist assert? If matter possesses those properties, why might it not have possessed them

from all eternity? Sir Isaac Newton's Deity seems to be alternately operose and indolent; to have delegated so much power as to make it inconceivable what he can have reserved. He is dethroned by vice-regent second causes.

We seem placed here to acquire a knowledge of *effects*. Whenever we would pierce into the *Adyta* of Causation, we bewilder ourselves; and all that laborious Conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of Imagination. We are restless, because *invisible* things are not the objects of vision—and philosophical systems, for the most part, are received, not for their Truth, but in proportion as they attribute to Causes as susceptibility of being *seen*, whenever our visual organs shall have become sufficiently powerful.

Note Second, p. 25.

Line 71.—Balda-Zhiok. i. e. mons altitudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

Note Third, *ibid*.

Line 72.—Solfar-Kapper: capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium, quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religiosque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus præaltis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat. LEEMIUS DE LAPPONIBUS.

Line 75.—The Lapland women carry their infants at their backs in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle: opposite the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.

Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter fascientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo præsertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus oblecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantem, si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur, in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet. LEEMIUS DE LAPPONIBUS.

Note Fourth, *ibid*.

Line 96.—Jaibme Aibmo.

Note Fifth, p. 26.

Line 112.—They call the Good Spirit Tornгарfück the other great but malignant spirit is a nameless female; *see*

dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither : he passes through the kingdom of souls, over a horrible abyss, into the palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.

See CRANTZ. Hist. of GREENLAND, VOL. I, 206.

Note Sixth, p. 30.

Line 215.—Otus and Ephialtes.

Note Seventh, *ibid.*

Line 218.—See the Edda, Fab. 24th of the illusions practised upon Thor by Skrymner.

Note Eighth, p. 33.

Line 310.—Revel. vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them ; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their Brethren that should be killed, as they were, should be fulfilled.

Note Ninth, p. 37.

Line 428.—The Slaves in the West-india Islands consider Death as a passport to their native Country.—This Sentiment is thus expressed in the Introduction to a Greek Prize Ode on the Slave-Trade, of which the Ideas are better than the Language or Metre, in which they are conveyed.

Ω σκοτου πυλας, Θανατε, προλειπων

Ες γινος σπιυδοις υποξευχθεν Ατα.

Ου ξενισθηση γενων σκαραγμοις

Ουδ' ολολυγμα,

Αλλα και κυκλοισι χοροτυποισι

Κ' ασματων χαρα' φοβερος μιν εστι,

Αλλ' ομως Ελευθερια συνοικεις,

Στυγνι Τυραννι !

Δασυοις επι περυγισι σπσι

Α ! θαλασσιον καθορωντες οιδμα

Αιβεροπλαχτοις υπο ποσσ' ανεισι

Πατριδ' επ' αιαν.

Εγθα μαν Ερασαι Ερμμενησιν

Αμφι πηγασιν κιτρικων υπ' αλσων,

Οσα' υπο βροτοις επαθον βροτοι, τα

Δινα λεγοντι.



## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of Darkness, O Death ! hasten thou to a Race yoked to Misery ! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of Cheeks, nor with funereal Ululation—but with circling Dances and the joy of Songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with LIBERTY, stern GENIUS ! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of Ocean, they return to their native Country. There, by the side of Fountains beneath Citron Groves, the Lovers tell to their Beloved, what horrors, being MEN, they had endured from MEN ! S. T. C.

Note Tenth, p. 40.

Line 502.—The Maid declared upon her trial, that God loved the Duke of Orleans, and that she had received more revelations concerning him, than any person living, except the King.

RAPIN.

Orleans, during his long captivity, “ had learnt to court the fair ladies of England in their native strains.” Among the Harleian MSS. is a collection of “ love poems, roundels and songs,” composed by the French Prince during his confinement.

Note Eleventh, p. 41.

Line 533.—According to Holinshed, the English army consisted of only 15,000 men, harassed with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through an enemy's country, and for the most part sick of a flux. He states the number of the French at 60,000, of whom 10,000 were slain, and 1500 of the higher order taken prisoners. Some historians make the disproportion in numbers still greater. Goodwin says, that among the slain there were one Archbishop, three Dukes, six Earls, ninety Barons, fifteen hundred Knights, and seven thousand Esquires or Gentlemen.

Note Twelfth, *ibid.*

Line 540.—A company of fugitives, headed by Robert de Bournonville, who had retired by times out of the battle, knowing the English camp was but weakly guarded, pillaged it during the engagement : in consequence of this alarm, Henry ordered the prisoners to be slain, except the most eminent.

Note Thirteenth, p. 42.

Line 577.—Henry judged, that by fomenting the troubles of France, he should procure more certain and lasting advantages, than by means of his arms. The truth is, by pushing the French too vigorously, he ran the risk of uniting them all against him ; in which case, his advantages, probably,

would have been inconsiderable; but by granting them some respite, he gave them opportunity to destroy one another; therefore, contrary to every one's expectation, he laid aside his military affairs for near eighteen months, and betook himself entirely to negotiation, which afforded him the prospect of less doubtful advantages.

RAPIN.

Note Fourteenth, p. 43.

Line 606.—“ Yet although the armie was strong without, there lacked not within both hardie captains and manfull soldiers, and as for people, they had more than inough: for as it is written by some that had good cause to know the truth, and no occasion to erre from the same, there were in the citie at the time of the siege, 210,000 persons. Dailie were issues made out of the citie at diverse gates, sometime to the losse of the one partie and sometimes of the other, as chances of warre in such adventures happen.”

HOLINSHED, 566.

Note Fifteenth, p. 44.

Line 612.—“ The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldlie riches, and despising pleasure, (the enemie to warlike prowesse) sware ech to other, never to render or deliver the citie, while they might either hold sword in hand or speare in rest.”

HOLINSHED, 566.

Note Sixteenth, *ibid.*

Line 625.—“ The King of England, advertised of their hautie courages, determined to conquer them by famine, which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he stoped all the passages, both by water and land, that no vittels could be conveyed to the citie. He cast trenches round about the walls, and set them full of stakes, and defended them with archers, so that there was left neither waie for them within to issue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter in without his license.—The King's coosine germane and alie (the King of Portugale) sent a great navie of well-appointed ships unto the mouth of the river of Seine, to stop that no French vessell should enter the river and passe up the same, to the aid of them within Rouen.

“ Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compassed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of King, Dauphin, or Duke.”

HOLINSHED, 566.

Note Seventeenth, *ibid.*

Line 633.—“ After he had prosecuted the siege of this place for some time, the Cardinal Urfino repaired to his camp, and

endeavoured to persuade him to moderate his terms, and agree to an equitable peace; but the King's reply plainly evinced his determination of availing himself of the present situation of public affairs. "Do you not see," said he, "that God has brought me hither, as it were by the hand? The throne of France may be said to be vacant; I have a good title to that crown; the whole kingdom is involved in the utmost disorder and confusion; few are willing, and still fewer are able, to resist me. Can I have a more convincing proof of the interposition of Heaven in my favour, and that the Supreme Ruler of all things has decreed that I should ascend the throne of France?"

HIST. OF ENGLAND, by HUGH CLARENDON.

Note Eighteenth, p. 45.

Line 646.—Henry, not satisfied with the reduction of Caen, put several of the inhabitants to death, who had signalized their valour in defence of their liberty and property.

H. CLARENDON.

Note Nineteenth, *ibid.*

Line 659.—After the capture of the city, "Luca Italico, the Vicar Generall of the archbishopricke of Rouen, for denouncing the king accursed was delivered to him, and detained in prison till he died."

HOLINSHED. TITUS LIVIUS.

Note Twentieth, p. 46.

Line 672.—"A great number of poore sillie creatures were put out of the gates, which were by the Englishmen that kept the trenches, beaten and driven back againe to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them, and so they laie betweene the wals of the citie and the trenches of the enemies, still crying for help and releefe, for lack whereof great numbers of them daillie died."

HOLINSHED.

Note Twenty-first, *ibid.*

Line 681.—One of the deputed citizens, "shewing himself more rash than wise, more arrogant than learned, took upon him to shew wherein the glorie of victorie consisted; advising the king not to shew his manhoed in furnishing a multitude of poore, simple, and innocent people, but rather suffer such miserable wretches as laie betwixt the wals of the citie and the trenches of his siege, to passe through the camp, that theie might get their living in other places; then, if he durst manfullie assault the place, and by force subdue it, he should win both worldlie fame, and merit great meed from the hands of Almighty God, for having compassion of the poore, needie and in-

digent people. When this orator had said, the King, with a fierce countenance and bold spirit, reproved them for their malapert presumption, in that they should seeme to go about to teach him what belonged to the dutie of a conqueror, and therefore, since it appeared that the same was unknown to them, he declared that the Goddesse of Battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as Blood, Fire, and Famine, and whereas it laie in his choice to use them all three, he had appointed onelie the meekest maid of those three damfels, to punish them of that citie till they were brought to reason. This answer put the French ambassador in a great studie, musing much at his *excellent wit* and *hawtinesse of courage*.”

HOLINSHED.

Note Twenty-second, p. 47.

Line 697.—Roan was betrayed by its Burgundian Governor, Bouthellier. During this siege, fifty thousand men perished through fatigue and the use of unwholesome provisions.

Note Twenty-third, *ibid*.

Line 702.—Roy d'Angleterre fist couper la test a Allain Blanchart cappitaine du commun.

MONSTRELLET. FEUILLET, cxcvii.

### BOOK THE THIRD.

Note First, p. 50.

Line 29.—Tanneguy du Châtel had saved the life of Charles when Paris was seized by the Burgundians. Lisle Adam, a man noted for ferocity even in that age, was admitted at midnight into the city with eight hundred horse. The partizans of Burgundy were under arms to assist them, and a dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs ensued. Du Châtel, then Governor of the Bastile, being unable to restrain the tumult, ran to the Louvre, and carried away the Dauphin in his shirt, in order to secure him in his fortress.

RAPIN.

Note Second, *ibid*.

Line 40.—Richemont caused De Giac to be strangled in his bed, and thrown into the Loire, to punish the negligence that had occasioned him to be defeated by an inferior force at Avranches. The constable had laid siege to St. James de Beuvron, a place strongly garrisoned by the English. He had been promised a convoy of money, which De Giac, who had the management of the treasury, purposely detained to mortify the constable. Richemont openly accused the treasurer, and



revenged himself thus violently. After this, he boldly declared, that he would serve in the same manner any person whatsoever, that should endeavour to engross the King's favour. The Camus of Beaulieu accepted De Giac's place, and was, by the constable's means, assassinated in the King's presence.

Note Third, p. 51.

Line 45.—“The Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy had agreed to bury all past quarrels in oblivion, and to enter into strict amity: they swore before the altar the sincerity of their friendship; the priest administered the sacrament to both of them; they gave to each other every pledge which could be deemed sacred among men. But all this solemn preparation was only a cover for the basest treachery, which was deliberately premeditated by the Duke of Burgundy. He procured his rival to be assassinated in the streets of Paris: he endeavoured for some time to conceal the part which he took in the crime; but being detected, he embraced a resolution still more criminal, and more dangerous to society, by openly avowing and justifying it. The parliament itself, of Paris, the tribunal of justice, heard the harangues of the Duke's advocate, in defence of assassination, which he termed tyrannicide; and that assembly, partly influenced by faction, partly overawed by power, pronounced no sentence of condemnation against this detestable doctrine.”——“This murder, and still more the open avowal of the deed, and defence of the doctrine, tended to dissolve all bands of civil society; and even men of honour, who detested the example, might deem it just, on a favourable opportunity, to retaliate upon the author. Burgundy had entered into a secret treaty with the Dauphin, and the two princes agreed to an interview, in order to concert the means of rendering effectual their common attack on the English; but how both or either of them could with safety venture upon this conference, it seemed somewhat difficult to contrive. The Duke, therefore, who neither dared to give, nor could pretend to expect any trust, agreed to all the contrivances for mutual security which were proposed by ministers of the Dauphin. The two princes came to Monteseau: the Duke lodged in the castle, the Dauphin in the town, which was divided from the castle by the river Yonne; the bridge between them was chosen for the place of interview; two high rails were drawn across the bridge; the gates on each side were guarded, one by the officers of the Dauphin,

the other by those of the Duke. The princes were to enter into the intermediate space by the opposite gates, accompanied each by ten persons, and with all these marks of diffidence, to conciliate their mutual friendship. But it appeared that no precautions are sufficient where laws have no place, and where all principles of honour are utterly abandoned. Tanneguy du Châtel, and others of the Dauphin's retainers, had been zealous partizans of the late Duke of Orleans, and they determined to seize the opportunity of revenging on the assassin the murder of that Prince. They no sooner entered the rails, than they drew their swords, and attacked the Duke of Burgundy. His friends were astonished, and thought not of making any defence; and all of them either shared his fate, or were taken prisoners by the retinue of the Dauphin."

HUME.

Note Fourth, p. 51.

Line 67.—A dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs had taken place, when Lisle Adam entered Paris at midnight, May 18, 1418. This, however, was only a prelude to a much greater commotion in the same city some days after. Upon news of what had passed, the exiles being returned to Paris from all quarters, the massacre was renewed, June the 12th. The constable Armagnac was taken out of prison, murdered, and shamefully dragged through the streets. The Chancellor, several Bishops, and other persons, to the number of two thousand, underwent the same barbarous treatment. Women and children died smothered in dungeons. Many of the nobles were forced to leap from high towers upon the points of spears. The massacre being ended, the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph. MEZERAY. RAPIN.

Note Fifth, p. 53.

Line 114.—Charles, in despair of collecting an army which should dare to approach the enemy's entrenchments, not only gave the city of Orleans for lost, but began to entertain a very dismal prospect with regard to the general state of his affairs. He saw that the country in which he had hitherto, with great difficulty, subsisted, would be laid entirely open to the invasion of a powerful and victorious enemy, and he already entertained thoughts of retiring with the remains of his forces into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and defending himself as long as possible in those remote provinces. But it was fortunate for this good prince that, as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the

women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. *MARY* of ANJOU, his Queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure, which she foresaw would discourage all his partizans, and serve as a general signal for deserting a prince, who seemed himself to despair of success. His mistress too, the fair *AGNES SOREL*, who lived in entire amity with the Queen, seconded all her remonstrances. *HUME.*

### BOOK THE FOURTH.

Note First, p. 79.

Line 293.—Thomas Muir.

Note Second, *ibid.*

Line 294.—Though roused by that dark Vizier, *RIOT* rude, &c. *COLERIDGE'S POEMS.*

Note Third, p. 85.

Line 489.—“If they who mingled the Cup of Bitterness, drank its contents, we might look with compassion on the wickedness of great men: But alas! the storm which they raise, “beats heaviest on the exposed innocent,” and the cottage of the poor man is stripped of *every* comfort, before the Oppressors, who send forth the mandate of Death, are amerced of *one* Luxury or *one* Vice. If calamities succeed each other in a long series, they deprecate the anger of Heaven by a *FAST*; which word (being interpreted) seems to signify—Prayers of Hate to the God of Love, and then a turbot feast to the rich, and their usual scanty meal to the poor, if, indeed, debarred from their usual labour, they can procure even this! But if the cause be crowned by victory,

—“They o’er the ravaged earth,

As at an altar wet with human blood,  
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,  
Sing their mad Hymns of Triumph—Hymns to God,  
O’er the destruction of his gracious works,  
Hymns to the father o’er his slaughter’d son.”

See *CONCIONES AD POPULUM*, or Addresses to the People, by S. T. COLERIDGE.

### BOOK THE FIFTH.

Note First, p. 88.

Line 38.—The forest of Orleans contains, even now, fourteen thousand acres of various kinds of wood.

Note Second, p. 91.

Line 129.—“To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first secured the neighbouring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Mehun, Bangenci, Gergeau, Clery, Sully, Jenville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October.”

RAPIN.

Note Third, p. 94.

Line 193.—“The French King used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions, and enable it to maintain a long and obstinate siege. The Lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of distinction threw themselves into the place. The troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were determined to make the most obstinate resistance: and even the inhabitants, disciplined by the long continuance of hostilities, were well qualified, in their own defence, to second the efforts of the most veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene; where, it was reasonably supposed, the French were to make their last stand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign.”

HUME.

Note Fourth, *ibid.*

Line 208.—“They pulled down all the most considerable buildings in the suburbs, and among the rest twelve churches and several monasteries; that the English might not make use of them in carrying on the siege.”

RAPIN. MONSTRELLET.

Note Fifth, p. 99.

Line 342.—“By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet possession of royal dignity and revenues. After his death, the crown, with all its rights and dominions, devolved to Henry and his heirs. The imbecility of Charles was so great that he could not appear in public, so that the Queen and Burgundy swore for him.”

RAPIN.

Note Sixth, p. 101.

Line 408.—“The besiegers received succors in the very beginning of the siege; but the Earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprize as a decisive action, for the King his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the besieged of that advantage. He run up round the city, sixty forts. How great soever this work might be, nothing could divert



him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he have pursued his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him, that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce convoys into the place, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls."

RAPIN.

Note Seventh, p. 102.

Line 425.—"The bulwark of the Tournelles being much shaken by the besiegers' cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed."

RAPIN.

Note Eighth, p. 103.

Line 476.—Revelations, chap. xix. 17, 18.

### BOOK THE SIXTH.

Note First, p. 109.

Line 98.—"It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries, the sun and earth would be destroyed. On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla, was believed an omen of their safety."

See the HISTORY of MEXICO, by the ABBE CLAVIGERO.

### BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Note First, p. 126.

Line 122.—*Neque enim solis excussa lacertis*

*Lancea, sed tenso, balistæ turbine rapta,*

*Haud unum contenta latus transire, quiescit;*

*Sed pandens perque arma viam, perque ossa, relicta*

*Morte fugit: superest telo post vulnera curfus.*

LUCAN. III.

Note Second, p. 127.

Line 132.—The bayle or lifts was a space on the outside of the ditch, surrounded by strong pallisades, and sometimes by a low embattled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stadia, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of trenches, but began their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lifts, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the Knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them; the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the Knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place.

GROSE.

Note Third, *ibid.*

Line 141.—In France, only persons of a certain estate, called *un fief de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armour of a Knight. Esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail, without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic distinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would only have been ridiculous. In the enlightened and free States of Greece, every foldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wreath was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. To use the words of Dr. Gillies, "The miserable peasants of modern Europe are exposed *without defence as without remorse*, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have styled tyrants."

Note Fourth, *ibid.*

Line 143.—The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

Note Fifth, *ibid.*

Line 149.—Earls and Dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets.

Note Sixth, p. 128.

Line 159.—A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

## BOOK THE EIGHTH.

Note First, p. 150.

Line 158.—Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote; generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep.

The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work, called a barbican.

GROSE.

Note Second, p. 151.

Line 163.—The pavais, or pavache, was a large shield, or rather a portable mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of sufficient thickness to resist the missile weapons then in use. These were in sieges carried by servants, whose business it was to cover their masters with them, whilst they, with their bows and arrows, shot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this must have been a service of danger, it was that, perhaps, which made the office of Scutifer honourable. The pavais was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above : it was sometimes supported by props.

GROSE.

Note Third, *ibid*.

Line 185.—The cross-bow was for some time laid aside, in obedience to a decree of the second Lateran Council, held in 1139. “*Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem ballistariorum adversus Christianos et Catholicos exercere de cætero sub anathemate prohibemus.*” This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I. who being slain with a quarrel-shot from one of them, at the siege of the Castle of Chaluz in Normandy, it was considered as a judgment from Heaven, inflicted upon him for his impiety. Guillaume le Bretons, relating the death of this King, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos :

Hac volo, non aliâ Richardum morte perire  
Ut qui Francigenis ballistæ prinitus usum  
Tradidit, ipse sui rem prinitus experiatur,  
Quemque alios docuit in se vim sentiat artis.

GROSE.

Note Fourth, p. 152.

Line 193.—The fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah was the appointed lesson for our general fast in 1793. The tenor of the chapter is such as almost to prove an ironical intention in whoever selected it. “*Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness : ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high. Is it such a fast that I have chosen ? a day for a man to afflict his soul ? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him ? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord ? Is not this the fast that I have chosen ? to loose the*

*hands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE, AND THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE."*  
VERSES 4, 5, 6.

Note Fifth, p. 152.

Line 205.—From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It acted by means of a great weight fastened to the short arm of a lever, which being let fall, raised the end of the long arm with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II. GROSE.

Note Sixth, *ibid.*

Line 209.—Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

Note Seventh, p. 158.

Line 381.—The espringal threw large darts, called Mucchettæ, sometimes winged with brags instead of feathers. These darts were also called Viretons, from their whirling abroad in the air.

Note Eighth, p. 162.

Line 478.—On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer ballium, or bailey, separated from the inner ballium by a strong embattled wall and towered gate.

Note Ninth, p. 169.

Line 696.—The Parliament, when Henry V. demanded supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert them to the use of the crown. The Clergy were alarmed, and Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to divert the blow, by giving occupation to the King, and by persuading him to undertake a war against France.

HUME.

## BOOK THE NINTH.

Note First, p. 177.

Line 29.—The Bastille.

Note Second, p. 184.

Line 223.—This thought is taken from GOETHE'S Sorrows of Werter.

Note Third, p. 201.

Line 709.—During the siege of Jerusalem, "the Roman commander, with a generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism, laboured incessantly, and to the very last moment,



to preserve the place. With this view, he again and again entreated the tyrants to surrender and save their lives. With the same view also, after carrying the second wall, the siege was intermitted four days. To rouse their fears, *prisoners, to the number of five hundred, or more, were crucified daily before the walls; till space, Josephus says, was wanting for the crosses, and crosses for the captives.*"

From the Bampton Lectures of RALPH CHURTON.

If any of my readers should inquire why Titus Vespasian, the Delight of Mankind, is placed in such a situation—I answer, for "HIS GENEROUS CLEMENCY, THAT INSEPARABLE ATTENDANT ON TRUE HEROISM!"

Note Fourth, p. 207.

Line 902.—"The grave matron does not perceive how time has impaired her charms, but decks her faded bosom with the same snow-drop that seems to grow on the breast of the Virgin."

P. H.

### BOOK THE TENTH.

Note First, p. 218.

Line 265.—"She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake  
A melancholy smile." QUARLES.

Note Second, p. 227.

Line 518.—This inscription was upon the sword of Talbot  
—"Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos suos."



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*THE Editor of JOAN OF ARC has received a late Volume, by the same Author. Several Gentlemen, on whose accuracy of taste he has ample reason to rely, having expressed, as they were pleased to term it, an irresistible desire of possessing these Poems, he hereby proposes to publish them,—the volume to be delivered to subscribers, bound in boards and lettered, for Fifty Cents.*

## REVIEW OF SOUTHEY'S POEMS, VOL. 22d. PAGE 297.

NO one who possesses a true relish for poetry, we conceive, will open with indifference a volume by the author of "Joan of Arc." He will, perhaps, be prepared to expect somewhat of negligence and inequality, but he will certainly look for examples of that vivid force of imagination, and that warm colouring of expression, which essentially distinguish the Poet from the artificial measurer of syllables.

The volume begins with a piece of some length, entitled *the Triumph of Woman*, built on the story of the poetical prize offered by Darius, as related in the first book of Esdras. It is an elegant and pleasing composition. The joyous affections do not appear to be those that are most congenial to the writer's mind.

Some *Poems on the Slave Trade* follow, consisting of sonnets, and an address to the Genius of Africa. One of the sonnets we shall copy. It will prove that the author's feelings are sufficiently alive!

'Oh he is worn with toil! the big drops run  
Down his dark cheek; hold—hold thy merciless hand,  
Pale tyrant! for beneath thy hard command  
O'erwearied Nature sinks. The scorching Sun,  
As pitiless as proud Prosperity,  
Darts on him his full beams; gasping he lies  
Arraigning with his looks the patient skies,  
While that inhuman trader lifts on high  
The mangling scourge. Oh ye who at your ease  
Sip the blood-sweeten'd beverage! thoughts like these  
Haply ye scorn: I thank thee, gracious God!  
That I do feel upon my cheek the glow  
Of indignation, when beneath the rod  
A sable brother writhes in silent woe.'

Passing over some small pieces, we come next to *Inscriptions*, in the manner of Aken-side. Some of these are sentimental, some chiefly descriptive, though pointed with a moral. One of the latter, for a tablet on the banks of a stream, strikes us as peculiarly beautiful.

'Stranger! awhile upon this mossy bank  
Recline thee. If the Sun rides high, the breeze,  
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,  
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound  
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear  
It sparkles o'er the shallows, and behold  
Where o'er its surface wheels with restless speed  
Yon glossy insect, on the sand below  
How the swift shadow flies. The stream is pure  
In solitude, and many a healthful herb  
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital wave:  
But passing on amid the haunts of man,  
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence  
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for HAPPINESS?  
Go stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot  
Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her there.'

We shall proceed to a theme perfectly novel, the *Butany-day Eclogues*. The sort of music, which the touch of genius can draw from this wild instrument, will appear from the

following specimen;—which we presume, will move some concordant string in every feeling heart :

*' Time, Morning. Scene, the shore.\**

' Once more to daily toil—once more to wear  
The weeds of infamy—from every joy  
The heart can feel excluded, I arise  
Worn out and faint with unremitting woe;  
And once again with wearied steps I trace  
The hollow-sounding shore. The swelling waves  
Gleam to the morning sun, and dazzle o'er  
With many a splendid hue the breezy strand.  
Oh there was once a time when ELINOR  
Gazed on thy opening beam with joyous eye  
Undimm'd by guilt and grief! when her full soul  
Felt thy mild radiance, and the rising day  
Waked but to pleasure! on thy sea-girt verge  
Oft England! have my evening steps stole on,  
Oft have mine eyes surveyed the blue expanse,  
And mark'd the wild wind swell the ruffled surge,  
And seen the upheaved billow's bosomed rage  
Rush on the rock; and then my timid soul  
Shrunk at the perils of the boundless deep,  
And heaved a sigh for suffering mariners.  
Ah! little deeming I myself was doom'd  
To tempt the perils of the boundless deep,  
An Outcast—unbeloved and unbewail'd.  
' Why stern Remembrance! must thine iron hand  
Harrow\* my soul? why calls thy cruel power  
The fields of England to my exil'd eyes,  
The joys which once were mine? even now I see  
The lowly lovely dwelling! even now  
Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls  
And hear the fearless red-breasts chirp around  
To ask their morning meal:—for I was wont  
With friendly hand to give their morning meal,  
Was wont to love their song, when lingering morn  
Streak'd o'er the chilly landscape the dim light,  
And thro' the open'd lattice hung my head  
To view the snow-drop's bud: and thence at eve  
When mildly fading sunk the summer sun,  
Oft have I loved to mark the rook's slow course

\* \* The female convicts are frequently employed in collecting shells for the purpose of making lime.

And hear his hollow croak, what time he sought  
 The church-yard elm, whose wide-embowering boughs  
 Full foilaged, half conceal'd the house of God.  
 There, my dead father ! often have I heard  
 Thy hallowed voice explain the wonderous works  
 Of Heaven to sinful man. Ah ! little deem'd  
 Thy virtuous bosom, that thy shameless child  
 So soon should spurn the lesson ! sink the slave  
 Of Vice and Infamy ! the hireling prey  
 Of brutal appetite ! at length worn out  
 With famine, and the avenging scourge of guilt,  
 Should dare dishonesty—yet dread to die !

‘ Welcome, ye savage lands, ye barbarous climes,  
 Where angry England sends her outcast sons—  
 I hail your joyless shores ! my weary bark  
 Long tempest-tost on Life's inclement sea,  
 Here hails her haven ! welcomes the drear scene,  
 The marshy plain, the briar-entangled wood,  
 And all the perils of a world unknown.  
 For Elinor has nothing new to fear  
 From fickle Fortune ! all her rankling shafts  
 Barb'd with disgrace, and venom'd with disease,  
 Have pierced my bosom, and the dart of death  
 Has lost its terrors to a wretch like me.

‘ Welcome, ye marshy heaths ! ye pathless woods,  
 Where the rude native rests his weary frame  
 Beneath the sheltering shade ; where, when the storm,  
 As rough and bleak it rolls along the sky,  
 Benumbs his naked limbs, he flies to seek  
 The dripping shelter. Welcome ye wild plains  
 Unbroken by the plough, undelv'd by hand  
 Of patient rustic ; where for lowing herds,  
 And for the music of the bleating flocks,  
 Alone is heard the kangaroo's sad note  
 Deepening in distance. Welcome ye rude climes,  
 The realm of Nature ! for as yet unknown  
 The crimes and comforts of luxurious life,  
 Nature benignly gives to all enough,  
 Denies to all a superfluity.  
 What tho' the garb of infamy I wear,  
 Tho' day by day along the echoing beech  
 I cull the wave-worn shells, yet day by day  
 I earn in honesty my frugal food,  
 And lay me down at night to calm repose.



No more condemn'd the mercenary tool  
 Of brutal lust, while heaves the indignant heart  
 With Virtue's stifled sigh, to fold my arms  
 Round the rank felon; and for daily bread  
 To hug contagion to my poison'd breast;  
 On these wild shores Repentance' saviour hand  
 Shall probe my secret soul, shall cleanse its wounds  
 And fit the faithful penitents for Heaven.'

The two subsequent eclogues are more in the humorous strain: but the last, entitled *Frederick*, is exquisite and sublime misery.

We think it superfluous to particularize all the remaining pieces, sonnets, odes, elegies, ballads, &c. on various topics, but mostly pensive or fanciful; scarcely any of them without strokes of pathos and warm touches of description, some of them irresistibly moving, and some strikingly picturesque. The volume concludes with a *Hymn to the Penates*, which, though less poetical than Akenfide's *Hymn to the Naiads*, (whence the idea was obviously taken) is more interesting to the heart, by pictures of life and feeling. The following passage will perhaps account for a cast of sentiment, which throws a sombre hue over most of the productions of this writer:

'Hear me, ye POWERS benignant! there is one  
 Must be mine inmate—for I may not chuse  
 But love him. He is one whom many wrongs  
 Have sicken'd of the world. There was a time  
 When he would weep to hear of wickedness  
 And wonder at the tale; when for the oppressor  
 He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor  
 A good man's honest anger. His quick eye  
 Betray'd each rising feeling, every thought  
 Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind  
 He mingled, by himself he judged of them,  
 And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom deaf,  
 And took them to his bosom. FALSEHOOD met  
 Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,  
 And lovely as \*Apega's sculptured form,  
 Like that false image caught his warm embrace  
 And gored his open breast. The reptile race

\* 'One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega; the statue of a beautiful woman, so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.'

Clung round his bosom, and with viper folds  
 Encircling, stung the fool who fostered them.  
 His mother was SIMPLICITY, his sire  
 BENEVOLENCE; in earlier days he bore  
 His father's name; the world who injured him  
 Call him MISANTHROPY. I may not chuse  
 But love him, HOUSEHOLD GODS! for we were nurs'd  
 In the same school.'

It can scarcely be necessary for us, after the quotations which we have made, and the general view that we have given, formally to recommend this volume to the notice of our poetical readers, and its author to their esteem. Genius is a despotic power, and irresistibly commands homage.

*Monthly Review.*

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